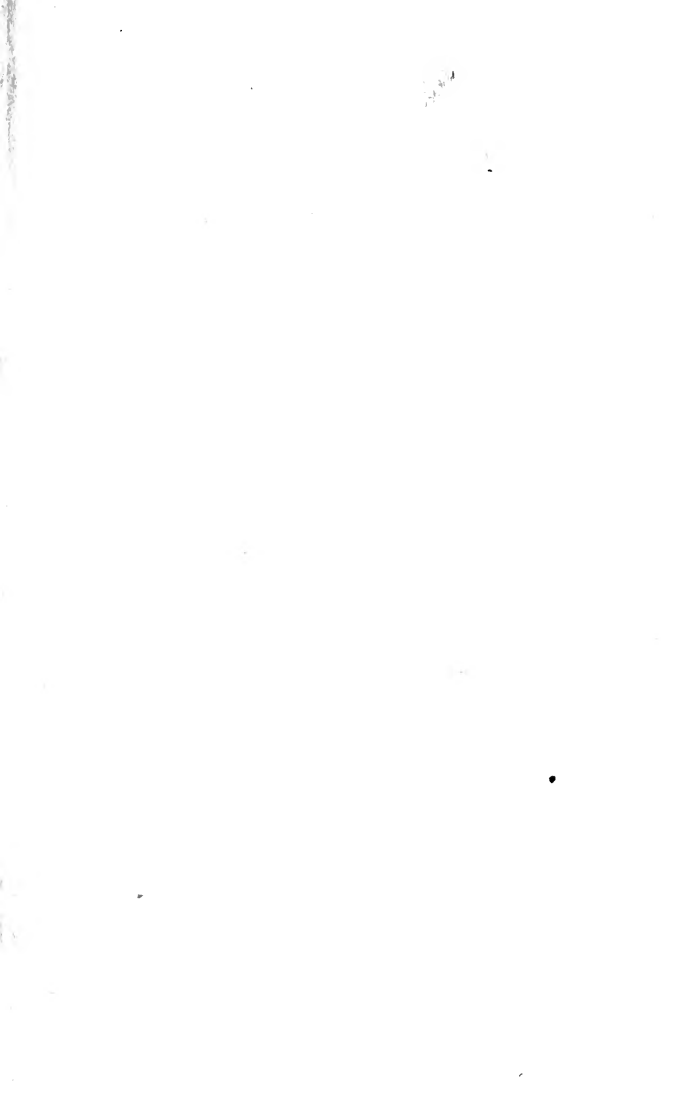
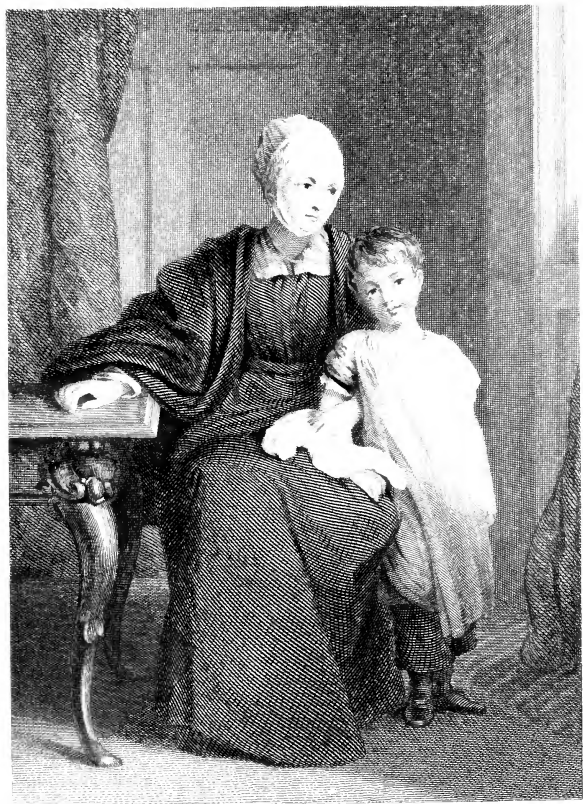


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THE
SACRED IRIS,

A

Literary and Religious Offering

No. 58

With fine Engravings of Scripture Subjects.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS HOLMES,

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PREFACE.

WITH much pleasure, we present to our readers this volume of the "Sacred Iris," and it would be an unpardonable omission to send forth our offering unattended by a Preface. Moreover, to confess the truth, we particularly enjoy this patriarchal custom of talking awhile with the stranger or friend in the gate of our city.

It will be at once seen, that very strenuous exertions have been made, in the contents and embellishments of this volume, advantageously to occupy and maintain as high a station in the world of religious literature and illustration, as any of the numerous elegant and instructive works now attracting our attention, and exciting our admiration; and while we congratulate ourselves on that account, we cannot refrain from

expressing our gratitude for the kindness of S. C. Hall, Esq., George Smith, Esq., and other gentlemen, for permission to avail ourselves of some beautiful pieces; also for the valuable assistance of Mrs. Clara Hall, Editress of "Parlour Stories," "Affection's Offering," &c.; who, in catering especially for the junior part of the community, does herself so much honour, and the rising generation so much real and lasting benefit.

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THE SACRED IRIS.



THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

No, 'tis not in a face like *this*
That fools should gaze, and jest ;
Thoughts of for-ever vanish'd bliss
Should shield that matron breast !
Too holy *she* to be a theme
For slander's hackney'd tone,
Or the coarse doubts of those, who deem
All faith light as their own.

Oh ! I can dream her days of pride,
In her free, maiden life ;
Next, as the trembling, blushing bride,
Then, the chaste, faithful wife !
The mother's anxious cares that blend
With piety's deep vow ;
The nurse, companion, Mentor, friend—
Alas ! the mourner now.

She, who 'neath all these names of love
Hath yet been pure and true
Hath promised, by such life, to prove
A constant widow too !
Here is no ostentatious grief,
No tears that *man* may see,
She looks to *heaven* for *her* relief.
And waits it—patiently !

She looks to heaven, and thinks, “ Thy soul
Still communes, Love, with mine,
And knows, though time may grief control,
I lived—must die—*all thine*.”
The stirless, silent, lonely thought
Of him, and of his worth,
Already hath her spirit taught
To bear its lot on earth.

Submission seems a doom too dull
For one so firmly bright ;
She is so young, so beautiful,
That rapture were her right !
Yet mock not her, that fair forlorn,
With worldly solace vain :
She hears but with upbraiding scorn
That *she* “ may *love again*.”

They bid her “ hope, from her fresh youth,
Another source of joy,”—
Her gentle action owns their truth,
She clasps—her sireless boy !

“ She may meet one *like* her lost lord,
Her mourning duty done :”
That clasp can best reply afford,
Yes, she *hath* met *that* ONE !

Her bridal ring will never part
From the hand around *him* thrown,
As he leans against her widow'd heart
The face so like her own !
Like—though *her* lids be heavier now,
And *her* smooth cheek more pale :
But, sweet pledge of a mutual vow,
Thou tell'st a deeper tale :—

For traits, which now are *only* thine,
Blend with *her* beauties clear,
And, as with light from heaven they shine
Now make thee doubly dear.
There's hope in thee, fond, pensive child,
So early forced to mourn !
A hope, that to that bosom mild
Soft peace shall yet return.

Yes she *shall* smile : but *vanity*
That smile will never share ;
Though *pride* in this last cherish'd tie
May calmly mingle there.
A duteous son shall cheer her days,
And soothe her dying bed,

As, o'er her spirit's parting rays,
Grief's latest mists are spread;
But fly before the sun of faith,
The trust of soul forgiven,
To lie beside her Love in death,
And wake to share his heaven!

THE COLONEL.

A STRANGE STORY OF EVERY DAY.

No officer of his rank and standing, in the service of the East India Company, possessed a more brilliant reputation, or had more elevated prospects, than Colonel St. George. In him the active intrepidity of the adventurous soldier was united to the calculating coolness of the veteran commander. His knowledge of Eastern languages and customs, and his popularity with the natives, had secured him posts of equal trust and difficulty, in each of which his name acquired new lustre. Just in the meridian of manhood, with a frame that seemed proof against the perils of Asiatic life, there was no distinction within the range of Oriental honours to which he might not have reasonably aspired. The frankness of his address, and the decision with which he pronounced his opinions, gave him the air of a person who knows that he is valued, and feels that he is secure. Whatever doubts concerning his future ascendancy might have existed at an earlier period of his career, were annihilated

by his marriage with the daughter of one of the richest merchants in the Bengal presidency. His father-in-law died three weeks after the wedding-day, leaving him heir to a ponderous fortune. A change of name formed a condition of the union, and to his paternal designation of Campbell, he added St. George, in compliment to the lady and her house. A government mission of greater splendour than importance, afforded him easy occupation for two years subsequent to his nuptials. His return to Calcutta was considered a recall to the serious duties of his profession, in which his promotion to the rank of a general officer was expected to be immediate. Strong then was public incredulity, when the story was whispered that Colonel St. George had resigned employment of every kind, and was on the eve of quitting India for ever. Stronger was the astonishment when events proved the story to be true. Curiosity, busy about the cause of this extraordinary resolve, made numberless surmises, more or less wide of the mark. Ostensible reason there was none. His health—it could not be his health—his constitution displayed small abatement of its iron vigour. With his acquisitions and expectations, it was impossible to attribute it to hopelessness of success or disappointed ambition. What then, could urge a daring and high-spirited man to forego the honours with which fortune seemed prepared to crown him,—honours, too, the well-won meed of a course trying and hazardous in the extreme? The world, which always furnishes marvellous causes to unexpected occurrences, adjusted the matter with its accustomed veracity. The only person

who could have enlightened it, was St. George himself, and he set sail for Europe, leaving his Indian friends to unriddle the mystery at their leisure.

How little men know of each other, and yet how readily they deal forth judgment on circumstances, to comprehend which the most intimate acquaintance with the secret springs of action is absolutely necessary. Mrs. St. George sickened, and breathed her last on the passage to England. A vessel brought the news to Calcutta, in time to gain the Colonel the reputation of having been a model of conjugal affection. His retirement from active life was now attributed to an overwhelming regard for the deceased lady, whose health had demanded an European atmosphere. Every body pitied the broken-hearted husband, who had in vain sacrificed the brightest pledges of personal aggrandizement at the shrine of connubial tenderness. The applause of the multitude, like its condemnation, "no cold medium knows," and the wonder of the hour is either a demigod or a demon.

St. George was neither, although his history and character were of no common order. Twenty years before, his brain would have reeled, had he felt assured that fate would have ever endowed him with a tithe of what was his on reaching Old England again. Yet the pleasure distinction had promised, eluded his grasp like water, and the wealth he shared to profusion, imparted sensations nothing superior to what a miner derives from a burden of gold.

He was born in a venerable town in the West of Scotland, one of four burghs, the union of whose corpo-

safe voices calls an item of the legislature into septennial existence. His family was by its own report a withered branch of the great Argyle Campbells. Whether the assumption was just or not, his father, Dugald Campbell, public instructor of youth in the *gude town* of D---, was a personage of considerable consequence in his peculiar circle, and acquitted himself like one who knows and appreciates the value of a good name. He was conscientious and simple-minded, with a resolute love of truth, and a burning thirst after every description of knowledge. In common with all "of woman born," he had his weaknesses: a leading one of which was an intellectual contempt for pursuits unassociated with letters. For agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, he entertained a most dignified scorn. His spouse had also her professional antipathies. She was a kind-hearted creature, shrewd too and reflective, but tenacious in the last degree of sundry opinions, which had been "time out of mind" hereditary in her father's house. Among these was an utter aversion to law and soldiership, and an undisguised belief that they who terminated their career in either of these avocations were vessels selected for any thing but a holy or happy purpose. The celebrated Colonel Gardiner, indeed, formed an exception; but he was quoted as a brand snatched from the burning, an instance of what Providence can, rather than of what he will do. Mrs. Campbell generally clinched her arguments by appealing to the notorious mal-practices of a half-pay captain, and his crony, a *writer* of small eminence, whose everlasting potation,

and the freaks consequent thereupon, afforded a permanent theme to the sober moralizers of the burgh.

The prepossessions of this worthy couple naturally regulated their intentions with respect to their son. *Wee Geordie* was neither to be farmer, weaver, shop-keeper, writer, counting-house scribe, nor gentleman militant. Dugald, for household reasons he chose to conceal, declined making him a light to the rising generation, which surprised those who witnessed the enthusiasm he always displayed in speaking of the important office allotted to the dispenser of learning. The Church was neutral ground, both to husband and wife. The Church therefore was selected, and *Wee Geordie* was formally and reverently set apart for the sacred labours of the ministry.

The schoolmaster had reaped small temporal advantage from infusing a liberal taste into the *wabsters callants* of the burgh. He was poor; and though his wife was a thrifty woman, and, as her good man observed at times when his staid affections overflowed their usual measure of expression, “a crown unto her husband,”—still it would have puzzled a better manager to extract riches out of poverty, which Mrs. Campbell aptly compared to drawing marrow from a *fusionless bane*. It was an affecting sight to see the exertions they made, under the pressure of indigence, to give their beloved *bairn*, the sole surviving hope of seven, an education suited to the high vocation for which, with submission to Providence, they had destined him. The Dominie’s black coat was relieved at much longer intervals; his snuff-box was lite-

rally laid upon the shelf; and even the prim little tea-pot, that had been in diurnal use from the commencement of their house-keeping, graced the table no more at morning and evening meal; but was superseded by a dull vessel of crockery, containing a portion of blue-looking milk. Grandeur may smile in derision at the recital of these humble sacrifices, but there is One by whom they will be pronounced acceptable, in the day when the vanities of a heartless world will fleet away with the perishing scene of their unsubstantial triumphs. Beautiful and becoming in the eyes of the paternal God is the unwearied attachment of the parent to the child! Alas! how little does the unthinking spirit of youth know of the extent of its devotedness. There sits the froward, fretful, indolent boy. The care that keeps perpetual watch over his moral and physical safety, he misnames unjust restriction. The foresight that denies itself many a comfort to provide for his future wants, he denounces as sordid avarice. He turns away from his father's face in coldness or in anger. Boy! boy! the cloud upon that toil-worn brow has been placed there by anxiety, not for self, but for an impatient, peevish son, whose pillow he would gladly strew with roses, though thorns should thicken around his own. Even at the moment when his arm is raised to inflict chastisement on thy folly, thou shouldest bend and bless thy parent. The heart loathes the hand that corrects thy errors; and not for worlds would he use "the rod of reproof," did he not perceive the necessity of crushing his own feelings, to save thee from thyself.

After a course of English education under his father, and of classical literature under a competent teacher, George Campbell was sent to the University of Glasgow with a few pounds and innumerable blessings. An eight-day clock, the chief domestic ornament, was sold to assist in his outfit. It was hoped that he might obtain a tuition, and so contribute a share of his collegiate expenses. At parting, his mother presented him with her own pocket Bible, in which her name was inscribed in gold letters, and slipped a silk purse into his hand containing thirty shillings, earned by sewing and washing, at hours when a frame, far from robust, required repose. His father accompanied him to Glasgow, and remained there until he saw him settled in his humble lodgings, and until the *lonesome* feeling inseparable from a first entrance into a great city had something abated.

“Fareweel! Geordie,” said he, as he shook the young student’s hand: “Write aften, and be mindfu’ to let us ken a’ about your studies, an’ how ye come on wi’ the Professors. Dinna be frettin’ that ye’re no at your ain fire-side; though your mither and I canna aye be wi’ ye, the Lord I trust will—and he’ll no let you want for ony thing that’s gude. ‘Ask and you shall receive.’”

The honest teacher faltered, as he pronounced the last “Fareweel!” and when he halted midway on the stone staircase that led to his son’s attic apartment, he afforded subject for speculation to more than one gazer,

who stared at the tall iron-looking man in "the auld black coat, dichtin' his een wi' his wee bit napekin and greetin' like a wean."

Four sessions of college had passed, and George had both distinguished himself in his classes and obtained a respectable tuition. Dress and a residence in a gentleman's family had improved his manners and appearance. By the Professors he was esteemed a youth of decided promise, and he was admired by his compeers as a lad of sense and metal. Low as his situation was, there were others of a grade still lower, and even he had his circle of flatterers, who aggravated his opinion of his abilities, and encouraged a notion he had long cherished in secret, that the Kirk of Scotland offered a field, a world too narrow for the exercise of his genius.

His engagement as a tutor had expired,—and the term for attaching himself to the study of theology was approaching; it therefore behoved him to decide for futurity without delay. He resolved to abandon all thoughts of the ministry, and as he well knew the impossibility of reconciling his parents to the charge, he determined at once to leave Scotland, and return to beg forgiveness when fortune had crowned his efforts in another and wider sphere. After transmitting a hasty letter to his father, he embarked at Leith, and in a few days landed in London with about an equal number of shirts and guineas. Singular and hope-depressing were the vicissitudes he underwent in a brief space, without friend or recommendation, where both, and more than both, are required by the youthful adventurer: Chance,

as it is termed, made him a kind of secretary, or literary assistant, to an individual of eccentric liberality and great East India interest. His endeavours to please his employer were completely successful; a cadetship falling in his gift, he was rewarded with it; and the close of his minority found him with a pair of colours in a regiment of Bengal infantry. Such was the early history of Colonel St. George,—a history he had studiously concealed from his arrival in India, and which, according to his wishes, remained unknown. Though far from being either a cold-blooded or unprincipled man, a false shame and a deference to the opinions of people he despised, had prevented him from communicating with his parents. Once, in a gay assembly, flushed with wine, he had taken advantage of the family tradition, and had claimed affinity with the house of Argyle. This assertion he conceived himself bound to support, and he dreaded the discovery of his humble origin, as involving disgrace and degradation.—He forwarded money from time to time by a circuitous channel to a lawyer in Glasgow, for the use of his parents, under the assumed character of a distant relative, and endeavoured to satisfy his conscience by receiving information of their welfare in this indirect and disingenuous manner.

Ambition did not meet the expectations of its votary; the son of an obscure, indigent schoolmaster held high command in the most splendid military service in the world, and was unhappy. His views were elevated, his capacity extensive, his spirit haughty, his feelings, though criminal in one instance, capable of much that

was noble ; and he found beneath the glare of his profession a thousand things to irritate and gall him. His pride threw a veil over his vexation and disappointment, but he suffered not less keenly, nor sighed less frequently for independence and retirement. To procure them on a scale calculated to preserve the homage of the multitude he scorned, he wooed and won a woman he did not love, and tried in vain to esteem. An idle dispute for precedence with a lady of kindred pretensions, brought the Colonel's equivocal lineage under hostile scrutiny. The question was referred to an individual expected in a month or two from Europe. Before the arrival of the arbiter, St. George was on the way to England, and the partner of his fortunes, but not his affections, had ceased to exist. This event, subdued as he had been by other circumstances, sensibly altered his disposition and resolves. Without domestic ties, for his had proved a childless union, he soon felt that in the midst of wealth, and all the luxuries that wealth can command, the heart may be desolate as death. He determined to seek his parents, alleviate in person the ills of their old age, and end his days in the country of his birth, as became a rational and responsible being. Having concluded the purchase of an estate situated in the Western Highlands, he left London for the place of his nativity, from which he had been separated one-and-twenty years.

He sailed from Liverpool for Greenock ; the wind was favourable and the passage not unpleasant, even to the long absent sojourner in lands glowing beneath a tropical

sun. The best hues of our northern summer were tenderly united in the soft shadowy grandeur that characterized the combinations of earth, sea, and sky, which greeted the Colonel's gaze, as the bark cleft its evening way through the waters that roll between Bute and Arran. This scene had left a deep impression on his memory when he parted "lang syne" from the country of his fathers, and now face to face once more with "the grand giant mountains," the expression of their stern lineaments all unaltered, while he and his were changed, how much he could not say, and might not dream; heart-seared and world-worn though he was, his feelings gushed forth in a flood, and his breast rose and fell like a sea-bird on the billows. At that moment he seemed to have overleaped the chasm of years which divided him from the days of boy existence; the present floated away like a mist, and the past lay before him clear and fair as the side of a sunny hill. His first thoughts were those of a patriot—his second of a man. With all his soul did he bless every hill, valley, forest, firth, stream, cottage, town, and tower of Broad Scotland, and bitterly did he reflect, that in disowning the holiest ties that bound him to Caledonia, he had shown himself unworthy of being called her son. His hands clasped a relic long untouched and half forgotten; its preservation appeared to him almost miraculous—it was his mother's pocket bible, his college gift. Insects had pierced its leaves, the binding had decayed, and the gay letters in which her name had been inscribed, were like her boy's affections, tarnished and time-worn; yet "Marion

Campbell" was still visible, and the words her hand had written, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," were not quite obliterated. The Colonel slid the book into his bosom.

The sun-fires had died away in the west, and dusken and dusken grew the peaks of the distant mountains. A solitary planet, that had ruled the vesper heavens quietly gave place to the rightful queen of night, who rose, as she only rises to men who hail her on the waters—a symbol of unutterable hope—a creature going forth in the might and majesty of gentleness, tuning the wildest spirits to the anthem of universal love. Star after star dropped from their silent eyries in the remote invisible space, and clustered, a goodly troop, around their sovereign. The home-returning wanderer, looking to the cloudless sky peopled with luminous life, felt and acknowledged the influence of the Almighty and his works; he crossed his arms upon his breast, and pressed the volume he had deposited there, with a tranquil fervour to which he had been long, very long a stranger. Sharp blew the night-breeze, and the bark obeyed it well. As they skirted the shores of Argyleshire, the waves of romantic Clyde, leaping and sparkling, seemed with their monotonous voices to bid the self-expatriated welcome to their common land. Pensively he hung over the vessel's edge, and murmured, as he turned his glance towards the country of the Campbells, "I have parted with my name, but my nature is still unchanged. Forgive me, God! forgive me my estrangement from thee and the protectors of my

youth. Though an unworthy lip implores thee, bless I beseech thee, my poor deserted parents with the blessing thou hast in reserve for those whom most thou lovest!" As he ejaculated these words, he pulled his travelling-cap closely over his brow, and drew his handkerchief from his pocket, as if to protect his throat from the nocturnal chillness. He leaned an arm upon a part of the rigging, and, pressing the handkerchief to his temples, hid his face in its folds. A tremulous motion pervaded his whole frame. One of the seamen perceiving him shiver, observed, that the air, for so mild a season, was remarkably keen.—The Colonel started from his position, and gathering his cloak so as completely to conceal his features, strode hastily and silently below, and throwing himself upon a sofa, slept, or appeared to sleep, until the rustling of ropes and the din of voices announced their arrival at Greenock.

Care and campaigning had made St. George indifferent to the pleasures of protracted repose. He quitted, what his host of "the Tontine" was pleased to term as good a bed as Renfrewshire could afford, at six o'clock, an early hour for a traveller fresh from sea. A summons thrice repeated, hardly disturbed the Eastern torpor of Saib, his Malay servant, who, wrapped in a seven-fold shield of blankets, was roaming on the pinions of dreaming fancy among the palmy isles of the Indian Archipelago. Having produced a packet, required by his master, he was permitted to return to his couch,—an indulgence, the value of which he acknowledged by many profound obeisances. The Colonel inspected a

number of papers; and, having finished a note of instructions to his lawyer in Edinburgh, despatched the following letter to the agent, who had been employed to forward the remittances to his parents. This person had remained unacquainted with the name and rank of his principal, until his departure for Europe. Of the actual relation of Colonel St. George to Dugald Campbell and his wife, he was yet ignorant, and on that point it was not considered necessary to enlighten him.

SIR, *Greenock, July 22d, 18—*

Before I sailed from India, I transmitted, through Messrs. Leeson and Fairbrother, an order for 200*l.* to be applied to the use of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who, according to your last account, had fixed their residence in Glasgow. I at the same time begged you to communicate to them that their only son was still alive, and having realized an independence, was about to return to his friends and his native soil. I requested the favour of a reply, addressed to the care of Payne and Van Ess, Lombard-street, London; but nothing of the kind has reached them or me. I wrote another letter when I reached London, stating that Mr. Campbell the younger had arrived in England, and was anxious that the fact should be immediately intimated to his parents, and likewise expressing a strong desire on his behalf to be informed of the particulars of their present situation. This also remains unanswered.

I knew not their address, else I should have communicated with them directly; but I hope you will without fail instantly inform Mr. and Mrs. Campbell

that their son George will be in Glasgow in *two days* from the date of this sheet, at which time I purpose calling upon you to arrange any matters that may remain unsettled by my Calcutta agents.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

To Archibald M'Grigor, Esq. G. C. ST. GEORGE.

Writer,

St. Enoch's Square, Glasgow.

The Colonel resolved to complete his plans as quickly as possible. Catherine's Craig, the Highland property of which he had recently become the owner, was only a short sail from Greenock, on the picturesque shores of Loch G——. Attached to it was a handsome modern mansion, and a part of the lands retained in the possession of the late proprietor was well laid out, and as promising as careful cultivation could make an ungrateful soil. He had purchased the entire stock and furniture, with the intention of remaining there during the summer and autumn, and he had postponed his journey to Glasgow, partly to prepare his father and mother for his appearance, and partly to see that his new abode was in order for his and their reception. At noon, he went on board a coasting vessel, bound with a few passengers, and much miscellaneous lumber, for the head of Loch G——.

Of all the years he had passed on earth, more than a half had elapsed since he had spent a day within the bounds of his natal soil, and he deemed it singular that his emotions were not of a livelier character. Long-slumbering images of evil arose and thickened upon

his mental vision, making impressions more life-like and truth-like than the surrounding scene, though crowded with home associations and mute remembrancers of affection and the affectionate. His sensations did not amount to positive pain or sorrow. A solitary joy-thrill would ever and anon mingle with them strangely. Yet he was far from experiencing that warm, uninterrupted pleasure he had anticipated from his first day in Scotland. To relieve the trouble of his spirits, he gladly met the wishes of an old gentleman, who showed a desire for conversation, and who, minutely acquainted with the localities on their course, appeared courteously solicitous to impart his knowledge to one, whose swart cheek and foreign attendant announced a stranger. This individual was dressed in a modest suit of black, cut after a forgotten fashion. His face, to a physiognomist, would have been security for a thousand pounds; its expression at once indicating strength of mind, sincerity, and philanthropy, qualities strikingly developed in his observations. Every fine feature of a coast distinguished by boldness and beauty, derived a new interest from the energy of his description and the vivacity of his anecdote. St. George and he were mutually pleased, and had passed the bounds of formal introduction an hour before their bark had reached its destination. The old gentleman was the unaffectedly pious and thoroughly learned Dr. Summerville, clergyman of Loch G——, the parish in which Catherine's Craig was situated. He greeted the colonel as a member of his flock, and good-humour-

edly hoped that he would employ him without ceremony in his secular as well as his sacred capacity. Occasional showers had fallen, and the sky looked loweringly, when they touched the fairy strand that fringed the secluded site of their mountain haven. With a kindly frankness, that spoke a disposition anything but indifferent to a refusal, the good pastor tendered the hospitalities of the manse for the night to his new parishioner, backing his invitation by expatiating on possible disorder at the Craig, the length of the way, the uncertainty of the weather, and the danger of trying meteorological experiments on a frame hot from Hindostan. He begged to premise, however, that he would not pledge himself for their cheer, as he had been some time from home, and how his niece would regulate household-matters in his absence, he did not pretend to divine. The young lady enjoyed but temporary authority; her mother, his legitimate housekeeper, being on a visit at Edinburgh. Of one thing at least he was certain, that Jessie would leave nothing undone to express her gratitude to her uncle, if he succeeded in procuring her an audience from an officer, who had won his laurels in the Company's service. St. George, in a similar strain of gaiety, accepted the doctor's offer, and ordering Saib to "marshal the march" of a knot of bare-legged *gillies*, who carried his baggage, he proceeded to the manse.

Miss Summerville was abroad, but the appearance of the vessel produced her speedy return. The gentlemen were standing at the window of a pleasant parlour that fronted "the dream-loving billow," when she came in

sight ; and the old man's benevolent eyes glistened as they fell upon her graceful form tripping cheerily along, in the buoyancy of innocence, to give him the artless welcoming of grateful affection. He advanced to meet her bounding forward, without regard to the fate of a pretty basket which dropped to the ground, Jessie hung upon his arm, and clasped his right hand closely in hers. The Doctor, surveying the prostrate basket, inquired if she had been visiting their sick friend. She replied in the affirmative, adding that he was ill—very ill—and had expressed an anxiety to see the minister whenever he came home."

"We shall see him to-night, my dear; in the mean time, I have the pleasure of introducing you to Colonel St. George—My niece, Miss Jessie Summerville, Colonel; a young lady who takes a lively interest in the East India service, and the officers attached to it.—What, blushing? Then I must descend to sober explanation, and destroy the romance. Miss Summerville would have me say, Sir that she has two brothers on the Bengal establishment, for whose sake she entertains a strong partiality for every gentleman who has borne a commission in the East. Now, my love, hold a dinner counsel with Matty, without delay. We have had good cause for appetite, and until the Colonel has tasted our mountain fare, I feel bound to protect him from the fierce onslaught of female curiosity."

Dinner was quickly served up, and with that taste and neatness which impart an agreeable zest to the plainest viands. Jessie assisted in doing the honours of the table

in a style that St. George considered surprising in a girl unused to fashionable life. Unlike the vacant imitations of humanity whom he had often heard thus designated, she appeared to him really an accomplished female. With sound understanding, and accurate and general information, she neither obtruded nor withheld her opinions. Her beauty, too,—for she was beautiful,—sat easily upon her. She wore it sportively, like one pleased that it gave pleasure to those she esteemed, but fully alive to its intrinsic nothingness. There was an unostentatious kindness about his entertainment, that inspired St. George with feelings more gratifying than any he had experienced for many a day. In the course of conversation it was discovered that, as Colonel Campbell, he had done a signal service to Lieutenant Summerville, Jessie's younger brother. This made him completely at home under his host's roof, and he was at once treated with the confidence usually bestowed upon an old and respected friend. When his niece retired, the Doctor spoke unreservedly of her and the family. His brother, Major Summerville, had, he said, died at a middle age, leaving his wife and three children with a sum scarcely exceeding two thousand pounds for their future provision. The boys, who were early bent on a military life, were battling for bread in India: Jessie and her excellent mother shared his humble lot.

"Poor lassie," continued he in a softened tone, "dearer to me she could not be were she my own beloved child! She is so truly good, so—but enough of domestic explanations. Colonel, you have pronounced yourself a

confirmed tea-bibber, and as Jessie has by this time concluded her arrangements, we shall, if you please, put your sincerity to the test." The divine showed the way into a cheerful apartment, where the exhilarating leaf from "far Cathay" awaited their attendance. This room was particularly devoted to the ladies, their amusements and occupations. A harp and music-books, giving promise of sweet sounds, retained possession of a corner. Drawings of mountain scenery, and a few choice volumes, lay upon a little table of fantastic workmanship. Fresh flowers were tastefully disposed in vases of cheap material and pleasing symmetry. The open window displayed some blossoming exotics, ranged on a rustic balcony, and unfolded to the eye a picture composed of the grandest elements of the natural landscape. The rain-clouds had quite disappeared—the winds slumbered upon flood and forest—the sun was setting, and the summits of the far cliffs looked as they had been bathed in molten gold.

"O for music at such an hour!" cried St. George, casting an expressive glance at the harp. Miss Sumner-ville smiled and obeyed the summons. "Jessie," said her uncle, "sing that fine old Scottish melody that your brother 'married to immortal verse.' It is supposed to be the complaint of an unhappy nabob, Colonel, on returning to the Land O'Cakes. The air will atone for the defects of Willie's poesy." Jessie again smiled, and running her fingers lightly over the chords, sang the following song without further prelude:—

O thec lear caller stream an' the snady greentree,
An' the hours I spent, bonny Mary, wi' thee !
When the gloamin' that hallowed the lang simmer day
Seemed to fleet on the wings o' the swallow away.

As saft flowin waters, trees leafy and green,
As ye, my auld loved anes, I aften hae seen ;
An' maids like my Mary, young, artless, and fair,
But the joys o' past hours I've found never mair !

Wi' gold frae the Indies I've bought me braid lands,
I've biggit the house in the plantin' that stands ;
But I'm no half sa happy wi a' that's now mine
As when wi' my Mary I wandered lang syne.

A stranger I was in the lands whence I came,
Now absence has made me a stranger at hame ;
Baith great folk and sma' o' his siller can tell,
But naebody cares for the carl himsel.

O wae on this grandeur ! it's lonesome and cauld,
It's no like the pleasure I tasted of auld,
When down by the burn and bonnie green tree
I dreamed through the gloamin', lost lassie, wi' thee :

The last libration of the harp-strings had melted into the tranquillity of evening. A silence of some minutes followed. St. George, who, in a fit of abstraction, had fixed his eyes rather broadly on the fair minstrel, made an awkward attempt at compliment. The Doctor called for more enlivening harmony. Jessie played a variety of national airs, and craved leave to resign the instrument. Conversation was resumed, but it had lost its playful character. The Doctor protested that the Nabob had bewitched them. The song had, in truth, a saddening

influence over two of the party. Jessie thought of its author—her dear brother Willie—an exile in a clime pernicious to his health, uncongenial to his habits. The Colonel relapsed into the mood of dark reflection that had thrown a gloom over his morning meditations.

“It is now half-past nine, uncle,” said Mrs. Summer-ville, using more than ordinary emphasis in announcing the hour.

“True, Jessie; and our duty must be remembered. Perhaps our guest will accompany us. We are going to the village, Colonel, to administer comfort to a poor old man, who, I fear, will soon retire to ‘the narrow house appointed for all living.’ The death-bed of the pure in spirit is replete with instruction; and of our afflicted friend I may truly say he is ‘an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.’”

St. George expressed a ready acquiescence, and they were soon on their way to the village.

They entered a cottage, small and of rude construction, but exhibiting a degree of cleanliness and comfort rather unusual in a Highland habitation of its class. It belonged to a fisherman’s widow, a *douce-looking* dame, who answered the clergyman’s low-breathed inquiries by a mournful shake of the head, and gliding *ben* beckoned the party to follow. Jessie and the Colonel sat upon a chest near a window, the recess of which contained a number of books that had evidently seen service. The divine, taking a light from the *gudewife*, approached a large four-posted bed, hung with a coarse plaiding. St. George lifted a volume and began to explore its pages

although it was pretty obvious that no human powers of vision could have distinguished a syllable in the position he occupied. The minister bent a moment over the bed, then softly retreated to the window, and placed the candle in the recess.

"He is fast asleep," said he, "let us not disturb him." A hollow, distressful cough broke upon the stillness, and proved him mistaken.

"Wha's there, Lizie?" inquired the sick man, in a voice struggling hard for expression.

"It's naebody but the minister and the young leddy," replied Lizie.

"Doctor, come near me," said the sufferer, endeavouring to raise his emaciated form; "I was amaist afeard we should never meet in this warld mair. This has been a dreich day to me—a weary day, an' a waur gloamin.' But let me no' be unthankfu.' 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' Gie's yer han', Sir, ye hae been a gude frien' to a puir auld 'broken reed,' with neither wife, nor wean, house, nor ha'—yer han', Doctor, yer han'; it's may be for the last time."

The minister, when the invalid began to speak, had resumed the light, and would have advanced immediately towards him, had not Colonel St. George arrested his hand, while, with a pale cheek and trembling lip, he rivetted his eyes on three or four lines of manuscript, barely legible, on the title-page of the volume he had picked up at random in the window. He dropped the book—compressed his brow between his extended palms

—and, grasping Dr. Summerville's arm, led him hurriedly out of the cottage.

An ash tree, that grew about thirty yards from the door, afforded support to the Colonel's frame, which appeared to demand it. The pastor, in a tone of deep anxiety, begged him to explain the cause of his emotions. He paced to and fro for a moment; then paused, as if endeavouring to master feelings that left no room for utterance. At length, in accents low and broken, he replied,

“Sir—Sir, you know not what you have done,—you have brought me to my father's death-bed.”

“Dugald Campbell your father, Colonel! impossible!”

“Impossible! Sir, it is true—bitter true.—One and twenty years have rolled by since I heard that voice, but hollow as it is, it rings through my heart; and if the lip misled me, the hand could not. I knew the book, and I remembered the writing well. God pardon me! I have been guilty of black wrong, but surely I am not to blame for all this. My mother in her grave, too! Well may I exclaim with Cain, ‘My punishment is greater than I can bear.’ But how came my father here, and why is he so destitute? I sent from India what to him must have been affluence, had he received it.—Can M'Grigor have deceived me?”

“M'Grigor! What M'Grigor?”

“M'Grigor the writer, in St. Enoch's Square, Glasgow, to whom I forwarded large sums for the use of my parents.’

“Then you have been deceived. Although ill health.

and other causes, reduced them to great distress, more than a trifling sum annually, I *know* he never gave them; and even of that your father had not a farthing during the last year, when he much required it. M-Grigor, about ten months ago, sold all his effects, and sailed for South America."

"Curses go with him! but I have deserved it all—more—much more; yet the villain shall not escape me!"

"Colonel St. George," said the clergyman, "I am sure it is from no unworthy feeling, from no wish to exceed my proper measure in our respective relations, that I am induced to hope you will forbear the expression of your sentiments concerning the person who has wronged you. There is a solemn and important duty to be performed; your father has to be told, that you are here, and it must be done with much caution, lest the shock prove too heavy for him, and extinguish a flame already flickering."

"To you, sir, I confide every thing. Tell him, that his long-lost son is waiting to crave his forgiveness, and to be the prop of his declining years, if the Author of Life will, in his mercy, spare him yet a little longer."

The pastor had executed his task;—the females had retired with him, and the repentant son knelt by the hard couch on which his father lay, worn with age and penury and sore affliction. His tears filled the hollow of the furrowed hand he pressed to his quivering lips. The heart that had never failed him in the charge of battle, became as an infant's, and he sobbed aloud.—It was nature's holy triumph.

“ Dinna be grievin’, Geordie, ye’re still my ain bairn, though we’re baith mickle altered; ye hae my blessing, but ye maun seek yer Maker’s. Remember, we canna ‘serve two masters. What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ ”

“ Father, my dear father! spare yourself; you are exhausted—I pray you spare yourself—we shall again see happy days.”

“ I hope you will, Geordie, and mony o’ them, but my hours are numbered; and though I feel as one who joys in the God of his salvation, yet I ken weel that I’m no to be lang here. Be gratefu’ to the gude pastor o’ this place when I’m gane, and lay me beside your mither in the kirkyard at our auld hame.—I’m waxin faint, an’ my e’en are wearin’ dim—Ca’ the Minister, an’ let me hear my son’s voice join in the worship of God before I gang to my rest.”

A psalm was sung,—a portion of scripture read, and as they knelt in prayer, the sick man placed his hand upon his son’s head. The service was at an end, and still it lingered there;—all was tranquil, and it seemed as if he slumbered. In removing the hand to the warmth of the bed, it felt powerless and chill.—The Colonel snatched a light and gazed piercingly and long upon the wasted features of his father—he was dead.

“ Blessed are they who die in the Lord,” said the Minister, as he closed the eyelids of the departed;—“ May *we* die the death of the righteous, and may *our* last end be like his. And sanctify, we beseech thee, O Lord, this affliction to the use of thy servant!”

The course of his subsequent life proved that the unexpected trials of this period were indeed sanctified to Colonel St. George. From the time of his bereavement, he acted as if every passion of earth had been supplanted by the noble ambition to walk soberly, righteously, and godly through an evil world.

He was yet in the prime of existence,—his constitution vigorous,—his fortune ample. Bound to Dr. Summer-ville by the strongest ties of gratitude, it was his pride and pleasure to acknowledge them. They became friends of the truest order. The pastor of Loch G—— was his chief counsellor and sole confidant, and frequently admonished him, in a vein of harmless pleasantry, on the impropriety of remaining alone in the world. One day, when the subject was introduced, the Colonel pronounced himself a convert, and craved his clergyman's consent to his addresses. He demanded the lady's name—

“Miss Jessie Summerville.”

“She is a good girl, and worthy of you. My consent shall not be wanting, if you gain her mother's and her own.”

The Colonel contrived to make himself acceptable to all parties—he was united to Jessie—it proved a happy union—the Doctor had to find a new theme for his admonitions, and Catherine's Craig was no longer solitary.

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE LATE REV. ROBERT HALL.

It has been observed that it seldom falls to the lot of one man to be both a philosopher and a poet. These two characters, in their full extent, may be said to divide betwixt them the whole empire of genius; for all the productions of the human mind fall naturally under two heads—works of imagination, and works of reason. There are, indeed, several kinds of composition, which, to be perfect, must partake of both. In our most celebrated historians, for instance, we meet with a just mixture of the penetration that distinguishes the philosopher and the ardour of the poet; still their departments are very wide of each other, and a small degree of attention will be sufficient to show, why it is so extremely difficult to unite, in any high degree, the excellence of each. The end of the poet is to give delight to his reader, which he attempts by addressing his fancy and moving his sensibility; the philosopher purposes merely to instruct, and therefore thinks it enough if he presents his thoughts in that order which will render them the most perspicuous, and seems best adapted to gain the attention. Their views demand, therefore, a very different procedure. All that passes under the eye of the poet, he surveys in one particular view; every form and image under which he presents it to the fancy, are

descriptive of its effects. He delights to paint every object in motion, that he may raise a similar agitation in the bosom of the reader. But the calm deliberate thinker, on the contrary, makes it his endeavour to seek out the remoter causes and principles, which gave birth to these appearances.

It is the highest exertion of a philosopher to strip off the false colours that serve to disguise, to remove every particular which fancy or folly has combined, and present to view the simple and naked truth. But the poet, who addresses the imagination and the heart, neglects no circumstance, however fanciful, which may serve to attach his descriptions more closely to the human mind. In describing the awful appearances of nature, he gladly avails himself of those magic terrors with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded them; for though the light of reason dispels those shades, they answer the highest purpose of the poet, in awakening the passions. It is the delight of poetry to combine and associate; of philosophy, to separate and distinguish. The one resembles a skilful anatomist, who lays open every thing that occurs, and examines the smallest particulars of its make; the other a judicious painter, who conceals what would offend the eye, and embellishes every subject he undertakes to represent. The same object, therefore, which has engaged the investigating powers of the philosopher, takes a very different appearance from the forming hand of the poet, who adds every grace, and artfully hides the nakedness of

the inward structure, under all the agreeable foldings of elegance and beauty. In philosophical discussions, the end of which is to explain, every part ought to be unfolded with the most lucid perspicuity. But works of imagination never exert a more powerful influence, than when the author has contrived to throw over them a shade of darkness and doubt. The reason of this is obvious: the evils we but imperfectly discern, seem to bid defiance to caution; they affect the mind with a fearful anxiety, and by presenting no limits, the imagination easily conceives them boundless. These species of composition differ still farther with respect to the situation of mind requisite to produce them. Poetry is the offspring of a mind heated to an uncommon degree; it is a kind of spirit thrown off in the effervescence of the agitated feeling: but the utmost calmness and composure are essential to philosophical inquiry. Novelty, surprise, and astonishment, kindle in the bosom the fire of poetry; whilst philosophy is reared up by cool and long-continued efforts. There is one circumstance relating to this kind of composition too material to be omitted. In every nation it has been found that poetry is of much earlier date than any other production of the human mind; as in the individual the imagination and passions are more vigorous in youth, which, in mature age, subside, and give way to thought and reflection.

Something similar to this seems to characterize that genius, which distinguishes the different periods of society. The most admired poems have been the off-

spring of uncultivated ages. Pure poetry consists of the descriptions of nature, and the display of the passions ; to each of which, a rude state of society is better adapted than one more polished. They who live in that early period in which art has not alleviated the calamities of life, are forced to feel their dependence upon nature. Her appearances are ever open to their view, and therefore strongly imprinted on their fancy. They shrink at the approach of a storm, and mark with anxious attention every variation of the sky. The change of seasons, cloud or sunshine, serenity and tempest, are to them real sources of sorrow and of joy ; and we need not, therefore, wonder, they should describe with energy what they feel with so much force. But it is one chief advantage of civilization, that, by enabling us in some measure to control nature, we become less subject to its influence. It opens many new sources of enjoyment. In this situation the gay and the cheerful can always mingle in company, whilst the diffusion of knowledge opens to the studious a new world, over which the whirlwind and the blast can exert no influence. The face of nature gradually retires from view, and those who attempt to describe it, often content themselves with copying from books, whereby their descriptions want the freshness and glow of original observation, like the image of an object reflected through various mediums, each of which varies somewhat of its form, and lessens its splendour. The poetry of uncivilized nations has, therefore, often excelled the productions of a more refined people, in elevation and pathos. Accustomed

to survey nature only in her general form and grander movements, their descriptions cannot fail of carrying with them an air of greatness and sublimity. They paint scenes which every one has felt, and which, therefore, need only to be presented to awaken a similar feeling again. For awhile, they delight us with the vastness of their conceptions; but the want of various embellishments, and the frequent recurrence of the same images, soon fatigue the attention, and their poetry may be compared to the world of waters, which fills us with amazement, but upon which we gaze for a while, and then turn away our eyes. It is the advantage of enlightened nations, that their superior knowledge enables them to supply greater variety, and to render poetry more copious. They allure with an agreeable succession of images. They do not weary with uniformity, or overpower us with the continuance of any one exertion; but, by perpetually shifting the scene, they keep us in a constant hurry of delight.

I cannot help observing, that poetical genius seems capable of much greater variety than talents for philosophising. The power of thinking and reasoning is a simple energy, which exerts itself in all men nearly in the same manner; indeed, the chief varieties that have been observed in it may be traced to two—a capacity of abstract and mathematical reasoning, and a talent for collecting facts and making observations; these qualities of mind, blended in various proportions, will for the most part account for any peculiarities attending men's mode of thinking. But the ingredients that constitute a

poet, are far more various and complicated. A poet is in a high degree under the influence of the imagination and passions, principles of mind very various and extensive. Whatever is complicated is capable of much greater variety, and will be extremely more diversified in its form than that which is more simple. In this case, every ingredient is a source of variety; and by being mingled in the composition in a greater or less degree, may give an original cast to the whole.

To explain the particular causes which vary the direction of the fancy in different men, would perhaps be no easy task.

We are led, it may be at first through accident, to the survey of one class of objects; this calls up a particular train of thinking, which we afterwards freely indulge; it easily finds access to the mind upon all occasions; the slightest accident serves to suggest it. It is nursed by habit, and reared up with attention, till it gradually swells to a torrent, which bears away every obstacle, and awakens in the mind the consciousness of peculiar powers. Such sensations eagerly impel to a particular purpose, and are sufficient to give to the mind a distinct and determinate character.

Poetical genius is likewise much under the influence of the passions. The pleased and the splenetic, the serious and the gay, survey nature with very different eyes. That elevation of fancy, which, with a melancholy turn, will produce scenes of gloomy grandeur and awful solemnity, will lead another of a cheerful complexion, to delight, by presenting images of splendour and gaiety

and by inspiring gladness and joy. To these and other similar causes, may be traced that boundless variety which diversifies the works of imagination, and which is so great that I have thought the perusal of fine authors is like traversing the different regions of the earth: some glow with a pleasant and refreshing warmth, whilst others kindle with a fierce and fiery heat; in one we meet with scenes of elegance and art, where all is regular, and a thousand beautiful objects spread their colours to the eye, and regale the senses; in another, we behold nature in an unadorned majestic simplicity, scouring the plain with a tempest, sitting upon a rock, or walking upon the wings of the wind. Here we meet with a Sterne, who fans us with the softest delicacies; and there a Rousseau, who hurries us along in whirlwind and tempest. Hence that delightful succession of emotions which is felt in the bosom of sensibility. We feel the empire of genius, we imbibe the impression, and the mind resembles an enchanted mansion, which, at the touch of some superior hand, at one time brightens into beauty, and at another darkens into horror. Even where the talents of men approach most nearly, an attentive eye will ever remark some small shades of difference sufficient to distinguish them. Perhaps few authors have been distinguished by more similar features of character than Homer and Milton. That vastness of thought which fills the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are the qualities of both: but Milton is the most sublime, and Homer the most picturesque. Homer lived in an early age, before

knowledge was much advanced ; he would derive little from any acquired abilities, and therefore may be styled the poet of nature. To this source, perhaps, we may trace the principal difference betwixt Homer and Milton. The Grecian poet was left to the movements of his own mind, and to the full influence of that variety of passions which is common to all : his conceptions, therefore, are distinguished by their simplicity and force. In Milton, who was skilled in almost every department of science, learning seems sometimes to have shaded the splendour of his genius.

No epic poet excites emotions so fervid as Homer, or possesses so much fire ; but in point of sublimity, he cannot be compared to Milton. I rather think the Greek poet has been thought to excel in this quality more than he really does, for want of a proper conception of its effects. When the perusal of an author raises us above our usual tone of mind, we immediately ascribe those sensations to the sublime, without considering whether they light on the imagination or the feelings ; whether they elevate the fancy, or only fire the passions.

The sublime has for its object the imagination only, and its influence is not so much to occasion any fervour of feeling, as the calmness of fixed astonishment. If we consider the sublime as thus distinguished from every other quality, Milton will appear to possess it in an unrivalled degree ; and here indeed lies the secret of his power. The perusal of Homer inspires us with an ardent sensibility ; Milton with the stillness of surprise. The one fills and delights the mind with the confluence

of various emotions ; the other amazes with the vastness of his ideas. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive ; he carries the fancy through successive stages of elevation, and gradually increases the heat by adding fuel to the fire. •

The flights of Homer are more sudden and transitory. Milton, whose mind was enlightened by science, appears the most comprehensive ; he shows more acuteness in his reflections and more sublimity of thought. Homer, who lived more with men, and had perhaps a deeper tincture of the human passions, is by far the most vehement and picturesque. To the view of Milton, the wide scenes of the universe seem to have been thrown open, which he regards with a cool and comprehensive survey, little agitated, and superior to those emotions which affect inferior mortals. Homer, when he soars the highest, goes not beyond the bounds of human nature ; he still connects his descriptions with human passions ; and though his ideas have less sublimity, they have more fire. The appetite for greatness—that appetite which always grasps at more than it can reach, is never so fully satisfied as in the perusal of *Paradise Lost*. In following Milton, we grow familiar with new worlds, we traverse the immensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds. Homer confines the mind to a narrower circle, but that circle he brings nearer the eye, he fills it with a quicker succession of objects, and makes it the scene of more interesting action,

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

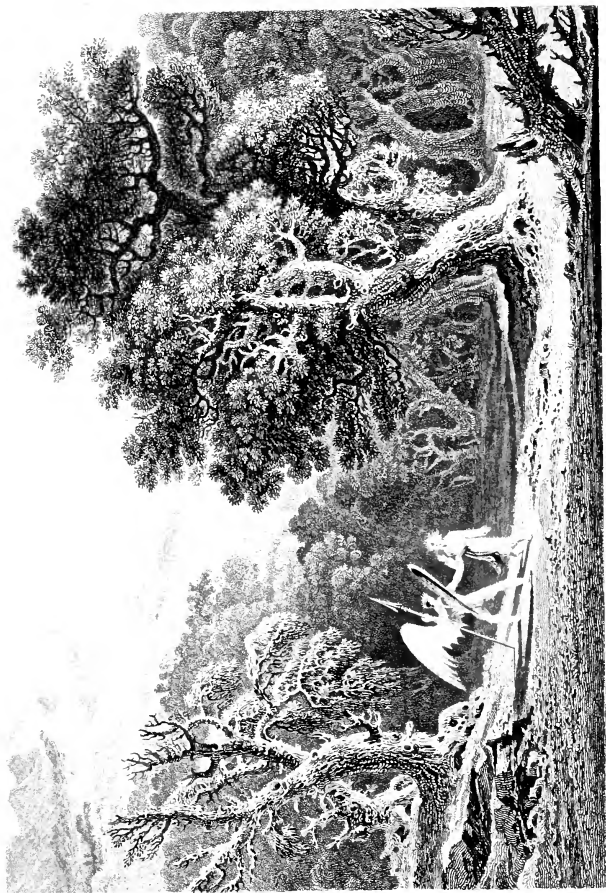
BY BERNARD BARTON.

Not in the noise, the tumult, and the crowd,
 Did the Arch-tempter spread his snares for THEE :
 There he might hope to catch the vain, the proud,
 The selfish ;—all who bend the willing knee
 To pageants which the world hath deified,
 Seeking from such their pleasure and their pride.

But THOU, who, even in thy tarriance here,
 Didst bear about Thee tokens of the high
 And holy influence of thy primal sphere,
 Stamping thy manhood with Divinity !
 Who, IN the world, wert still not of it—Thou,
 He could not hope, unto its spells would'st bow

Therefore he sought and found Thee—in the gloom
 Of the vast wilderness, perchance employed
 In meditating on man's hapless doom ;
 Who but for sin had still in peace enjoyed
 The bliss of Eden, ere the serpent's thrall
 Had wrought our earliest parents' fatal fall.

But vain the tempter's power and heart ! though spent
 With long, lone lasting in that desert drear,
 Thou, in thy Deity omnipotent
 As man—from human crimes and follies clear,



Wert still *temptation-proof*, from frailty free
He left—and ANGELS ministered to Thee!

Oh! then, as Eden, when by sin defiled,
Was Paradise no more, THY PRESENCE made
A brief Elysium in the desert wild,
And more than sunshine pierced its matted shade;
Its darkest depths by heavenly hosts were trod,
And the rude wilderness confessed its God!

THE TEMPTER.

AN ARAB LEGEND.

Is it not written in the Chronicles of Arabia, that—the bold man may be overthrown, and the wise man may be confounded? But that the patient man overcometh! So sayeth the Arab of the city, so sayeth the Arab of the tent, so sayeth the man of understanding, from the Synea to Arabia Felix. Then hear the story of Ayoub, the mighty, the ruined, the prosperous, the immortal, the son of Ishmael! Is it not so written?—The sun was sinking on the hills that shut in the valley of the Feiraun, when a traveller, worn out with fatigue and the heat of the burning day of Arabia, stopped on the summit of the pass that leads from the desert into this famous valley. He uttered an exclamation of surprise

and delight, as his eye saw its whole noble beauty spread below him. For seven days he had trodden nothing but the desert: his eyes were withered by the glare of the perpetual sand; his frame was parched; his brain was dizzy. For the last day his cruise of water had been exhausted; and he had travelled from dawn, in the haste of one who felt that, unless he reached succour before another dawn, there his mortal career must end; but he was amply repaid for his toil by the prospect which now spread to the horizon.

The valley of the Feiraun is to this hour the loveliest in all Arabia. From the eastern pass, which lies high among hills of every coloured marble, an unbroken succession of date-groves and gardens, filled with all the fruits and flowers of the East, extend till they are lost in distance. The sides of the valley are sheeted with a verdure, which, watered by innumerable rivulets, retains through the year the richest hue of the emerald. The date harvest was just commencing. The small Arab tents were seen, planted with standards and garlands, in the open spaces of the groves. Some of the date-gatherers, who come at this season from all parts of Arabia, were dancing to the sounds of their pastoral instruments; some were preparing the evening meal; troops of young girls were going to the wells, carrying their water-vessels on their heads, and singing in chorus; long lines of camels and cattle were seen returning from pasture to the tents; the valley was filled with life, and the air sent up a universal echo of rural joy.

The traveller was all astonishment, and stood gazing

at the matchless scene of luxuriance and happiness beneath him, until he saw the sun stoop upon the western range of the mountains, and the evening star expand into splendour above his head. Its rise reminded him of a duty which even the fatigue and despair of the desert had not driven from his heart. At the coming of eve he was accustomed to offer up his devotions. His lips were parched with thirst—his frame was faint with hunger. A rivulet, cool and sweet as dew, was gushing along beside the path; fruits, whose fragrance was almost too rich for his feeble sense, were hanging within his grasp; but the signal of the hour of prayer was above—the evening star was glittering from the heaven, like a lamp in a temple of boundless glory. He knelt down, and offered up his homage to the Power which at a word had brought that glory out of nothing, and whose image is not to be made by man. The traveller then rose, tasted of the stream and the fruits, and, making a bed of the leaves of vines and roses, laid himself down on his cloak, and fell into a delicious slumber.

After a short, deep sleep, dreams came upon him, and he felt himself wandering through a strange variety of places and events. He saw large masses of gold strewed round him; but at his touch they dissolved into water. He saw magnificent alcoves and pavilions starting out of the shade of superb gardens, and in a moment after they vanished, and nothing but the desert met his eye. Echoes of martial music led him to the summit of hills, from which he surveyed an army, glittering with innumerable

banners and splendid tents—the pomp of an Indian King—and then a sudden whirlwind tore its way through them, swept the banners into the air, scattered the royal tents, and covered the soil with dead. Then a scene followed, which was altogether incomprehensible to him. He thought that, as he was kneeling in his evening prayer, the star above him grew suddenly larger; he felt himself rising towards it; a glance showed him the valley of the Feiraun far below. Another glance, and the valley had faded into a long line of blue; the whole enormous plain of Arabia stretched out beneath, with its red sands—its bare granite mountains—and the two broad boundaries of sea that lie between it and the west and east of the world. A third glance, and Arabia was but a bright spot on a bright globe, rolling with terrible swiftness through the clouds and coloured airs of heaven.

He had risen from this world on more than eagles' wings. The evening star was no longer a glittering point—a diamond in the turban of night: it was a world of enormous size, flashing a radiance to which all that he had ever seen on earth was midnight; and crowded with shapes of a grandeur and beauty such as he had never seen in the noblest and loveliest forms of mankind. Still, as he rose, he saw visions yet more magnificent than those guardian spirits; and glimpses of crowns and thrones, through a radiance that formed clouds of itself, and overpowered his faculties.

But, in the midst of those unspeakable pomps, one figure struck his eye with a mixture of admiration and

terror, for which he could not account ; yet which fixed his glance upon this mysterious shape by an irresistible spell. The form was that of an old man, but decrepit more with infirmity than age ; still, of a gigantic height, and with a countenance of haughtiness and anguish, to which there was no similitude in the dazzling myriads among whom he moved. He seemed to be not of their number—all shrank from him—but he stalked sternly on, yet with visible agony in every step, till he paused directly before Ayoub. An expression of scorn instantly sat upon his majestic features. The look grew more intense, until Ayoub felt every pulse of his frame throb with indescribable fear. Some words of lofty contempt dropped from the old man's lip ; and lifting up his hand, as if to make a solemn abjuration, he gave a withering smile, and passed on. Thunder rolled, and clouds of the thickest night instantly fell upon the whole scene.

Ayoub felt himself cast down to earth ; and in the shock of his fall he awoke. A part of his dream was true. A tempest had come up from the Red Sea, and the retiring thunders were now rolling away, far over the mountains of the desert. The ground where he had lain was drenched with a shower, and in the involuntary effort to move from it in his sleep he had fallen down the face of the rock.

The sun rose, and the clouds floated off the landscape ; but the traveller could feel only that a fierce fever had seized upon him, that he had broken his arm, and that he was in a spot where, without immediate succour, he

must die. He was in the prime of life, and full of the buoyant consciousness that he was not to be for ever the undistinguished thing that he then was. A noble mission, too, had been given to him, for which he had left father and friends, the betrothed of his bosom, and the brothers of his blood. A VOICE, which he knew to be of more than man, had commanded him to leave his fathers' tents, and, abandoning all hope of honour and possessions at home, to follow its guidance to a land where his destiny was to be fulfilled.

But now the fire of disease was in his frame; he was bruised, and unable to stand; the sun, too, rose with a brightness that dazzled his enfeebled eye—the heat drank up his blood: he was dying!—he felt the shades of the final hour gathering round him. By a last effort of nature he called out for help—“for one draught of water before he died.” He heard footsteps, and felt the water close to his withered lip. Never had he enjoyed such luxury before: the draught was like dew to the flower—it shot new life through him. He looked up, and saw one of the date-gatherers, an old man, with a beechen goblet in his hand, leaning over him.

A crowd of peasantry now approached, and, by the old man's direction, made a litter of boughs, and carried Ayoub down to their tents. As they descended into the shade of the valley, his senses were bathed in the perfume of the richest blossoms of Arabia; his forehead was cooled by the touch of the rose-bushes and carnation-trees which clustered over their path; and,

before he arrived at the tent of his protector, he felt a consciousness of renovated health that was like a sense of immortality.

A few weeks completely restored him, and he remembered his summons, and prepared to go forward on his journey; but his old preserver argued against the "rashness of trying the desert again." Ayoub spoke of his reliance on the mysterious voice, and told his dream. The old date-gatherer shook his hoary locks with laughter.

"Ah," said he, "the dreams of the young are stronger than the realities of the old. I could once dream like you. Like you, I traversed the mountain for gold, but I found sand. I traversed the plain for dominion, and I found sand; and if I had looked for a throne in the bottom of the diamond mountain of El Gebir, I should have found sand there too; in short, the world is much alike to the dreamer. He will find gold and sceptres in his dreams, and sand every where else. Now, listen to me. Give up this foolish following of what you have never seen to find what you will never see. I have no daughters to give you; but I shall send for your betrothed. I have no son; but you shall be mine. I must die, and would wish to see my date-groves in the hands of one whom I honoured, and not thrown away on a band of peasants. Look from this door! As far as the eye can reach—to the left and the right, to the sea and the sunrise—all is mine. Stay; and within a few years, perhaps a few hours, you may be

lord of the valley—king of the paradise of Arabia—happy sovereign of the Feiraun.”

The old man's words sank into Ayoub's heart. Where could he, on earth, find such another spot? Here was unbroken peace, luxurious enjoyment, the loveliest scenery of earth, wealth unbounded. A word would make him master of it all. He pondered for a moment, and glanced at his preserver. On a sudden, he thought that he had seen his countenance before. There was a singular sternness about it, that was totally unlike its usual benevolence. He felt a strange and startling sensation. He raised his eyes again. But the look was fixed solemnly on the skies: the countenance was pale, and sacred resignation was expressed in every feature. Ayoub dared not disturb a reverie so holy.

At length the old man turned to him, and with a faint smile, and pressing his hand, said, “My son, I find I can still be guilty of the follies of youth. I am still as rash as a child. I was wrong to press my offer on you so abruptly; but the truth is, that if the dreams of the young are mere vapours of the brain, the dreams of the old sometimes tell the truth. I have had some warnings that this frail tenement of mine will not hold together much longer. In our fine climate death comes, like the autumn, in beauty and mildness—it is the richest hour of life—and the man drops gently but surely into the grave, as the cluster from the vine. I wished to leave my groves and gardens in the hands of one who would love them as I loved them; and to set over my

people a Sheik who would guide them by his wisdom, and protect them by his valour. But, go!—follow your own wild will, and forget your old friend.”

Ayoub’s heart was touched. He felt an inconceivable sweetness in the tones of his preserver’s voice, even while he spoke of an event which was to separate him from all his enjoyments. And, mingled with the rustic and simple look, there was a glance of loftiness and dignity that showed, if he had resigned the glories of the world for the rough garb of a date-gatherer, the fault lay in no feebleness of mind. The old man evidently read his thoughts.

“You wonder at my wearing this *alhaic*,” said he: “but I have worn purple before now, and find the *alhaic* just as warm in winter, and just as cool in summer; besides, it raises no man’s desire to pluck it off my shoulders. You wonder at my preferring a date-grove to a palace; but it is, at least, as quiet, as cheerful, and as fragrant; besides, who thinks of dropping poison into the beechen cup of a date-gatherer? Young man, I *have* sat upon a throne, richer than all that Arabia can show—richer than ever son of Ishmael shall sit upon. But remember the proverb: ‘A man may thrust his hand into the fire, but if he hold it there too long he is a fool.’ Forswear ambition, and be, like me, a date-gatherer.”

A strain of music rose from the valley, and silenced his speech. The sound was exquisite: rising from the depths of the groves, with a richness of harmony that absolutely subdued the senses, it lingered and floated

along the summits of the hills ; and then, in one burst of grandeur, rose to heaven.

Ayoub had never heard such sounds before ; and, when he had recovered from his first rapture, he asked, " Was it possible that they could be produced by date-gatherers ? "

The old man smiled : " Never believe," said he, " my son, that all the good things of this world were meant for men sleeping on silken sofas, under marble roofs, and with guards, fifty deep, to save their throats from being cut while they are asleep. Our peasants are made, by nature, just like other men ; and you may find as flexible fingers, and tuneful voices, born under the shelter of one of these linen tents, as ever were heard in the golden pavilion of the King of India. But the ceremony to-night is of an unusual kind : some of my people are star-worshippers ; and once a year they hold a festival in honour of the skies. This accounts for your not having heard their hymn before. You are not a star-worshipper," said the old man, fixing his penetrating eye on him.

Ayoub pronounced that " such worship was folly."

" True," was the answer ; " and yet the thing is natural enough. These peasants see their labours begun and ended by the light of the stars ; the season of their trees putting on the leaf and the fruit ripening, led by the stars ; of the destinies of kingdoms they of course can know nothing ; but of the destinies of themselves, their children, their cattle, and their gardens, they know a great deal ; and as they see them under some perpetual

connection with those brilliant luminaries, they honour and fear the guides of destiny. Besides, man must always have something to worship; and the stars are at once the most obvious, the most beautiful, and the most magnificent of all things."

A sudden burst of the harmony rose again, and absorbed Ayoub in an ecstasy of hearing. The chaunt that had already delighted him was harsh to the melting yet gorgeous swell that rolled round him, like a rising cloud of fragrance, and steeped his senses in a dreamy enchantment. He was roused by the old man's gesture, who, with one hand on his, pointed the other to the heavens. Ayoub uttered a cry of wonder. The whole firmament seemed to have received an unlimited expansion. Stars by millions rushed into it, as if a new creation had just begun. But no splendour of star that had ever struck his eye was equal to the dazzling brilliancy, the broad and intense glory, of the orbs that now filled the infinite azure. All hues of precious minerals, all the coloured lights of the diamond, the ruby, and the crysolite, flashed and burned before him on a scale of colossal magnitude. The stars seemed instinct with life and Ayoub, while he gazed, with redoubled awe and admiration, saw them begin to stoop towards the earth, as if to receive the nearer homage of the hymn.

"There *is* something in this," said the old man: "I almost begin to think that there are communications between those mighty luminaries and earth; see how their lustre brightens as the hymn ascends! May they not be spirits, of as much power as beauty? How shall

we limit the forms of creation? Man is a noble being; but is the form of man the only thing noble? What has earth to compare with this magnificence? See that splendid leader of the host stooping above us with his golden glory! Mighty being, come not in wrath, but in mercy!" said he; and he cast himself on his forehead before the star, which seemed descending through the air, and pouring a flood of new light at every moment on the valley. Still bent on the ground, the old man put out his hand, seized the skirt of Ayoub's garment, and with convulsive energy pulled him on his knees. "Youth," said he, tremblingly, "offer up your homage to the true gods of the universe!" Ayoub, confused and dazzled, felt himself under an influence like that of wine; strong perfumes breathed round him, sleepy sounds were in his ears; and in this bewildered state he unconsciously lifted his hand towards his lips.

At the instant, he saw his companion's eye fixed upon him,—it had a glance of fire. He shrank, his senses returned; he sprang on his feet, and in his heart abjured the guilty homage. A groan at his side roused him from his sacred reverie. The star-worshipper was dead! Ayoub, struck with unfeigned sorrow, tried to recover him, and bore him to the tent. He laid him on his bed, and tried the simple remedies of the Arab. But, as he brought the lamp close, to discover if there were any hope of life, he was startled by the change in his countenance: it was no longer placid; the features were like those of one who had died in agony; the lips were writhed, the nostrils were distended, the eyes were

broadly open. As he gazed, all the features seemed to recover an unnatural and horrid animation ; and a livid light began to blaze in the depth of the eyeballs. Ayoub could bear the terrible spectacle no longer. Bold as he was, a strange shuddering seized upon him, and he left the tent. The glory of the stars had disappeared : outcries of wildness and anger were echoing through the trees. In instinctive alarm, he seized his spear, threw his bow and quiver across his back, and rushed up the side of the valley.

As he reached the summit of the mountain pass, he gave one look more to this earthly paradise. But it was fearfully changed ; the fires of the star-worshippers seemed to have spread from hill to hill, until the groves caught the blaze ; and the cry of affright was mingled with hideous execrations. As the flame spread, he saw the people of the groves struggling with each other in furious contests—every thing flame above, and slaughter below. The blaze had now reached the tent ; on which he fixed his eye with a feeling of deep regret for the kind-hearted and venerable being who had so long sheltered him there. It was soon the centre of the conflagration, and from it sprang up a shape of unspeakable terror—a gigantic being, crowned and winged with flame, that soared into the clouds, and hung, as if in fierce triumph, over the scene of ruin. He dared gaze no more ; but darted down the pass towards the desert, bounded in the strength of frenzy over rocks and streams, forced his way through thicket and ravine, nor paused for an instant,

till he found his feet again treading the sand of the wilderness.

At dawn, Ayoub looked back, for the first time ; the mountains of the Feiraun were lying like a blue cloud on the western horizon. Before him now lay the sandy ocean, the interminable desert ; a dizzy light played over the surface ; the ground scorched him through his sandals ; the sun looked like a shield of red-hot iron ; and he never felt a sensation of greater joy than when, on passing between two sand-hills, he saw a sullen and massy caravanserai within a short distance. To see it, and to rush forward, to throw his cloak upon the floor and throw himself upon it, were the work of the same moment.

But he had scarcely laid down, when his ears were saluted with the sound of camels' bells, horns, the barking of dogs, and the neighing of horses. A caravan had arrived, and the gloomy halls were instantly crowded with people, coming from Yemen with merchandize for the ports of the Red Sea. Ayoub was seen, questioned, and brought before the chief of the caravan, a Bedoween, superbly mounted, with a bold but cheerful countenance, covered from top to toe with armour of the most curiously wrought steel, and carrying a rich Indian lance in his hand.

" Welcome, my brother !" said the Shiek : " I love the Beni Ishmael. I am one of them myself ; though I acknowledge that it is a shame for me to be riding my camel beside those Kafirs. However, one cannot always

find pearls in the desert. The glorious Hedjaz itself grows more tons of sand than grains of wheat; and praised be your luck that has made you fall in to-day with Abdul Bahrein, lord of a thousand horsemen, and of the gold, silver, and camels of every caravan that payeth not tribute, from the Persian Gulph to the Straits of Babelmandel."

At twilight, the Arab, ordering that a horse should be given to the "son of Ishmael," galloped off to the head of the caravan, which had now commenced its march, as the cool of the evening came on.

Ayoub was the child of destiny, and he awaited its will. But his prayer at the rising of the evening star was not forgotten. He then mounted his Arab horse, flew to the head of the column, and found the Shiek busy with marshalling his Bedoweens, and full of gallant animation. Ayoub's figure excited his praise.

"Why, who under the disc of the moon," exclaimed he, "could have thought to see such a daring rider—ay, and such a handsome lance-bearer too—in the worn-out-looking Kafir we found you half a dozen hours ago! May I never drink the wine of Yemen again, but you ride, and handle the spear like our father Ishmael himself! You must make one of the troop. You shall live on the purses of the feeble, and on the meat of the strong; an eagle will not be more free to shake his plumes over the desert, nor a vulture to prey on all that lives there."

The march of a caravan is always a striking spectacle at night. Torch-bearers ride out in front, flank, and rear, and the sands seem scattered with flying meteors.

At length the moon touched the summits of the Persiar hills with a silvery line; and then, rising broadly, flooded the desert with light.

The Sheik was in high spirits. "You know our fathers' proverb," said he: "'inquire about your neighbour before you build, and your companion before you travel.' But what care I for proverbs! You see, I have adopted you at once. You are a better horseman than any of the tribe, except myself; a handsomer fellow, with the same exception; and I see, by your silence, that when the angel of the balances was giving brains to mankind, he did not hide your head under his wing. Now, listen. I have a daughter, with the blackest eyes in all Arabia, cheeks like two pomegranates, and the merchant who could find such rubies as her lips, or a set of pearls like her teeth, might go through the earth, saying, I am a buyer of princes. She shall be yours!" Ayoub gave a melancholy look towards the quarter in which the moon rose, and thought that even then his betrothed might be gazing on the same lovely orb.

The Shiek burst out into laughter. "So," exclaimed he, "you are a moon adorer! Well, all follies are to be found even among the Beni Ishmael. But remember the proverb—'He who gazeth on the sky may stumble on the earth.' Think of my offer."

"True," answered Ayoub; "but also remember the proverb—'He who has health, strength, and courage, has three emeralds that will not turn white in the fire.'"

"Wisely spoken," returned the Sheik. "But remember the proverb—'He who can neither serve himself,

nor hurt his enemies, what is he but a broken lance and a blunted sword ! ”

“ Spoken like a sage of Serendib,” said Ayoub ; “ but remember the proverb—that ‘ The faithless becomes a stranger to heaven, and the unpurposed may make his meal of the clouds.’ ”

The Sheik grew angry at being thus baffled by a youth with but one garment and one lance. But he restrained his anger, and said, in a friendly tone, “ Young man, I might have bid you remember the proverb—that for six things a fool is known—‘ wrath without cause, change without reason, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger and wanting the power to know a friend from a foe.

“ My father,” said Ayoub, smiling, “ I have eaten your bread, and I say no more. But I think upon the proverb—Long experience maketh large wit.’ ”

The Sheik laughed aloud at this final retort ; and in great delight at the depth of his learning, said, “ It is now midnight ; all the robbers in the desert are asleep, and I see the caravan nodding in all directions. Come with me, and I shall show you a finer sight than the rising moon. You are worth some trouble.”

He struck Ayoub’s horse with the end of his lance, gave his own the reins, and they both instantly flew across the sands with the speed of antelopes. There was no bolder rider than Ayoub, but he was first surprised and then alarmed at the speed of his courser. It flew like the wind, and still its speed increased. It was now the flight of the vulture, it was next the flight of an arrow,

it was next the flight of the lightning. To stop the steed was impossible, and to throw himself off must have been instant death. Such was the strange swiftness of the animal, that the torches of the caravan had disappeared in a few moments; the mountains soon seemed to fly backward; and, as he at length looked up, the sky shone with new stars, for the old were low in the horizon. Still the Sheik continued to rush on before him; and the journey was still unended.

At length a broad, pale gleam, as of a winter's morn, began to quiver on the east. Ayoub, shaken in every fibre, rejoiced to think that day and rest were at hand. But the increasing swiftness of his horse, which sometimes made him think of the old stories of enchantment, soon brought him near enough to discover, that the light proceeded from torches hung out on the walls of a city of enormous size. The Sheik led the way to the gate, which rose with the grandeur of a pyramid before the riders. The gigantic portal received them, and a scene then burst on Ayoub's gaze exceeding all that his wildest fancy had ever formed.

The Sheik gave a glance at him, and smiled at his astonishment. "I told you," said he, "that you should see something better than a hundred Bedoween rogues ready to fall from their horses, and a caravan half asle . . . This is the 'city of the golden towers,' of which you must have heard so often; but which lies so far out of the way of the caravans, that not one in a hundred of them ever comes here."

Ayoub acknowledged that, "though he had never

even heard of it, it was worth going to the ends of the earth to see." Nothing could be more magnificent. Well it deserved the name of golden. Every thing seemed to be made of the precious metals. From the gate Ayoub looked up a street of colossal columns, fluted and flourished in the richest style, and all of gold; palaces and pavilions, covered with gems and gold, ranged along the sides of this interminable street; and, though midnight was already past, the inhabitants seemed to be in the height of some great festival.

The Arab checked his rein at the door of a lofty building, crowded with people, who were continually rushing in and out. "We may as well alight here," said he, "and refresh ourselves. For the proverb is true:—'The lamp may be made of diamonds; but it dies without oil.'"

Ayoub, in intolerable exhaustion, almost fell from his horse. The sounds of the festivity were stunning to his ears; the glare of the walls, and the innumerable lights which actually clustered over them, like a swarm of fire-flies on the acacia at sunset, gave pain to his eye, already wearied by the rapid passing of star, mountain, and forest, during his journey; and if he could have spoken, it would be to ask only for silence, a cave, and a cup of cold water.

But there was a gay and cordial good-humour about his friend Abdul, that at once prevented his complaints and supplied his wishes, and more than his wishes. "Ha!" said he, with his usual cheering laugh, "I see you are a philosopher; ay, so is every man when he is too much

tired for pleasure; and very likely a saint too; ay, so is every one when he is sick. But come out of this rabble."

He threw his arm round Ayoub, and rather carried than led him under a long, half-lighted cloister, which looked out on a small garden. The air, here, was deliciously cool, and the sounds of the city seemed to have suddenly died, or rather sunk into that low mingling of the distant sounds of life, which, without being music, is almost sweeter. A profusion of shrubs, that crept up and wreathed round the cloister, heavy with the night dews, breathed a strange but exquisite odour round this secluded spot; and when Ayoub sank on the divan, he experienced a sensation of rest, like that from which the faithful awake in paradise.

But the bold Arab was not disposed to waste the precious moments in lying on cushions, and gazing on the coloured tracery of a cloister. He clapped his hands—attendants appeared—he ordered supper, with the air of one accustomed to command this world's enjoyments—drew a weighty purse from his girdle, and, flinging it to a slave, bade him give its value in their entertainment. The supper was speedily brought in; and Ayoub acknowledged that, whether from his fatigue, or its excellence, or both, he had then, for the first time in his life, known the delight of the senses. The pomegranates, grapes, and peaches had an exquisiteness of flavour, that made them less the finest of their species than of a different and totally superior species; even their colours were lovelier and more dazzling. But for the touch, he should have pronounced them real dia-

mond and ruby. But the wine was the wonder ! Their table, their cups, every thing round them looked simplicity itself ; but the wine was worthy of princes. His glance was irresistibly fixed upon its lustre. It flashed and sparkled with living brightness. " If wine," exclaimed 'Ayoub, as he gazed upon the cup lifted in his hand, " if the blood of the grape could contain the principle of life, it is in this goblet."

" And why not ?" said the Arab, who had just swallowed a copious draught : " in the blood of man is the life, in the blood of beasts is the life ; the vine, the rose, the tulip live ; they have infancy, maturity, and age ; they wake, they sleep, they love the sunshine, they shrink from the storm ; they eat, drink, and breathe ; and what more can you say for the first Sheik of Yemen, except that he does not wear such fine clothes, live in a garden, nor spend a life half so pleasant, or half so profitable to mankind. But, drink, and get a little of that life within you, if you can ; for you seem more tired than an elephant at noon ; and we have something to see before our return."

Ayoub put the cup to his lips ; he was fascinated. The mere fragrance was subduing, but the taste was rapture. He had drank the famous vintage of the isles, in the tents of his fathers, but till now he felt that he had never tasted true wine. The sensation ran like a touch of new life through every nerve of his frame. He could compare it to nothing but a soft flame penetrating all his fibres, vivid, but painless, and filling him with a new and joyous animation. His fatigue was past in an

instant; he felt the vigour of a giant, he could have bounded with the elasticity of a leopard. A consciousness that he was made for something beyond the common destinies of earth glowed in his soul. He could have sprung up into the elements on wings of fire.

"Best of guides—first of friends—spirit of conquerors!" gaily exclaimed the Arab, as he poured out another cup for his young companion, "what a miracle you have wrought! You have turned the dreamer into a man. But, come: we shall be late. Here's to the giver of the vine! Here's to Baal!—'the glorious!'" He put the goblet to Ayoub's lips, whose head was already confused. To set him the example, he lifted the fellow cup to his own. But, at the instant, the draught seemed to throw up a flash of real fire. The Arab gave a shriek of agony, dropped it on the ground, and writhed with sudden torture. Ayoub flung down the cup, and flew to his assistance. After a few moments of hideous distortion, the bold aspect returned.³

"You see," said he, still panting, "that the proverb is true:—'The first draught of the vintage may be dew, the second may be death.'"

"I have heard, too," involuntarily said Ayoub, shuddering, "that in cities they sometimes put poison in the cup of the stranger." The Arab cast a glance upon him, not unlike the blaze from the wine; but instantly recovering his composure, and pointing upward, said, "Night flies, the stars themselves look weary. Come, and see the wonder of the world."

Ayoub, for the first time, felt some unaccountable

reluctance to follow his guide. But what was to be done? Without him he could not return to the caravan, nor even make his way through the streets. The wine, too, was still in his brain; and, notwithstanding his recollection of the hideous expression of the Arab's agony, he followed him from the portico into the midst of the multitude.

His fears of losing his way might have been spared, for he found the whole joyous crowd, and it consisted of tens of thousands, all moving in the same direction, and all talking of "the temple, the temple." Yet all in a different way; some praising the incomparable sculptures of the high altar, others the richness of the music; some loud in their admiration of the priests' robes, while the females could talk of nothing but the priests themselves,—the chief favourite being a magnificent Ethiopian, who had won their hearts by his gigantic stature, his vast eyes, and the sonorous voice with which he pealed out the hundred thousand names of their deity. The crowd, too, were as various as their opinions. Ayough looked in speechless astonishment at the myriads of motleyneſs round him. There were the Tartar flat nose and squeezed forehead, the olive skin of the Persian, the high brow of the Ionian, the baboon visage of the Lybian, the sharp physiognomy of the Greek, the frost-nipt features of the Scythian, the slender, sable lineaments of the Indian, and the yellow hair and broad blue eye of the Gaul. At his first glance he conceived that the people of the city had, in some wildness or national

festivity, made artificial faces for themselves, as was not uncommon among the orientals. But a nearer view showed him, to his wonder, that they were all real. Ugliness predominated ; for such is human nature ; and yet the paint, the costly dresses, the ringletted heads, the jewels, silks, and embroideries that covered the multitude, in the style of their various countries, made a spectacle of the most brilliant kind. There were lovely women, too ; groups from Mingrelia and Circassia, with their white necks bound with emeralds and amethysts, and their coral lips in a perpetual smile ; and beauties of Golconda, with eyes that outshone the produce of their mines, and covered necks, arms, and ankles, with chains and plates of gold. The turbaned Malabar dancers, too, floated among the crowd ; and the Egyptian *Almai* tossed their cymbals, and sang alike solemn hymns and gay melodies of the Nile.

Ayoub, in a state of mental excitement which precluded thought, was carried along with the living flood, gazing delighted, and wondering, till he found himself at the summit of an immense flight of steps leading to the doors of the great temple.

As he paused for a moment's breath, a sudden roar of dissonance burst across him. He felt some instinctive dread of entering ; and asked his friend " what was to be seen within ? " " The Arab, putting on a countenance of grave derision, asked him in return, " whether he had ever heard the proverb :—' The pearls of Serendib are thick as stars, but wishing never brought one of them from

the bottom of the sea.' This night you have rode a thousand miles to see the grandest of all spectacles ; and you turn away when you are within a foot of it."

" A thousand miles !" exclaimed Ayoub, in utter surprise ; " then we must have rode on the wind !"

" Perhaps we have," said the Arab with composure : then, pointing to a range of hills, whose tops were just visible by a waning moon, " there lie the mountains of the Khalaun. Beyond them lie the plains of the Hedjaz, five hundred miles of as burning sand as ever scorched the heel of man, or dried up the panniers of a dromedary. Behind you is the Persian Sea. You stand in the city of Omaun, the wise, the illustrious, the centre of the earth !"

Ayoub was only the more perplexed ; but he was convinced ; for the breeze from the ocean flowed with refreshing coolness on the night, and he listened with delight to its distant dash and murmur on the rocks of the Ras-el-bled ; the view of the city below, too, was enchanting. He could have stood for ever to see its lovely expanse of mingled gardens, gilded roofs, and the tall slender towers of the oriental architecture, like ascending meteors. The Arab impatiently plucked his robe.

" What can I see within, richer than this view ?" said Ayoub.

" You will see," replied the captain, " the only thing worth a man of sense's seeing on earth ; human nature. Come." With the words, he laid his grasp on Ayoub's arm, and pushed him inside the huge portico.

But the splendours that opened on him in the idol temple required no assistance from persuasion. Vast

nises of variegated marble—shrines and alcoves hung with festoons and tapestries of Indian silk—pavements inlaid with metals and gems of every colour of the rainbow, spread interminably before him. Colossal paintings of sacrifices, of the invocation of spirits, and of the descent of the winged messengers of heaven, finished with the most masterly skill, were hung on the walls; sculptures and frescoes of lions and tigers, of the eagle and the vulture, the serpent and the crocodile, twined in a thousand attitudes of struggle or sport, covered the roof, or enriched the chapiters of the columns; while clusters of immense lamps threw radiance upon the whole, so that the most minute feature of its opulence and beauty was visible. “This indeed is well worth our journey!” exclaimed Ayoub, with uplifted eyes and hands.

“You will believe me again,” said his companion. “But you have still the true wonder to see.”

A sound of trumpets, uniting the most singular sweetness with a power that shook the frame, echoed from the central colonnade of the temple; and, at the sound, the multitude fell on their faces, crying out, “Glory to Baalim!”—“You shrink from this ceremony,” said the Arab, with a contemptuous smile: “The Beni Ishmael may be wise enough for their wilderness. But remember the proverb—‘The antelope is swift on the plains, but a child leads him in the streets.’ What is wisdom to the grey-beard of the dweller in the tent, may be folly to the lip of the youngest dweller in the city. Here you see thousands, all richer and all happier than yourself, and why not at least as wise? You see them

content to do as their forefathers have done ; this they themselves have done from their cradles, and this their children will do after them ; and how are they the worse for it ? Where are the thunders to burn their temple ? Or could all the tents of the Hedjaz find such a form, or furnish it with such jewels, as might be found in every group in this temple ?”

He pointed to a female then passing with a basket of fruits towards a shrine. She seemed scarcely beyond girlhood, by the lightness of her step, but her form had the finest proportions of woman. As if she applied the praise to herself, she looked round, and Ayoub saw—could he believe his senses !—the face of his betrothed ! But her beauty seemed to have gained additional brilliancy. The cheek glowed carnation with the delight of the meeting ; and the glance which she modestly cast on the ground, resembled to his thought the descent of a shooting star. But “how came she in the idol temple ?” She saw his hesitation ; and, without a word, laying on his arm a hand delicate and white as the lily, yet which he felt unaccountably control him, as if it had been nerved with supernatural strength, the lovely idolater led him forward.

A burst of matchless voices and instruments awoke him from his perplexity. Immense folds of silk, wrought with mystic emblems, floated away at the sound, like clouds ; and the full pomp of eastern idolatry opened on his eyes. An altar, scarcely raised from the floor, surrounded, in a circle, a colossal figure, that seemed compounded of every rich product of earth—

gem, metal, ivory, and marble, mixed in the form, which looked not less the representative of every living object of nature—man, the beast of the forest, the bird, the fish even the claws and sting of the insect. The multitude shouted as the enormous idol dawned upon them. A chorus of sweet voices, that appeared to come from under ground, answered to the acclamation. The low altar was soon a blazing circle of sandal-wood and incense, that threw a perfumed and intoxicating smoke, in rolling volumes, to the roof of the temple; from which it descended on the worshippers, partially dimming the lamps, and covering the scene below with a shade like that of a rich twilight.

But, as the light thickened, the rapture of the multitude grew wild. Troops of dancers, with timbrels and lyres, whirled among the multitude. Sudden banquet-tables appeared in various quarters, from which sounds of the most extravagant revelry began to rise. Crowds of women, magnificently attired, rushed from the recesses of the temple, wandered round the tables, sang, danced, and flung garlands of tulips and roses at the guests. Ayoub looked round for the Arab captain. He was gone; but by his side still was the betrothed! He would have besought her to leave the scene of riot; but her beauty was overpowering. And a look of sweetness, yet so vivid that it penetrated his soul, seemed to reprove his gravity as a censure of her exceeding loveliness. While he stood in this embarrassed silence, a huge Ethiopian, who wore a sapphire in his turban that might have made the ransom of princes, started up from one

of the tables, and, goblet in hand, insisted on their drinking to the glory of the idol. The female timidly took the cup, kissed it, and offered it to Ayoub. The wine sparkled in the gold. He thought of the Arab's draught, and was still pondering; when he suddenly raised his eyes. The countenance of the betrothed had changed: it was the living likeness of the Arab, in his fiercest expression. Ayoub dashed the wine on the ground. Her visage writhed as in sudden pain; and, with a groan, she rushed away into the thickest of the multitude.

Ayoub felt as if instant reason had returned to his mind. The abominations of the idol worship were at once fully opened to the son of Ishmael. He had now but one desire—to escape from the place of guilt, and to atone for the folly of venturing within its temptation. But to escape seemed impossible. The labyrinth of the aisles and colonnades was endless. It was in vain that he rushed through their vistas: he was either brought round upon his own steps, or bewildered by the blaze of altars that seemed to spring out of the earth; or met by troops of dancers and singers, who surrounded and fettered him with wreaths of flowers.

At length, in despair, he resolved to struggle no longer; and, sinking on the marble floor of a pavilion, lighted only by the distant flame of one of the innumerable altars, he implored the relief of death. As he lay, his eye fixed upon a solitary star, slowly moving across the circular opening in the dome. Its long, tremulous ray glittered on the floor—it fell upon his forehead—it

touched the colours of the inlaid pavement, and threw a glow-worm light through the distant halls. He followed its guidance; and determining to smite the idol, listened for the sounds of the worship. Still the slender radiance glimmered along the marble floors, and he followed. A curtain spread across his way; he cast it aside, and beheld the idol.

But was he again in a dream! The gold, the glory, the overwhelming richness of the fabric, were all changed. The scene round him was like the dwelling of a king of the dead. A lofty vaulted roof, with a thousand niches and images, touched only with the tremulous light of the moon—vast ancient trees, larch, cypress, and pine, hanging their heavy tufts over the openings for light and air—shapes of rich-coloured light, but dim and vapoury, covering the casements—an altar, of a sepulchral form, and gleaming with a low and wavering blaze, were now before him. Ayoub still bore the bow and shafts of the Bedoween. He had already fitted the shaft to the string, when, looking once again upon the idol, he saw it wear the image of his father Ishmael. He flung the shaft on the ground. A wild roar of derision rang through the vaults. He bounded upon the image, and with a convulsive exertion of his strength tore it from its pedestal. It fell in thunder.

Instant darkness came. The vault seemed peopled with myriads. Sounds of frenzy, of fierce execrations, of baffled rage, of delirium, of despair, of spirits in torture, echoed round him. He felt his darkened way back through the temple. There he heard sounds more of

this earth; the uproar of intoxication, the screams of women, the dissolute song on the lips of the dying, the clashing of swords, and the groans of trampled and torn combatants. At length he reached the door. As he felt its huge and massive frame, he recoiled. What could his exhausted strength avail against that brazen barrier? In the name of the Mightiest, he again laid his hand upon it. It flew open like gossamer. But where was the glorious prospect that had before arrested him on the steps of the temple? The "City of the golden towers" was gone. For all its glittering roofs, and innumerable groves and gardens, to the farthest extent of the horizon, was to be seen but the cold, grey desert, under the first glimmer of dawn.

With scarcely less than a pang of heart he turned to give a parting look upon the temple. But it, too, was gone. The magnificent sculptures, the immortal paintings, the living work of the loom, the train of beauty, the starry illuminations, the voice of the singer, the solemn grandeur of the worship, the various and adoring multitude—all were gone. A heavy and dark building alone stood before him. To his unspeakable astonishment, it was the caravanserai; but all was silent there. He entered, and all was gloom. The Bedoween guard, the merchant of Yemen, the horse and the camel, were gone. All had vanished like a vapour of night before the sun. Vision of visions!

Ayoub felt that he had escaped a mighty evil; and prostrating himself, with his face towards the east, thanked the providence that had rescued him from the

fallen Angel. While he still offered up his prayer, he heard a wild rush of wings above his head, and a conflict of fierce voices, in groans and blasphemy. It passed away, but other sounds came; and he heard the tinkling of camels' bells, and the morning song of the tents of his fathers. A voice that sank to his soul pronounced his name. He started on his feet. A train of his father's camels and shepherds was at his side. The voice was of his betrothed! She told him, that in a dream she had seen him triumphant over the worship of the heathen, and had been sent, by his angel, to lead him to the land where he was to be glorious. Ayoub clasped her in his arms. She was lovelier than ever. The wilderness lost its desolation as he looked upon this creature of fondness and beauty. The train set forward. The desert soon, in reality, lost its nature. Their feet began to tread upon the soft herbage and rich blossoms of Arabia the Happy. The plain now rose into hills, covered with sunshine and fragrance; the hills into mountains, sheeted with the almond tree and the cedar.

On the evening of one of those days of serenity and splendour alone seen in the east, Ayoub pitched his tents in the first gorge of the mountains, and, after the hour of worship, walked forth with his young bride. On their way, a youth, in the garb of the country, joined them; and presenting two wreaths of the large oriental lily, said, that he had been sent to offer them as a welcome to the strangers. He placed the chaplets on their brows. Ayoub uttered an exclamation of wonder as he gazed on his bride. The wreath had suddenly shone with the

light of living gems. His bride saw, with equal wonder, the wreath on his forehead alike turned into a diadem. They now both gazed on the giver. He was a shepherd no more. He was clothed in a vesture of light, his form was grandeur, his countenance the loveliness of immortality.

“You have been tried, Ayoub,” said the angel, “and have been found faithful. The great tempter has fallen and fled before you. You are henceforth a king. Behold your dominion!”

As he spoke, he slowly rose upon the air. The spreading of his vast wings threw a flood of radiance on the ground, on the forest, and on the mountain. He still rose, expanding a still broader light, till the whole immense landscape beneath was visible in its rays, as in the richest illumination of the summer moon.

Ayoub and his bride fell on their faces, and worshipped. The valley before them, their destined kingdom, was the magnificent Feiraun; the boast of Arabia and of the world.

ON DIFFICULTIES IN ASCERTAINING THE CHARACTER OF YOUNG WOMEN IN THE UPPER RANKS OF SOCIETY, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF THOSE DIFFICULTIES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GISBORNE.

I SPEAK not of special examples of individuals, in whom either Christian excellence, or the absence of it, is disclosed by marks so plain and concurrent, that a moderate share of intercourse with the person suffices to preclude misapprehension as to the character. I speak of general cases. The actual character of a young man frequently is not easy of investigation. Smoothness of temper, speciousness of manners, outward regard to moral decorum, customary acquiescence in the forms of religion, literary attainments, professional industry, may co-exist with depraved habits, and with unfixed or abominable principles; and may spread over those habits or principles a veil scarcely to be penetrated by common eyes, and for a season impervious even to an attentive inspector. In general, however, there are circumstances which, notwithstanding any ordinary exertion of the art of concealment, open inlets of observation into the interior. A young man acts in some measure before the public. His line of life is known. His companions are known. His proceedings, whether of business or of amusement, are usually connected with those of other

men ; and in a greater or a less degree are conducted publicly. Hence arise means of observation, sources of inquiry, grounds of judgment.

To gain a complete insight into the character of young women is, on various accounts, a harder task. To portray an exact resemblance of the strong features of a man is an effort less trying to the painter than to fix on his canvass the softer undulations and the less prominent lines of the female countenance. The analogy may be extended to the discernment of the mind and the dispositions. The process of fashionable education, operating in the case of young women on less rude materials than in the other sex, produces a greater similarity of general deportment ; and, in proportion, arise impediments in the way of discrimination. Nor do feelings of propriety or the usages of polite life allow the same liberty of pressing subjects, in conversation with a young woman, for the purpose of acquiring solid knowledge of her sentiments and frame of mind, which might be exercised towards a young man without obtrusiveness or fear of offence. Female life, too, unmixed with professional concerns, is passed more in private than that of men : and thus affords less scope for information to the inquirer. And farther ; a young woman necessarily follows the routine of the parental family in which she is living : and is guided or controlled by the opinions and habits of her parents in a greater degree than her brothers, who, being stationed in their several professions, are no longer domesticated under their father's roof. Hence the difficulty is increased of ascertaining

what is the general tenor of her views and inclinations and what will probably be the prevailing colour of her character and proceedings, when she shall feel herself removed from such restraints by marriage, and shall be placed at the head of a household of her own.

To these obstacles is to be added another, which I disjoin from all the former, because, though of no trifling effect, it may be regarded as subsisting equally in the youth of either sex: the portion, namely, be it what it may, of disguise, intentional or unintentional, spread over the character through the desire of being agreeable. No young woman who is not anxiously vigilant to be "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," will at all times keep herself pure from a tinge of unreal concurrence in sentiments avowed by a person whom she is solicitous to please; from exaggerated approbation of conduct habitual or evidently acceptable to him; and from a variety of small and nameless accommodations calculated to assimilate her in his eyes to himself. In a female who partakes of a designing disposition, the amount of this favourable misrepresentation of herself is frequently found, by subsequent experience, to be very great.

When we place before us the combined influence of all the circumstances which have been specified as obscuring insight into female character, we shall not be surprised if it is not a rare occurrence that a person of the other sex, after spending some length of time in common society with young women, remains in suspense as to some mental point, which will assuredly have a

very important bearing on the domestic happiness of their future husbands. He perceives, to put a possible case, the attractive female to be, like her companions, well bred, accomplished, of good understanding, apparently good-humoured, and, in popular language, of good intentions. But all beyond is dim. He has not been able to attain grounds for judging whether she *is* under the presiding influence of that Scriptural piety, which supplies the only rational basis of happiness in matrimonial life. He doubts whether her wishes *are* formed to seek their gratification in the calm pleasures and quiet duties of domestic retirement: or whether her heart be not in reality devoted, even if in some measure unknowingly to herself, to publicity, to dissipation,

“ To glaring show and giddy noise,
The pleasures of the vain,”

to the love of shining and a thirst for admiration. He gazes on the questionable object of his solicitude; and doubts whether she may not *be* a counterpart of one of the elevated villas in the vicinity of Rome, pervaded amidst its beauty and captivation by a hidden malaria, with which imperious considerations respecting his welfare and comfort must forbid him to be associated.

“ The risk,” eager Hope may reply, “ is not so formidable, even should the young female, settled in married life, prove at first addicted in heart to the world; her situation of itself prompts her to better things. New duties press upon her: a young family calls upon her affections, and takes possession of her thoughts; and she

becomes such as you were desirous to ascertain her to be beforehand."—But what if she should not become such? Where, in that case, is comfort? Allow that she perhaps may become such. Is comfort to be staked on the perhaps? Are not examples of women, in whom marriage has not wrought the supposed change, present on every side? Might not it be rationally expected that they would abound? If before marriage to be worldly-minded was to violate duty, was to disregard the decisive declaration, "whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God," what assurance is there that, subsequently to marriage, Christian duty is likely to be fulfilled, that the declaration is likely to be revered? If the new situation introduces new objects of attention, it commonly increases the facility of gratifying antecedent desires. If it raises some fresh impediments, it removes some which existed before. The impediments which it raises are easily pushed aside by the hand of inclination. The children have charming constitutions, and rarely have anything amiss with them. The boys go to school. The girls are fortunate in an admirable governess. "Some general superintendence on my part," concludes the lady, "will of course keep every thing right, and will require little of my time." The rest she places at the command of her habits and desires.

If such, then, be the difficulties of ascertaining the character of young women in the upper classes of society, and such the consequences of those difficulties: what is a young woman to do? These two things. First: to cultivate the modest ingenuousness and transparent

simplicity of character, which enables a candid observer, possessed of reasonable opportunities, to discern what the internal dispositions and habitual views really are. Secondly, to labour, under the grace of God, by the constant study of the Scriptures and by the watchful application of them day by day to her own heart and conduct, so to form her character, that it may manifest to such an observer indubitable and consistent marks of Christian piety ; of affections set on things above ; and of that “ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is” indispensable to domestic felicity, and is “in the sight of God of great price.”

SONNET.

TO LUCY BARTON.

“Not in the verdant garden’s cultur’d bound,”
 Where blooms in beauty many a fragrant flower,
 Not ’mid the trellis of the shady bower,
 Yet sprang—but in the wild and turfy ground
 ’Mid peat and moss—where, with loud booming sound,
 The Bittern sad breaks the still calm of night,
 And moping Heron oft with lagging flight
 Harsh notes of wailing pours on all around.
 ’Mid these lone scenes I hail’d thy modest form,
 With joy first hail’d thee, “Snow-drop of the fen ;”
 Then all unknown thy true poetic name :
 Now votive blossoms, now, with feelings warm
 I strive to emulate thy tints again,
 Emblems of Lucy fair, and flow’rets worthy of her Sire’s
 bright fame.

THE SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I LIKE not, love, those garden blooms
 Twined in thy glossy hair—
 I cannot much approve the taste
 That chose to place them there.
 The green-wood yields more fitting flowers
 For beauty such as thine,
 For one who sees the summer-beams
 In all their fervour shine.
 I know a blessed little spot,
 Beyond the citron trees,
 Where many buds are blossoming
 Far lovelier than these.
 Fly thither, and of them I'll weave,
 For thee, the very crown
 Young maids should wear, with raven locks,
 And cheeks of berry brown.
 You will not go—I nothing care—
 Perhaps, were Perez here,
 Whose garden looks so beautiful,
 You would be less severe.
 He needs must pass your cottage door,
 Whene'er he views his corn,—
 No doubt he taught his Clara thus
 Her ringlets to adorn.



The subject of the engraving

Laugh on—laugh on—nor smile, nor sigh,
Of thine can give me pain,—
I would not be a woman's toy
For all the gold in Spain.
The little love I may have had
For thee, is long since gone,
I'm sorry for thy father's sake—
My merry maid, laugh on.
Thy hand!—why should I take thy hand?—
A farewell word from me,
Like my poor flow'rets of the field,
Is but a jest to thee.
And yet, though purse-proud Perez bind
The garland on thy brow,
Beshrew me if his heart could feel
What I still felt till now!
Speak thus again, dear Clara!—say,
Again thou'rt all my own!
I would not part these fingers five,
Not for our Monarch's throne!
The garden blooms become thee best—
Thy smiles—O, do not spare
Thy smiles—I've been as great a fool
As thou art kind and fair!

THOUGHTS

ON THE USES AND CONDUCT OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETY AND CONVERSATION.

The counsellor of our doubts, the clarity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

THESE words form the conclusion of a very beautiful summary of the benefits and blessings of true friendship, and we think them happily expressive of the motives which should regulate our communications with one another on that which is the noblest object of thought, and the best subject of meditation. It is scarcely possible to rate too highly the value of such communing among believers. “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and that travellers who journey the same road, and partake of the same difficulties, and share in the same hopes, should never converse with one another of the “better country” to which they are going, of the Hand that guides them, and the Eye that watches for their deliverance, or of the mercy of Him who hath provided a rest for his people, would be a circumstance strange and anomalous indeed. It is not so.—It could not have been so intended when the Almighty gave (along with affections and desires) the power of speech to His intelligent creatures; and we cannot, therefore, consider any society in a

safe or happy state in which the name of God and the things belonging to His kingdom appear an unwelcome and chilling intrusion. We cannot help believing that, if one of the angel inhabitants of heaven were transported into the midst of such a society on earth, he would feel that the conversation there (however diversified by talent, or dignified by the results of learned inquiry) was barren, because unhallowed; and may we not imagine such a being returning to his own region in sorrowful amazement that the uses of thought, and speech, should, in any part of the universe of God, be so little understood?—When, after saying this with the deepest conviction of its truth, we turn (somewhat abruptly, it may seem) to dwell on the *dangers* attending religious intercourse, we trust that it cannot be held to be from any cold or invidious feeling, but from a very high sense of its value, when rightly conducted, that we do so. It will not, we think, be denied, that in all collective bodies there is a strong tendency to lose sight of the object which first led them to associate; and that the spirit of party is often called in to aid the declining spirit of usefulness, or benevolence, or whatever else might have been their original bond of union. Now, we dare not hope that this principle of decay, which seems to cleave to all human institutions, is suspended, even with regard to those societies which have for *their* professed bond of social union a more devoted love to the Saviour, and a warmer interest in His

service, than is to be found among the ordinary followers of the world. Amongst the members of such societies, there is an evident danger that the earnest pursuit after personal holiness may be diminished, from its being understood to be the pursuit of all; and that a habit may be acquired of taking it for granted that there is a progress made in the life of religion in the heart, when that progress may be only in some points of religious knowledge gained by the understanding; or in some fluency of expression on religious subjects acquired by the lips. Against so fatal a consequence as this, a guard, so far as it depends on ourselves, is provided by a practical application of our Lord's impressive words. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." This is a duty which it must be admitted every human being owes to himself, even in the most favourable moral circumstances,—at the peril of his soul, if it be neglected:—and the duties we owe to one another, most peculiarly in the societies now spoken of, may be summed up in those words of an Apostle, few in number, but of great meaning, "speaking the Truth in love."—If this were faithfully taken as the motto in all Christian intercourse, it might indeed be full of benefit, and free from all danger; for we should then be perfectly gentle to one another, without being in any degree false. It is by a neglect of the first requisite contained in that holy admonition, in its full meaning, that we think evil is often done—to the young especially—in the circles of the religious. An allowance

is given, and an excitement afforded, to the vanity of their age, and its love of stimulus, that are but too much calculated to increase the disease; and if a malady, so fatal to purity of motive and integrity of purpose, be increased, or if some real advance be not made in its cure, to what purpose is it that we change the outward circumstances of the patient? The real danger of worldly intercourse and of varied amusements consists in their tendency to lead away the mind from God, to make self the idol, and human applause the object of chief desire, and the motive to exertion. If, therefore, in seeking to make converts to a more religious mode of passing some evening hours than the ball-room or the theatre afford, we do not at the same time seek to repress those dispositions which give to worldly amusement all its dangerous influence, are not our efforts worse than vain?—do we not present to the youthful convert, the waters of life in a cup poisoned with base ingredients, and may there not be much reason to fear that, even in a circle where prayer has formed part of the evening's occupation, and where sacred subjects have been on every tongue, we may still be contributing to train up “lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God?”

The conduct of Christians, in their discourse with one another (as well as in all the other offices and relations of social life) is so frequently dwelt on by the writers of the New Testament, that we could be at no loss to add “line upon line, and precept upon precept,” concerning it; but we have a still more powerful lesson conveyed to us on that subject in the same book, by the example of

Christ himself. Among the many points of internal evidence, which, in reading the Gospel history, we find witnessing in beautiful agreement to the truth of Christianity, few, we think, are more important than the character of uncompromising faithfulness maintained by its divine Author in His *conversational* intercourse with His disciples. Though poor, and a wanderer—often in the midst of enemies—yet do we find Him, with faithful and watchful diligence, rebuking every fault as it appeared in His immediate followers; never holding forth a single excitement to the vain or selfish feelings which yet lingered in their hearts; never accepting zeal in His service as a substitute for mercy to His enemies, or approving any protestations of love to Himself, however strong, when put in the place of that humility, and self distrust, which must lie at the very basis of religion in the heart of a sinner. It may well be said that we shall vainly seek amongst all the histories of friendship upon earth for one so intimate and so endearing as this,—so full of tenderness, and so free from flattery; but let us beware of supposing that such an example was given without a moral purpose, and let us not look upon it so often in vain. May He, whose office it is to guide and purify the hearts that truly desire His presence, assist them to retain this lesson of the Saviour, and may we each lift up in sincerity the prayer of the holy Psalmist, “Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.”

THE RUINED HUT.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

It was a wild and lonely place,
Where little hills up-rose
Around a green and tiny space,
As if they strove to close
The narrow scene from all the strife
And din which wait on human life !

Yet life was there—of gentlest sort :
The lark above it hung ;
The throstle wooed in plaintive sport ;
The breeze had e'en a tongue ;
And the small stream that murmured by
Was full of gentle melody.

And on the brier, and in the brake,
Full many a gladsome thing,
In hum, or cheerier chirrup, spake,
And spread its painted wing ;
The wild rose, too, spoke in *its* bloom,
And every weed that there had room.

But, as the day-light gentler grew,
Tones sadder swelled the breeze ;
And o'er the heart, like unsunned dew,
Stole music from the trees,
So low and lone that they who heard
Could utter there no idle word.

It seemed as if each mournful bend
The sweeping branches gave,
Moved like the vision of some friend
Laid in a nameless grave ;
Or, as they waved above yon cot,
As if they mourn'd its master's lot !

For other life than wild bird's song,
Or streamlet rushing by,
Once—or these ruined walls speak wrong--
Was here to glad the eye.
Alas! that roof is rent and bare!
Where those it sheltered?—where, oh, where?

Methinks, as echo gives me back
The sadness of my tones,
I trace their fate's stern grave-ward track
Even o'er these crumbling stones :
Perchance they sleep in lonelier earth
Than e'en where stands their broken hearth !

Or, as I mark yon upward path
 Which leads me to the world again,
 Methinks 'twas theirs to brook the wrath
 Which men inflict on fellow-men ;
 And they who once were happy here
 Are dwelling distant half the sphere !

Dark grow my thoughts, as glooms the scene,
 Yet *that* is sweet—but *these* are sad ;
 For, while this bank slopes softly green,
 But for that ruin I were glad :—
 As 'tis, I seek my browsing steed,
 To feel again companioned !

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

THAT particular district of the Lesser Asia included within the river Cayster and the Caicus, the Ægean Sea, and the lower declivities of the Tauric chain of mountains behind Philadelphia, had early and great claims to the attention and admiration of mankind. Here was the mild Iona, with her arts and her elegances—her countless temples, still beautiful in their desolation--her crowded cities, the birth-places of poets and philosophers whose names survive the firm-set wall and the column of marble or of bronze, and *now* can never die. Here was Lydia and her riches—her gold-flowing Pactolus and Gygæan lake—her Tumuli, those lofty and enduring records of the dead, reckoned among the world's wonders ; nor could

Lydia's monarch be forgotten and the name of Cræsus cease "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Here, too, was the Pergamena nkingdom, and the splendid capital of Pergamus, and its library, inferior only to that of Alexandria; and Caria, Mysia, and Æolis, all contained within our narrow limits, and combining to form a region peculiarly enlightened and interesting—a federation of little states, characterized and perpetuated by the genius and taste inherent to the colonies of Greece—an oasis of civilization, and at times of freedom, on the edge of the barbarity and slavery of Asia.

To the ancient Gentiles, moreover, this was a holy land; the polytheists here revered spots consecrated by mythology, as being the scenes of the loves and deeds of their divinities, and of the earliest intercourse of the gods with the sons of men. To them, Niobe still mourned in stone on the lofty Sipylus, and the irate Latona still spoke her anger in the thunders of that mountain; the "regions of fire" which modern science may partially explain, and reduce to a volcanic district, were to them replete with omens of awful import, and in a special manner the regions of mystery and awe.

The disciple of a sounder philosophy—though unimpressed with the Pagan creed that has passed so utterly away from the earth (which it was not calculated to improve) that not even a Julian would hope to re-illuminate its altars—cannot travel through this part of Asia Minor, without having his heart touched at each step of his lonely pilgrimage, and disposed to melancholy, by the sight of the utter desolation into which the long-prosperous and

most abundantly peopled regions have fallen. He cannot hear the jackal's cry in the loneliness of Ephesus, without asking, where are the thousands and tens of thousands that thronged its streets and issued from its gates? He cannot see the storks and the wild doves, the only occupants of Philadelphia's crumbling walls—he cannot watch the Turcoman driving his cattle among the fallen columns and desecrated walls of Sardes—he cannot see the relics of ancient art, the very perfection of sculpture and architecture, leveled with the earth, torn away, mutilated, to honour a barbarian's grave—without a sad thrilling of the heart, and an ardent wish that it were possible for the civilized portion of mankind to interfere, and stay the annihilating hand of the Turk.

But to the inheritor of a purer faith, to a Christian, and one penetrated with the full value and spirit of Christianity, how immeasurably must this interest be increased! He views in these regions the early arena of the undying church of Christ; as he toils over the lofty mountains, and traverses the desolated plains, he remembers the ground was trod by the blessed feet of the immediate disciples of the Lord; from city to city (or rather, as in most cases, from site to site) he traces the outlines or the station of the primitive churches—the first to echo with the blessed word, the “glad tidings of salvation;” and to his eyes the Christian walls of Pergamus and Sardes, Philadelphia and Thyatira, are not rude, unintelligible masses, but endeared and consecrated objects, that, though now mute, were once “vocal with their Maker's praise,” and echoed with the voices of those who received their

mission and their instruction from the voice of the Son of God himself. Nor is this all:—he may seat himself in the shade of those ruins, and recurring to his book—the legacy of his Saviour—he may read the instruction and discipline addressed by the Apostles to the first Christians who congregated here; and moreover, immeasurably increase the interest and the awe he must feel, by tracing in his volume, and in the dread prediction of eighteen centuries ago, the very picture of the present desolation of the “Seven Churches of Asia.” The lapse of time, and all the sorrow and the sin that has filled up the long space, may disappear to his eyes; but here is the prophecy and here its fulfilment!—a fulfilment to the very letter of the holy text. With convictions like these, the stones that strew the ground, the rent fragments that still rise in the air, though “trembling to their fall,” are not in his eyes merely the melancholy ruins of human industry and ingenuity; they are records of his God, and of the will of that Providence whose ways, inscrutable as they may be, he is taught to consider as ever just, with a tendency to mercy.

It has been my fortune to visit, and in a quiet, lonely manner, adapted to impress the sad scenes on my mind, several of these cradles of Christi faith, and I will endeavour to give concisely a description of those I saw, completing the picture of the “Seven” from other Eastern travellers.

The first of the churches to which my journeying led me, and which *had* been one of the most important of the seven, was SMYRNA. The peculiar felicity of the

situation of this place still retains, and seems always to have retained, a certain degree of commerce, and its natural consequences—population and prosperity. But these are merely comparative, and to exalt Smyrna she must be compared with the present depopulated, wretched condition of the districts that surround her, and not to herself, or to the cities of her neighbourhood at the period preceding the date of the awful prediction of her ruin. At the more ancient epoch referred to, Smyrna was the admiration of a most ingenious people, who possessed the fine arts in a perfection we have still to see equalled; her lofty Acropolis bore whole quarries of marble on its proud brow; temples and stoas, theatres and a library, covered the bold sides of the hill, facing the clear, deep bay—a fitting mirror for so much grace and beauty; her crowded but elegant houses descended in gentle parapets from the heights of Mount Pagus, and stretched to the banks of the sacred Meles; whilst, far beyond, an avenue of temples and tombs, villas and baths, extended in the direction of a modern village called Bournabat: in short, ancient description, the glorious site of the place as we now see it, and the beauty of the remains of sculpture and building occasionally discovered, combine to justify the high titles with which she was honoured, and to prove that Smyrna was indeed “the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia.” Now, compared to this, what I saw certainly did not seem of a character to stand, as some have made it to do, in the teeth of a prophecy. Her Acropolis was bare, or only marked by the walls, with many a yawning fissure

between them; of the ancient fortifications, of temples, or other edifices of taste and grandeur, were there none; the Turkish houses, that seemed sliding down the hill, were mean, filthy, and tasteless; and every here and there an open space, with smoked and blackened walls around it, gave evidence of recent conflagration; narrow and dirty streets led me to the Meles—the *sacred* and Homer's own river, according to Smyrnæan tradition—and I found the stream foul, and wholly insignificant; the avenue beyond it could be merely traced by the occasional obtrusion of a block of marble, or the base of a wall, which, indifferent to their ancient destination, the indolent Turks used as stepping-stones to mount their horses. The only buildings, and they could not pretend to much importance, that rose above the general insignificance, were the Mahometan mosques; and the voices of the Muezzins from their minarets seemed to proclaim the triumph of the crescent over the cross, and to boast of the abasement of the church of Christ in one of its "high places." The Christians, divided by heresies and feuds, were merely tolerated on the spot where the church had been all-triumphant, and the Greek, the Catholic, and the Armenian offered up their devotions in narrow temples, that were fain to hide "their diminished heads." It required the skill of an antiquary to trace the walls of the church on the side of Mount Pagus, where Saint Polycarp and others had suffered martyrdom. Nobody attempted to shew me even the site of the original metropolitan temple, but every step I took offered me evidences of that destruction

and humiliation foretold by the inspired writer. An infidel and barbarous race, the Turks, whose existence was not even known in the days of the prophecy, were masters or tyrants of the fair country; and the wealth and prosperity of Smyrna, or the small portion of them that remained, had passed into the hands of foreign traders—some of them from countries considered in a state of unimprovable barbarity, or altogether unknown, when the prediction was uttered—for English, Dutch, and Americans were the most influential of the number. The red hand of the Osmanlis had very lately waved over the devoted city; and if slaughter had ceased, a pestilential fever, engendered by the putrid waters and filth about the town, daily thinned its inhabitants. The productions of art, of the pencil, or the chisel, were looked for in vain in Smyrna, that had been art's emporium—in Smyrna, whose ancient coins and medals, and other exquisite fragments, have partially furnished half of the numerous cabinets of Europe. The voice of music was mute, the converse of philosophy was no more heard, and, of a certainty, Smyrna was in the days of tribulation with which she had been threatened.

A journey through a desolate country, whose natural fertility and picturesque loveliness (all unnoticed by the few barbarians that traverse it) only added to the melancholy of my impressions, brought me to another of the seven churches—to PERGAMUS, which is situated on the right bank of the river Caicus, about 60 miles to the N. of Smyrna. The approach to this ancient and decayed city was as impressive as it well might be; after crossing

the Caicus, I saw, looking over three vast tumuli or sepulchral barrows, similar to those of the plains of Troy, the Turkish city of Pergamus, with its tall minarets and taller cypresses, situated on the lower acclivities and at the foot of the Acropolis, whose bold grey brow was crowned by the rugged walls of a barbarous castle, the usurper of the site of a magnificent Greek temple. But, on coming still nearer, the lofty, massy walls of early Christian churches offered themselves to my eye, frowning in their ruin; and after having made my ingress into the once splendid city of Pergamus, the capital of a flourishing kingdom, through a street flanked by hovels, and occupied in the midst by a pool of mud, I rode under the stupendous walls of these degraded edifices with silent awe. I would not take upon myself to determine that either of these ruins belonged to the primitive Christian temple; indeed, from their magnificent dimensions, the style and durability of the architecture, and other circumstances, I should rather conclude that they arose several centuries after the immediate ministry of the apostles, and when Christianity was not a humble and oppressed creed, but the adopted religion of a vast empire. Yet I felt a pleasure in lending my faith to a poor Greek, who assured me that one of the ruins, an immense hall, with long windows, a niche at each end, and an entrance or door of gigantic dimensions, occupied the very spot where had stood the first church of Christ in Pergamus; nor is it at all improbable, but rather in accordance to the general habits of men, that the Greek Christians should have revered and preserved the locality, until enabled to erect

a splendid temple, on what had been originally a humble tabernacle. Though these ecclesiastical buildings, which are principally in the Roman style, and formed of admirably strong brick-work, mixed sparingly with stone and *traversi* of marble, cannot pretend to any great beauty as works of art, but rather denote periods of the lower empire, when taste had disappeared, "and the science of the architect had sunk to the mere craft of the brick-layer," still they do not cease to be impressive, picturesque objects, and present themselves to the eye whichever way you turn. In looking from the plain towards the Acropolis, they stand boldly out in the picture, and offer greater breadth and mass of ruin than any thing on that hill; and on gazing from the summit of the Acropolis downward, they show like vast fortresses amidst barracks of wood—like "skeletons of Titanic forms," raising their heads reproachingly, but proudly, above the pigmy wooden houses of the present inhabitants of the dishonoured city of Pergamus. But if in this it differ from the other cities of the seven churches, if the Christian remains and the Christian style predominate here, as they do not elsewhere, and the objects first to meet and last to retain the melancholy regard of the traveller are these essentially connected with his religion, still he must mourn over the desecration of these edifices dedicated to the faith of Jesus—must mourn over the present darkness of Pergamus, once "so rich in gospel light"—so crowded with temples to echo that gospel's words. One of the churches serves as a workshop for coarse pottery another I saw converted into a cow-stall; "and

the poor Greeks, with these stately structures of their ancestors before their eyes, some of which could be easily repaired and returned to their original and holy uses, are confined to a little church under the Acropolis, low, narrow, dark, and itself ruinous." This mean edifice is the only one which now echoes the name of Christ; and, alas! the hymn of praise is subdued and whispered, for fear of offending the fanatic Turks; and moral intelligence and spiritual illumination are not to be looked for in the long-oppressed and barbarized Greek priests. It is probable that the primitive church was not materially, or in brick or stone, extent or elevation, much superior to this lowly temple; but how immeasurably different the light that beamed—the spirit that animated it! It was not without deep interest that I saw in this church of Pergamus some copies of the New Testament in Romaic, edited by Englishmen, and printed at London. The sight suggested a compression of chronological space, and of historical facts, almost astounding. When the gospel was proclaimed in these fair regions, what was Britain? Whence, and through the medium of what language, had we, with all Europe, derived our knowledge of the words and the acts of the Son of God and his disciples? From the Greek, which was not merely to instruct us in all that was sublime and beautiful in poetry, and the other branches of human literature, but to lead us to the knowledge of our eternal salvation, and to form the broad basis of our religious instruction and belief. Since the dissemination of the Scriptures in that all but perfect language, the degraded Greeks had

lost the idiom of their ancestors; and the schools of remote Britain had a key to their ancient treasures which themselves did not possess. About a century since a Greek priest of Gallipolis, on the Propontis, had rendered the Scriptures from the ancient Hellenic, which they did not understand, into the Romaïc, or modified dialect spoken by the people in his day. An inconsiderable edition was printed and circulated, but poverty and oppression precluded the adequate supply; and, in the process of years, the dialect had so much changed, that in many instances the Romaïc of the Gallipolitan papas was no longer intelligible. Then it was that England, who, in the centuries that had intervened, had kept on in a steady course of improvement, found herself in a condition to assist her ancient instructress, and to come forward and pay in part a long-standing debt of gratitude. It was under the care of Englishmen that the New Testament was again revised, compared with the ancient, and corrected, and adapted in its modern idiom; and the presses of England—the press, a miraculous engine of good or evil unknown to the Greeks of old,—England, a barbarous island then scarcely noted on the world's horizon,—had supplied thousands of copies of the book of life, to those regions from which she had originally derived the inestimable treasure. This is indeed a glorious restitution, and one, I hope, that will be persevered in, until we have effectually contributed to raise the civilization, morality, and religion of those, to whose predecessors we owe so much.

The Pagan temples—those structures too beautiful for

the worship of divinities with human passions and human vices—were more completely subverted than the Christian churches in Pergamus. The fanes of Jupiter and Diana, of *Æsculapius* and *Venus*, were prostrate in the dust; and where they had not been carried away by the Turks to cut up into tomb-stones, or to pound down into mortar, the Corinthian columns and the Ionic, the splendid capitals, the cornices and pediments, “all in the highest ornament,” were thrown in unsightly heaps. Some lay in the stony bed of the *Selinus*, a mountain stream that washes the *Acropolis*’ base; and others, mangled and defaced, were strewed on the sides and brow of the *Acropolis* itself. “As I looked thence, (may I be permitted to quote my own words?) down from the walls of the upper castle, I was filled with melancholy reflections. Before me was a suite of ruins; the city of *Lysimachus* had disappeared—it had been in part destroyed by Roman conquest: but the perhaps equally magnificent Roman city had disappeared too; the rich provincial city of the Greek empire had fallen after it; the walls erected by the Christians, to defend themselves against the *Saracens* and *Turks*, were all prostrate, and even the walls of the barbarous *Donjon*, which reigned the lord of all those stately edifices, the survivor of so many superiors, were themselves fast crumbling to the common ruin! The scenery from the *Acropolis* is grand but sad. The fine plain before *Pergamus*, which (to use an expression of Professor *Carlyle*, when describing this part of *Asia*) ‘seems ready to start into fertility at a touch,’ is sparingly cultivated, except on the very edges of the town;

and we may well add, as he did with a sigh, ‘but, alas! that touch is wanting!’ On looking from the castle, I could trace the ravages made by the unrestrained flood-courses of the Caicus and its tributary streams, which have cut the plain into broad, bare, sandy veins.”

I have remarked at Smyrna the depression of the Christian religion, and that even there, where the Turks, by the frequent contact with Franks, and from the effects of commerce, are comparatively tolerant, still the Greeks, Armenians, and Catholics, are fain to perform their church ceremonies in a quiet, retiring manner. But as you remove from that short line of coast, fanaticism increases; and the more barbarous Turk of the interior grudgingly allows to the Greek, or the Armenian, the exercise of his own worship, and the use of his own lowly temple. I could never attend service in the church of Pergamus, as it was always hurried over by early morning dawn. All the wearers of the black turban, when abroad, or exposed to the observation of the Turks, struck me as being timid and faltering; but, besides the inferiority they are habitually made to feel as Christians, their spirits may have been still more broken by the recollection of recent massacres committed on their race, within the town of Pergamus—and to an extent, considering their relative populations, far exceeding those perpetrated in Smyrna.

The overflowing population of the ancient and magnificent Pergamus had sunk, at the time of my visit (1828), to about fourteen thousand, of which there were about three thousand Greeks, three hundred Armenians,

not quite three hundred Jews; the rest were Turks. A collection in a Greek school of about fifty volumes in Romaic was called "the library," and represented the ancient store of two hundred thousand volumes, formed here by the munificent monarchs of Pergamus; and a dirty little Italian quack, ignorant and insolent, was head practitioner of medicine in the city which gave birth to Galen, and of which *Æsculapius* was the tutelar divinity! The town was as dull as the grave, except during the night, when, as it happened to be the Ramazan of the Turks, there was some stir and revelry among the Mahometan portion of it. The animal creation delighted me more than the human world: I have dwelt elsewhere with enthusiasm on the storks and turtle-doves that I used to see from my apartment, covering the lofty, castle-like walls of the Greek church of *Agios Theologos*, or sailing or flitting across the blue twilight sky, the doves "forming an amorous choir which never ceased by day or by night;" and I have recorded the vernal voices of the cuckoos that contributed to make the *air* and the *voice* of Pergamns redolent with languor and tender feeling, to a degree I have never experienced in any other spot on earth. But I neglected, which I should not have done, to mention in those pages the occurrence of a little scriptural picture. The Psalmist says, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house;" and at a humble village in the neighbourhood of Pergamus, screened by a dark wood of mountain fir, I observed in one of my solitary rides the vast procreant

cradle, "and the broad white wing, of the stork, on nearly every other tree."

From Pergamus I went on to SARDES, by rather a circuitous route, taking Kirkagatch and Magnesia on my way. The country I traversed, the luxuriant vales of the Caicus and the Hermus—two noble rivers!—was almost as deserted and melancholy as the regions between Smyrna and Pergamus; but nothing that I had yet seen equalled the desolation of the city of Sardes. I saw from afar the lofty Acropolis fringed with crumbling ruins; and when I crossed a branch of the Golden Pactolus which once flowed through the Agora, or market-place—and when I stood there at eleven o'clock, the very hour in which, in its ancient days, the place would be crowded—I saw not a soul, nor an object of any sort, to remind me that this solitude had been a vast and splendid city, save here and there a patch of ruin—a dismantled wall, or a heap of stone and brick-work mixed with brambles and creeping weeds. Where palaces and temples, theatres and crowded habitations, had stood, a green and flowery carpet of smooth sward met the eye; and the tall, stately asphodel, or day-lily, gleamed in its beauty and pallidness, where the marble column had risen in other days. The brook—for the Pactolus is now nothing more than a brook, and a choaked and insignificant one—gently "babbled by;" a cool breeze blew from the snow-covered Mount Tmolus, which, if I may be permitted to use the poetical language of the Sicilians, as applied to Etna, stood like "*L' Arciprete de' monti
sue in cotta bianca, al ciel perge gl' incensi,*" facing me

far across the plain. This breeze murmured along the steep, rough sides of the Acropolis, and sighed among the underwood that grew thickly at its foot. Other sounds were there none, save now and then the neighing of my horse, who crushed the flowers and the scented turf beneath his hoof, and gave utterance to the contentment and joy suggested by such fair pasture. This utter solitude, and in such a place, in the Agora of the populous Sardes, became oppressive : I would have summoned the countless thousands of ancient Lydians, that for long centuries had slept the sleep of death beneath that gay green sward : spirits might have walked there in broad noon-day—so silent, void, awful, was the spot ! Here the hand of destruction had spared nothing, but a few rent walls, which remained to tell all that had been done ; were they not there, the eye might pass over the plain and the hill, as a scene of a common desert, and never dream that here was the site of Sardes ! The Pagan temple and the Christian church had alike been desolated ; the architectural beauty of the one, and the pure destination of the other, having been all inefficacious for their preservation. Four rugged, dark, low walls, by the side of a little mill, represented the church ; and two columns erect, and a few mutilated fragments of other columns, scattered on the sward or sunk in, were all that remained of that “ beautiful and glorious edifice,” the temple Cybele at Sardes ! At the mill by the church I met two Greeks, and these, I believe, formed the resident Christian population of this once distinguished city of the Lord. From the mill I could see a group of mud huts on the acclivity under the

southern cliffs of the Acropolis—there might have been half a dozen of these permanent habitations, and they were flanked by about as many black tents. A pastoral and wandering tribe of Turcomans dwelt here at the moment, and the place almost retained the ancient name of the city—they called it *Sart*. Well might the Christian traveller exclaim here—and what is Sardes now? “Her foundations are fallen; her walls are thrown down.” “She sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the lady of kingdoms.” “How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!”

I have described in my book of travels, and at some length, the state of the ruins of Sardes; this detailed description need not be repeated here, but perhaps I may be excused for quoting from that volume the impressions, as they were noted down at the time, made upon me by the melancholy prospect from the Acropolis. “The view from the ragged brow was vast and sublime; the broad plain of the Hermus through which wound the stately and classical river, was at my feet; at the extremity of the plain, in a direction nearly due north, I could discern the tranquil bosom of the Gygæan lake; the lofty tumuli, the sepulchres of Alyattes, and of Lydia’s royal race; beyond which the view was terminated by a ridge of mountains. To the west was a chain of jagged, rocky hills; to the east were the high, broad cones of Tmolus, deeply covered with snow, whose white hues, tinged by the reflected purple of the setting sun, shone like an accumulated mound of brilliant rose-leaves. Behind the Acropolis, to the south, the long deep valley of the Pac-

tolus, plunged within the blackening sides of the majestic mountains, and cast itself in shade, seemed strikingly solemn and mysterious; its famed stream was at intervals hidden by, and at others seen rushing through, dark trees and thick underwood, whilst at the more open parts of the valley, beneath where I stood, it was burnished with gold and crimson, by the farewell rays of the god of day. Of living beings there were none visible, save a small herd of lowing cattle, driven by two mounted Turcomans in the direction of the concealed village; but historical recollections and imagination could people the spot with Cimmerians, Lydians, Persians, Medes, Macedonians, Athenians, Romans, Greeks of a declining empire, and Turks of a rising one—races that have in turns flourished or played an active part on this theatre, and have in turn disappeared. By such aids, the ancient warrior, with his helmet and breast-plate of shining steel, might be seen again to climb the castellated heights; the conqueror of the world to lay his victorious sword on the altars of Polytheism; and, passing over the lapse of centuries, the fanatic Unitarian, the Moslem Emir, to lift up the voice of praise to Allah and to destiny that had awarded him such fair conquests."

The troubled state of the country, and other circumstances of a more private nature, prevented me from extending my journey in Asia Minor as I had intended. I turned back from Mount Tmolus, not without a sigh of regret. I passed a night at Sardes, in a mode quite accordant with the desolation of the place. My lodging

was one of the mud-built huts of the Turcomans ; my meal, boiled wheat, and a little lamb roasted whole, and in the most primitive manner ; and my bed, some sheepskins spread on the floor. But before I retired to supper and repose, I took a walk in the direction of the ruined temple. It was a short walk, for there was no moonlight to guide my steps, or disclose the objects that interested me, and the large sheep-dogs whom I disturbed set up a tremendous chorus of barking ; yet I shall not soon forget the feelings of awe and melancholy that invaded me as thus, in the gloom of night, and alone, I traversed the deserted site of the splendid, the wealthy capital of Lydia, where Cræsus had counted his treasures, and Alexander triumphed.

The next morning I left Sardes, and keeping to the northward, passed the river Hermus, at rather a bad ford ; and then, turning a little to the west, rode on to the tumuli or sepulchral mounds, which were covered with luxuriant grass, green and gay. "Sitting on the gigantic barrow, the greatest work of the ancient Lydians, held as one of the world's wonders, and esteemed by the father of history as inferior only to the works of the Egyptians and Babylonians ;" and gazing over the plain, and on the course of the Hermus for many miles, or "on the placid Gygæn lake, with sedgy borders, and waves reflecting the clear blue sky, and solitary as the recesses of an undiscovered world," I enjoyed moments of exquisite happiness ; yet the reflections that occupied those moments, though perhaps hallowing to the heart, were emphatically sad. I sat among the dead. Those nu-

merous sepulchral barrows, forming a gigantic *champ des morts*, covered thousands and thousands who had lived and felt, suffered and enjoyed, even like myself. Here, around me, “the princes” of Lydia, her wise men, her captains, and “her rulers, and her mighty men, slept a perpetual sleep;” and the name of one of them, (of Alyattes) and the nature and use of the extraordinary mounds, had been preserved only by the pages of Herodotus.

From the banks of the Gygæan lake, I reluctantly recrossed the Hermus, and took my way back to Smyrna, by Casabar and Nymphi; but, by the aid of Mr. Arundell and other travellers, I will endeavour to convey my readers whither I did not go, and to complete a picture of the Seven Churches.

THYATIRA, called by the Turks Ak-hissar, or the white castle, is situated about twenty-five miles to the north of Sardes, to which place it must offer an ageeable contrast, as, though inferior to Pergamus, and infinitely so to Smyrna, it is superior to any other of the churches, and is still a large place, abounding with shops of every description. “The appearance of Thyatira,” says Mr. Arundell, “as we approached it, was that of a very long line of cypresses, poplars, and other trees, amidst which appeared the minarets of several mosques, and the roofs of a few houses at the right. On the left, a view of distant hills, the line of which continued over the town; and at the right, adjoining the town, was a low hill with two ruined wind-mills.” The disproportion of Christians to Mahometans is great, as there are but two churches to

nine mosques in the town. One of the churches is Armenian, the other Greek ; the latter was visited by Mr. Arundell. "It was a wretchedly poor place, and so much under the level of the churchyard, as to require five steps to descend to it. The priest told us that the bishop of Ephesus is the *Agxixegvus* of Thyatira. We intended to give him a Testament, but he seemed so insensible of its worth that we reserved it." If, however, Thyatira retain a population and the material of a considerable city, it has been less retentive than others of the seven of its ancient edifices and ruins.

"Very few of the ancient buildings," says Dr. Smith, "remain here ; one we saw, which seems to have been a market-place, having six pillars sunk very low in the ground, about only four spans left above. We could not find any ruins of churches ; and inquiring of the Turks about it, they told us there were several great buildings of stone under ground, which we were very apt to believe from what we had observed in other places, where, digging somewhat deep, they met with strong foundations, that, without all question, have formerly supported great buildings."

The same traveller remarks that, in the days of heathenism, Thyatira, like Ephesus, was much devoted to the worship of the goddess Diana ; and he thus accounts for the comparative affluence of the former of the two cities. "The inhabitants are maintained chiefly by the trade of cotton wool, which they send to Smyrna."

Another traveller, Rycant, says, "It is this trade, with

the crystalline waters, cool and sweet to the taste, and light on the stomach, the wholesome air, the rich and delightful country around, which cause this city so to flourish in our days, and to be more happy than her other desolate and comfortless sisters." Many years, however, have passed since Rycant travelled this route, and the decline that seems every where incidental to Turkish misrule has not wholly respected Thyatira. It is not so populous as it was, and a good portion of its trade in cotton has been removed to Kirkagatch, and to districts nearer to Smyrna.

PHILADELPHIA, according to the Antonine itinerary, is distant twenty-eight miles from Sardes, E. by S. It stands in the plain of the Hermus, about midway between that river and the termination of Mount Tmolus. Besides the stately Hermus, which divides the plain, numerous brooks and rills give beauty, and verdure, and fertility to the neighbourhood, which is, however, but little cultivated.

When Dr. Chandler crossed it, eighty years ago, he found it possessed by the wandering Turcomans, whose booths and cattle were innumerable. The city the same able traveller describes as mean, but considerable in extent, spreading up the slope of three or four hills. "Of the wall which encompassed it, many remnants are standing, but with large gaps: it is thick and lofty, and has round towers. On the top, at regular distances, were a great number of nests, each as big as a bushel, with the storks, their owners, by them, single or in pairs." This garrison has not been changed, for Mr. Arundell

remarks, in 1826, "The storks still retain possession of the walls of the city, as well as the roofs of many of the houses." The same gentleman describes the streets as filthy, and the houses mean in the extreme; but he was deeply penetrated with the beauty of the country, as seen from the hills. "The view from these elevated situations is magnificent in the extreme; gardens and vineyards lie at the back and sides of the town; and before it, one of the most extensive and richest plains in Asia. The Turkish name for Philadelphia, Allah Sher, 'the city of God,' reminded me of the Psalmist: 'beautiful for situation is Mount Zion,' &c. There is an affecting resemblance in the present condition of both these once highly favoured 'cities of God;' the glory of the temple is departed from both; and though the candlestick has never been removed from Philadelphia, yet it emits but a glimmering light, for it has long ceased to be trimmed with the pure oil of the sanctuary. We returned through the town, and, though objects of much curiosity, were treated with civility, confirming Chandler's observation, that the Philadelphians are a civil people. It was extremely pleasing to see a number of turtle doves on the roofs of the houses; they were well associated with the name of Philadelphia."

Dr. Chandler and his companions were received at the Greek episcopal palace—"a title given to a very indifferent house, or rather cottage, of clay." The protopapas, or chief priest, who did the honours in the absence of the bishop, was ignorant of the Greek tongue; and the Christians conversed together, by means of an in-

terpreter, in the Turkish language. The rest of the clergy, and the laity in general, were supposed to know as little Greek as the proto-papas : but the liturgy and the offices of the church continued to be read in old Greek, which is sufficiently unintelligible, even to those who speak the Romaïc or modern Greek.

This disuse of their own language, and the adoption of that of their masters, is not now found to prevail, except among the Greeks far removed from the coast and communication with their brethren, and shut up in the interior of Asia Minor, in some parts of which, I have been told, their church service is in Turkish, written in Greek characters. The bishop who entertained Mr. Arundell was kind, hospitable, communicative, and intelligent, and conversed long and freely with Mr. A.'s fellow traveller, in Romaïc ; yet the protestant "could not help shedding tears, at contrasting this unmeaning mummary, (the long Greek service on Palm Sunday which he attended) with the pure worship of primitive times, that probably had been offered on the very site of the present church."

A single pillar, of greater antiquity, and which had evidently appertained to another structure than the present church, forcibly recalls the reward of victory, promised to the faithful member of the church of Philadelphia. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall no more go out : and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God."

Of five and twenty churches, only five remained, and

were used as places of Christian worship. Mr. Arundell had heard of some ancient manuscripts of the Gospels existing at Philadelphia; but when he inquired for them there, and search was made, a priest told him that he did recollect "to have formerly seen some very old pieces of parchment, but that he had learned to-day the children had torn them all up." The inquiry, however, elicited the information, that there exists in the neighbourhood of Cesarea a MS. of the Gospel, all in capital letters, a beautiful work, and held in such high veneration, that the Turks always send for it when they put a Greek upon his oath."

The whole of these regions have been subject to earthquakes, and ancient history records the almost total destruction of **Magnesia**, **Sardes**, and other cities, and their reconstruction under Tiberius; yet Philadelphia, though she still survives, has suffered more severely and more frequently than any of them, except **Laodicea**.

The testimony of Gibbon to the truth of a prophecy, "I will keep thee in the hour of need," might hardly be expected, yet we have it, in these eloquent words. "At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the Emperor, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans in 1590. Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins."

Part of the "Catace-caumene" plain, and the ridges of Mount Messogis, intervene between Philadelphia, and

her sister **LAODICEA**, pleasantly situated in the valley of the **Mæander**, on six or seven hills. The Turks call it **Eski-hissar**, or the old castle, and Dr. Smith thus describes it. "To the north and north-east of **Laodicea**, runs the river **Lycus**, at about 9 mile and a half distance, but more nearly watered by two little rivers, **Asopus** and **Caper**; whereof the one is to the west, the other to the south-east; both which pass into the **Lycus**, and that into the **Mæander**. It is now utterly desolated, and without any inhabitants, except wolves, and jackals, and foxes; but the ruins show sufficiently what it has been formerly, three theatres and a circus adding much to the stateliness of it, and arguing its greatness."

More recent travellers have confirmed this picture of desolation; and it is melancholy to trace their steps as, conducted by the camel-driver, or the goat-herd, they pass from ruin to ruin, and find, in excavations made by the Turks of the neighbourhood, for the sake of the stones that have been buried beneath the earth's surface by successive earthquakes, the finest sculptured fragments, the most beautiful remains of the ancient city. But it is to Dr. Chandler's tour we must refer for a description of the peculiar volcanic nature of the country, in which are to be found the direct causes of the effects that meet our eye.

"The hill of **Laodicea**," says that correct traveller, "consists of dry, impalpable soil, porous, with many cavities resembling the bore of a pipe, as may be seen on the sides which are bare. It resounded beneath our horses' feet. The stones are mostly masses of pebbles, or

of gravel consolidated, and as light a pumice-stone. We had occasion to dig, and found the earth as hard as any cement. It is an old observation, that the country about the Mæander, the soil being light and friable, and full of salts generating inflammable matter, was undermined by fire and water. Hence, it abounded in hot springs, which after passing underground from the reservoirs, appeared on the mountain, or were found bubbling up in the plain, or in the mud of the river: and hence, it was subject to frequent earthquakes; the nitrous vapour, compressed in the cavities, and sublimed by heat or fermentation, bursting its prison with loud explosions, agitating the atmosphere, and shaking the earth and waters with a violence as extensive as destructive; and hence, moreover, the pestilential grottos, which had subterraneous communications with each other, derived their noisome effluvia; and serving as smaller vents to these furnaces or hollows, were regarded as apertures of hell—as passages for deadly fumes rising up from the realms of Plato. One or more of the mountains, perhaps, has burned. It may be suspected that the surface of the country has, in some places, been formed from its own bowels; and in particular, it seems probable, that the hill of Laodicea was originally in eruption.” On this head, Mr. Arundell says “To a country such as this, how awfully appropriate is the message of the Apocalypse! “I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.’”

The utter solitude of Laodicea is relieved by a Turkish village in the neighbourhood. The view, from the ridge of a hill behind the flat-roofed houses and trees of the village, must be very impressive, as, beside the scattered ruins of Laodicea, the eye embraces those of Hierapolis, another splendid city, fallen from its high estate, situated in a recess of mount Messogis, and "appearing like a large semi-circular excavation of white marble." The river and the plain of the Lycus are between the two cities; and, turning to the left, there are other ancient remains—ruins!—still ruins!—and every where ruins! Higher up the hill is a long line of arches, in large masses, much decayed, once an aqueduct; before which were Turcoman black tents, and thousands of goats and sheep of the same colour."

I now conclude the tour of the Seven Churches with **EPHESUS**, which, though last in my mention, was, perhaps, in reality, the first, the grandest of the seven. From the days of our childhood, the name of the city of Diana and her marvellous temple has rung in our ears, and filled our imaginations with images of surpassing vastness and splendour. If the primitive Christian world acknowledged only seven churches, the ancient world owned only seven wonders, and the temple of the Ephesian Diana was one of the seven. I can still recall the immeasurable proportions and the gorgeousness I attributed to that edifice when I read of it, in a child's book containing descriptions of the prodigies of human art. St. Paul's, or the Abbey of Westminster, or that of York, was a mere nut-shell in my comparison: and though I may have

since learned to estimate it more correctly, though I have since seen the "dome, the vast, the wondrous dome" of St. Peter's, "compared to which, Diana's temple was a cell;" and though, in common with all men, the vastness of my young conceptions have been diminished and pared down by time and experience, still, the mere mention of Ephesus suggests notions of essential grandeur—of sublimity. Mr. Arundell, cautious and correct, seldom gives way to the inspirations of enthusiasm; but this is his language when he crosses the sluggish stream of the Cayster, and reaches the forlorn city.

"What would have been the astonishment and grief of the beloved Apostle and Timothy, if they could have foreseen that a time would come when there would be in Ephesus neither angel, nor church, nor city—when the great city would become 'heaps, a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness; a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby!' Once it had an idolatrous temple, celebrated for its magnificence, as one of the wonders of the world; and the mountains of Corissus and Prion re-echoed the shouts of ten thousand, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Once it had Christian temples, almost rivalling the Pagan in splendour; wherein the image that fell from Jupiter lay prostrate before the cross, and as many tongues, moved by the Holy Ghost, made public avowal that 'Great is the Lord Jesus!' Once it had a bishop, the angel of the church, Timothy, the disciple of St. John; and tradition reports that it was honoured with the last days of both

these great men and of the mother of our Lord. Some centuries passed on, and the altars of Jesus were again thrown down to make way for the delusions of Mahomet; the cross is removed from the dome of the church, and the crescent glitters in its stead, while within, the *Keblé* is substituted for the altar. A few years more, and all may be silence in the mosque and the church. A few unintelligible heaps of stones, with some mud cottages untenanted, are all the remains of the great city of the Ephesians. The busy hum of a mighty population is silent in death. ‘Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners and thy pilots, thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, are fallen.’ Even the sea has retired from the scene of desolation, and a pestilential morass, covered with mud and rushes, has succeeded to the waters which brought up the ships laden with merchandise from every country.”

All the industry and ingenuity of Tournefort, who visited Ephesus at the beginning of the last century, and of Dr. Chandler, who was there about sixty years after him, were unavailingly employed to trace the site of that ancient temple, or to discover the remains of the Christian churches—except the walls of one of the latter, or the church of St. John, that were preserved, as Tournefort thought, in a Turkish mosque which then existed; yet those travellers found considerably more than now meets the eye; for the progress of destruction, gradual for centuries in these regions, seems of late years to have moved with increased rapidity.

Of the population Chandler thus speaks: "The Ephesians are now a few Greek peasants, living in extreme wretchedness, dependance, and insensibility; the representatives of an illustrious people, and inhabiting the wreck of their greatness; some, the substructions or the glorious edifices which they raised; some, beneath the vaults of the Stadium, once the crowded scene of their diversions; and some, by the abrupt precipice in the sepulchres which received their ashes. We employed a couple of them to pile stones, to serve instead of a ladder, at the arch of the Stadium, and to clear a pedestal of the portico by the theatre from rubbish. We had occasion for another to dig at the Corinthian temple; and sending to the Stadium, the whole tribe, ten or twelve, followed; one playing all the time on a rude lyre, and at times striking the sounding-board with the fingers of his left hand in concert with the strings. One of them had on a pair of sandals of goat-skin, laced with thongs, and not uncommon. After gratifying their curiosity, they returned back as they came, with their musician in front. Such are the present citizens of Ephesus, and such is the condition to which that renowned city has been gradually reduced. It was a ruinous place when the Emperor Justinian filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised his church of St. Sophia on its columns. Since then it has been almost quite exhausted. A herd of goats was driven to it for shelter from the sun at noon; and a noisy flight of crows from its marble quarries seemed to insult its silence. We heard the partridge-call in the area of the theatre and of the Stadium. The glorious pomp of

its Heathen worship is no longer remembered; and Christianity, which was here nursed by apostles, and fostered by general councils, until it increased to fulness of stature, barely lingers on in an existence hardly visible."

Little can be added to the solemnity and impressiveness of this passage; *nothing* more is required to establish the fulfilment of the prophecy; for the candlestick is indeed removed out of its place, and night hangs over Ephesus. But we may add shades, deeper and deeper still; for the travellers of our day, Dallaway, Lindsay, Arundell, &c., have found that the slight and melancholy record of a Christian people has entirely disappeared—the sound of the rude lyre is hushed—the cry of the beasts of prey and the fowls of the air is increased, and the malaria to such a degree, that Ephesus is hardly to be approached with safety during six months of the year.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

CITY of GOD! Jerusalem,
 Why rushes out thy living stream?
 The turban'd priest, the hoary seer,
 The Roman in his pride are there!
 And thousands, tens of thousands, still
 Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,
 There rush the bridegroom and the bride;
 Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
 The old, the young, the bond, the free,
 The nation's furious multitude,
 All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn;—from height to height
 Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
 And glorious, in their central shower,
 Palace of holiness and power
 The temple on Moriah's brow
 Looks a new-risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale!
 Against them shall come forth a wail
 And woe to bridegroom and to bride!
 For death shall on the whirlwind ride;
 And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,
 The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done !
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angel's weep ;
They see destruction's funeral pall
Black'ning o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies' roar :
They see in Sion's halls of state,
The Sign that maketh desolate—
The idol-standard—pagan spear,
'The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall ; the chain,
The long, long age of guilt and pain ;
The exile's thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears ;
Jerusalem a vanished name,
Its tribes earth's warning, scoff and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rends the Heavens the shout of blood ;
But in the murder's furious van,
Who totters on ? A weary man ;
A cross upon his shoulders bound—
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary.
What slave upon that hill must die ?
What hand, what heart, in guilt embued,
Must be the mountain vulture's food ?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third ? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name.
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting,
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned king !

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned ;
No vengeance flashes from the eye ;
The sufferer calmly waits to die :
The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on that pallid brow on frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven ;
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee !
Now Roman, bend the mocking knee !
The cross is reared. The deed is done.
There stands MESSIAH'S earthly throne !

This was the earth's consummate hour ;
For this had blazed the prophet's power ;
For this had swept the conqueror's sword,
Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness—earth itself a dream.
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid
Sublime, when sun and star shall fade :
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hung on thy anguish—King of Kings !

Still from his lip no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom ;
No earthquake-burst, no angel brand,
Crushes the black, blaspheming band,
What say those lips by anguish riven ?
“ God, be my murders forgiven !”

HE dies ! in whose high victory
The slayer, death himself, shall die.
HE dies ! by whose all-conquering tread
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head ;
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,
The god and tempter of this world.

HE dies ! Creation's awful Lord,
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word !
To come in thunder from the skies !
To bid the buried world arise ;
The Earth his footstool ; Heaven his throne ;
Redeemer ! may thy will be done.

A TURKISH STORY.

IN the year of the Christian era, 1390, Amurath the Great, the most powerful warrior and statesman that ever filled the Turkish throne, put himself at the head of an army of 200,000 men, to crush the last resistance of the Hungarians and Servians. The sternness of the Ottoman government had alienated the chief tribes of that immense region lying between the Adriatic and the Euxine; and the abilities and intrepidity of Lazarus, the prince of Servia, had combined their strength into an insurrection that threatened the empire of the Turks in Europe. Amurath, though nearly seventy years old, instantly rushed into the field, passed the Dardanelles, and clearing the way with an irresistible cavalry, laid the land in ruin up to the memorable plain of Cassovia. But there he found that he must fight for his supremacy. The army of the confederates of Hungary, Croatia, and Servia, reinforced by knights and eminent soldiers from France and Germany, were seen drawn up before him, under the command of Lazarus. The Ottoman troops had never encountered so formidable an enemy, and even the invincible Lord of the Janizaries began to fear for the result of the day. The battle commenced, as usual in the Turkish warfare, by successive charges of cavalry. They were repulsed,

and the mass pressed back towards the infantry, where the Sultan had continued, sitting upon his horse, and waiting for the tidings from the troops engaged. While he was nervously listening to every sound of the struggle, he saw two of his Delhis, that corps of desperadoes, which always, as a forlorn hope, heads the Turkish charge, rushing back from the field. Amurath galloped up to meet them. They were both covered with wounds; and their chargers were evidently exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood; yet they bounded through the thicket and broken ground with extraordinary rapidity, and the Sultan could catch but a sentence from each as they darted by him. The first cried out, "Thou shalt conquer!" The second, "Thou shalt be conquered!" then instantly plunged into the depths of the forest, and pursuit was vain. Amurath, like all his countrymen, was superstitious; and the contradiction of his Delhis seemed a foreboding of some strange catastrophe. But there was now no time for thought. He advanced at the head of the Janizaries, gradually bore down all resistance, and, after a day of various change and memorable havoc, remained master of the field, and with it, of the destinies of Servia.

But, even in the tumult of battle and of triumph, the words of the Delhis were not forgotten; and Amurath, while still in the field, ordered that they should be brought before him,—the prophet of good to receive a present, and the prophet of evil to pay for his presumption by the loss of his head

They were speedily found, and brought before this resistless dispenser of life and death. Yet, as the Delhis prided themselves on their love of hazard, both men kept a firm countenance, and seemed to have even taken advantage of the few moments of delay afforded them, to clear the dust and gore from their forms and features. They were two remarkably handsome soldiers, and with but little difference except in colour, one having come of the bright-skinned race of Georgia, and the other wearing the deep tinge of Asia Minor.

"Thou saidst," was the Sultan's exclamation to the Asiatic, "that I should conquer."

"Said I not true?" was the soldier's reply.

At a sign from Amurath, a purse of a thousand sequins, a pelisse, and a richly caparisoned charge, were the reward of the lucky prediction.

"And thou saidst that I should be conquered," was the scornful observation to his Georgian comrade.

"Said I not true?" was the reply.

The Pashas were indignant at the mockery, and would have cut him to pieces on the spot. But Amurath, respecting the dignity of justice in a strange land, ordered that he should be reserved for death after evening prayer.

The sun was going down, when the Sultan, awaiting the return of his son Bajazet from the pursuit, walked over the field, attended by the Vizier and a glittering train of Beys and Agas. He paused on reaching a spot where the last charge of the Janizaries had decided

the day; and pointing to a heap of the dead, laughed at the weakness of prediction.

"There," said he, "lie those who were to have trampled on my turban.—Yet last night I had a dream that disturbed me. I thought that a man stood beside my couch, and summoned me to walk forth. I followed him, and the spot was not unlike the one where we now are. He fiercely accused me of blood; I resisted the charge, and would have turned away. But he seized me with an irresistible strength, stamped on the ground, and from a multitude of dead two rose up at his command. They had the hue of the grave, but both wore golden diadems. On the head of one the diadem was complete, though stained with gore. On the head of the other it was also stained, but it was broken, and round the neck was a heavy chain. While I gazed, life came into their faces, and in one of them I recognized my own countenance, and in the other that of my son."

The vizier, prostrating himself, said, "May the evil be to the enemies of my lord. What are dreams, but the inventions of the spirits of the air? So saith the book of wisdom, the volume of the prophet."

"True," exclaimed the Sultan with a smile, "dreams are the work of folly, and let fools alone believe them; this day's chances are over."

He turned away disdainfully, and grasped the mane of his horse, that he might ride to welcome Bajazet, who was now seen coming back in triumph at the head of the cavalry. His foot accidentally struck one of the

wounded lying on the field. The man, though at the point of death, rose on his knee, and gave a bewildered look round him. The sultan held his foot suspended in the stirrup as he gazed with a fixed eye on the wild yet singularly grand figure, thus rising as from the tomb, there in the next moment to return.

“Is the battle to the Christian or the Infidel?” asked the warrior.

“God is great,” said the Sultan, “and the dogs have died the death.”

The man sprang on his feet, and drove his sabre up to the hilt in the Sultan’s bosom. They fell side by side.

“Now we are equal,” he exclaimed with his last breath; “the master and the slave are one. Amurath has died by the hand of Lazarus.”

Amurath lived two hours. He sent for the Delhi who had so ominously predicted his fate, and with a more than oriental magnanimity, ordered that he should not merely be set at liberty, but rewarded. The mighty lord of the Ottoman then expired, recommending both the Delhis to his son’s protection, as brave soldiers and tellers of the truth—a rare distinction in a land of slavery.

Bajazet was himself a desperado, and he loved the furious bravery of the Delhis. Achmet the Georgian, and Murad the Asiatic, were taken into his guards, and became his peculiar favourites. Both were alike, handsome, intelligent, and brave. Yet there were differences of character, sufficiently palpable, even in their soldiership. The Georgian was chivalric, showy, and generous in his pursuit of his master’s favour. The bravery of the Asiatic

was ferocious, he loved battle for its plunder and its massacre. Murad rapidly gained ground in the congenial ferocity of the young Sultan.

“What shall I do with that boy?” exclaimed Bajazet, gloomily, one day, as he saw his young brother Zelibi riding, and throwing the spear, with an activity that raised shouts of applause.

“Make him Governor of one of your provinces,” said Achmet, “and teach him the art of doing honour to the great Prince who has placed him there, and good to the people.”

Bajazet continued to ponder.

“What says my brave Murad?” were his first words.

“The Osmanli must have but one Sultan at a time,” was the answer.

Bajazet’s sullen smile showed that he felt the full meaning of his councillor. On that night the bowstring was round the neck of Zelibi, and the first instance given of the tremendous succession of fratricides that have dipped the Ottoman throne in perpetual gore. The dawn saw Murad, Aga of the Janizaries.

The history of this famous Sultan was thenceforth the history of perpetual triumph. Europe trembled at the name of Bajazet. The rapidity of his marches, the vigorous decision of his councils, and the tremendous remorselessness of his vengeance, struck the continent with alarm; and all the minor fears and feuds of the European princes were absorbed in the one great terror of seeing the Turkish arms flooding every kingdom;

Christendom seemed about to shrink and be extinguished in the mighty shadow of Mahometanism. The Osmanli hailed Bajazet as the sent of heaven, the conqueror on whose lips had descended the wisdom of Mahomet, and in whose hand was grasped the scimitar of Ali. The universal name for him, through the East, was "Ilderim," the lightning. They saw in him the embodied principle of strength and terror, heaven-descended, and heaven-sustained, resistless by human power, and inexhaustible by human devastation; inscrutable in its movements as the fire from the clouds, and at once the most fearful and the most magnificent of the agents of the Divine will.

His first exploit was the seizure of the silver mines of Servia. In the year of his ascending to the throne, he rushed from Asia, and before the Servians could collect their forces, was seen pouring his armed thousands through the passes of her mountains. He found their capital, Cracova, almost defenceless. But it contained the principal Servian nobles and their families, who had fled from the invasion. They sent a deputation to intreat him to spare their city. He received them on horseback, at the head of the Spahis. Achmet and Murad were still at his side; but Achmet still wore the simple vesture of a private Delhi. Murad glittered like a sunbeam in the superb dress of general of the Turkish cavalry. The Sultan demanded their advice. "Spare the suppliant, and take the tribute. Is it not so written?" said Achmet. "The scent of the blood of the unbeliever is more precious than all the gums of Arabia. Is it not so written?" was the answer of Murad. The new Pasha's advice was

congenial to the spirit of the Sultan. He ordered the Janizaries to the attack. Cracova, reduced to despair, made a heroic resistance, and repelled the first assault. In the night offers were made to capitulate. The offers were accepted by the Sultan ; but the first sound at day-break was the thunder of the cavalry pouring in at the open gates ; and the last sound at evening was the dying curse of the last inhabitant of Cracova.

A long course of unbroken successes followed ; and in them all the Sultan was attended by the two Delhis. Their characters continued the same,--Achmet perpetually the adviser of peace, mercy, and justice ; Murad the perpetual spur to the ambition, boldness, and vengeance of his master. The natural wonder of the Court was, that the adviser, who so resolutely thwarted the impulses of his Sovereign, had not long before expiated his obstinate honesty by the bowstring. Yet the troops would have reluctantly seen Achmet destroyed. His fearlessness and singular sagacity, in some of the most trying moments of the war, had secured to him the respect of this fierce soldiery ; and his habitual gentleness and attention to the sufferings that all war produces, even among the conquerors, made them form many a wish that, when peace should return them at last to their homes in Asia, those homes might be under the government of Achmet the Delhi. Bajazet endured him, from the mere facility of extinguishing him when he pleased. He spared him as the tiger spares the dog in his cage, conscious that a single grasp of his talons could crush out his life.

Murad's rights to eminence allowed no wonder ; he

was pre-eminent in soldiership, the great talent of the day. His military invention seemed inexhaustible ; he remodelled the troops, and established a discipline that in itself was equivalent to victory. He was the unfailing resource of the Sultan in the intricacies of council, and of the army in the difficulties of the field. When Murad mounted his horse, the battle was looked upon as decided, and the event never fell short of the omen. His personal appearance might alone have been a claim to popular admiration. Among the noblest figures and countenances on earth, the Osmanli, Murad was the handsomest. The surpassing skill with which he rode, the singular distance to which he threw the lance, the extraordinary force with which his scimitar cleft alike the cuirass and the turban, were the unceasing admiration of the troops ; and to be like Murad Pasha in any one of his crowd of warlike accomplishments, was amongst the highest aspirations equally of the court and the field.

Constantinople had been the grand hope of all the Turkish conquerors, from the hour when, in the 13th century, Othman, the son of the Turkoman Ortogrul, first girded on the scimitar in the mountains of Bithynia ; to the triumph of Mahomet II., and the death of the last emperor in the last intrenchment of his famous city. Bajazet had already approached it twice ; had broken the Greek troops, had marched within sight of the golden crescent on the summit of Santa Sophia, and had each time been forced away by distant hostilities. But those impediments were at length overcome. He

had crushed the loose squadrons of the Karamanian princes, divided their dominions among his Pashas, and dragged the unfortunate sovereigns in chains with his army. The great Hungarian insurrection under King Sigismund, in which the revolvers, confident in their multitudes, loftily boasted, that "were the sky now to fall, they could prop it up with their spears," was extinguished in the blood of the nation, and the Sultan was without a rival. On the evening of that memorable victory, Bajazet, wearied by the fatigues of the day, threw himself on his couch, and sank into a heavy slumber, which lasted till midnight. His attendants had long observed that he was violently agitated in his sleep, and he started up in singular disturbance, ordering Achmet and Murad to be instantly sent for.

"My father Amurath," said he to the Delhis, "died for his contempt of a dream. Listen to mine, and interpret for me, if you can. I thought that, as I was sleeping in this tent, I heard a voice calling me to walk forth. I rose. It was morning. All signs of the battle had disappeared; and I saw a country covered with verdure and harvest. But I saw what was to me worth all other sights on earth, the battlements and palaces of Constantinople rising more magnificent than ever before me. I would have rushed towards them, but felt myself plucked back by an invisible hand. Twice I made the effort, and was twice baffled. In my despair I cursed my destiny, and demanded of the prophet to strike me with his lightnings, or to make me master of the city of the golden towers.

“The thunder rolled above, and the bolt struck the ground at my feet. From the spot in which it plunged, I saw two founts of water gush up; they swelled with astonishing rapidity, and rushed forward, in two vast streams, direct towards the city. I longed to plunge into the first that would bear me into glorious possession. At that moment I heard your disastrous voice, Achmet, and saw you at my side. I felt instinctively that you were come to thwart me, and expected to hear some of your chilling wisdom. But to my surprise you pointed to the walis, and declared that you were come to guide me there. I followed, and we sailed down one of the rivers. The stream was singularly bright, and I could count the smallest pebble at the bottom. It spread as we advanced; and the verdure on its banks grew continually richer;—the sky was reflected on its bosom with matchless beauty; and crowds of travellers, with their horses and camels, came to drink securely of the waters. Yet, with the spreading of the stream I found that its swiftness had diminished. It made a thousand bends and wanderings from the direct course; and though it wandered through a country of still increasing richness, yet Constantinople seemed almost as far off as ever.

“I grew impatient, and sprang upon the bank. There, Murad, I found you awaiting me; and your advice was like what your own gallant and decided soul has always given. ‘Try the swifter stream at all hazards.’ We left Achmet to his eternal voyage, and embarked on the untamed stream.

“Nothing could be less like the river that we had left : it rushed down with the force and dashing of a mountain torrent. I saw Constantinople constantly enlarging on the eye, and growing visibly more worthy of the triumph of the son of Othman. Yet, if our course was swift, it was perilous ; we swept over rocks every instant, and darted through billows that almost shook our chaloupe to pieces. The water too had lost its transparency, and was stained with blood, and encumbered with wrecks and remnants of the dead. I felt a strange feebleness growing upon me ; but still I went on. Our course was now swifter than the swiftness of a lance flung by a powerful hand. The stream had again changed its hue ; and from the deep crimson of recent massacre was of the brightness of gold. My spirit revived. We were rushing down a torrent of actual gold. I touched it, I grasped it, I exulted in the consciousness that I was master of infinite treasure. I looked upon the countenance of my guide. It still bore your features, Murad ; but it was of even a bolder cast. His glance was loftier, and his words, few and solemn, sank into the soul with a power that I had never felt from man. He smiled haughtily at my weakness, and pointed to the gates of the city, which already rose with visible grandeur above our heads. I uttered a shout of joy.

“The swiftness of the vessel now outstripped the eagle’s wing. My sight was dazzled by the frightful speed with which we shot down between the rugged banks of this tremendous stream. The roar of whirlpools and the thunder of cataracts was in my ears. I

glanced again at my fearful guide. His visage was sterner than ever ; but its dignity was gone. The noble features were heightened and sharpened with an expression of indescribable scorn : but in the eye which had so lately beamed with the splendours of the mighty mind, the glory was no more, and its look was fixed above, with an expression of pain and woe that smote me like the arrow of the angel of death. I turned from it in fear, and bent my eyes on the stream. Its hue was again changed. The gold had darkened, and streaks of sullen fire were shooting along its surface. The thickening flames burst upwards ; we were in a torrent of fire.

“I now felt many a pang for the rashness of abandoning the guidance of Achmet ; but it was too late. I thought of the smoothness of the river, the softness of the perfumed and refreshing breeze, the luxuriance and fertility of the landscape, and the brilliant glory of the sky above. Round me all was terrible contrast. We darted down between walls and straits of sullen precipice, that rose to the very heavens ; the light grew darker at every plunge of the vessel, the precipices closed over our heads, and at length we rushed through a perpetual cavern, with no other light than that of the flames which curled and dashed away before our prow. My heart panted with terror inexpressible. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, I felt scorched and suffocating. In this extremity I raised my half-blinded eyes to you for help. But with a gesture of haughty

scorn you pointed to the torrent. It was now a bed of liquid fire, boiling and rushing redly along, like metal from the furnace. I gazed in a frenzy of fear, that took away all strength from me. My heart was withered and collapsed within me. My sinews were dried up. I was an infant in nerve; but in the agony of feebleness I was a thousand years old. As I gazed on the torrent, I saw it filled with hideous life. Along its billows I saw forms and faces slowly rise, distorted as if in torment. I saw my mighty ancestor Othman, in the wolf-skin that he wore when he first rushed down from the Caucasus. By his side rose my father, Amurath, as I saw him on the night of his death at Cassovia. Then followed a long succession of Sultans, glancing on me with fierce and tortured visages, and rolling along the stream thick with turbans and jewels, broken armour, and the glittering fragments of thrones. A wild shout at length roused me. I lifted my eyes and saw that all my hopes were on the point of triumph. We were at the gates of Constantinople; the outcry was from the Greeks gathered upon the battlements in despair. I rushed exultingly forward. At that moment I felt myself grasped by a hand to whose strength mine was like the reed waving in the wind. The hand was Murad's, yet Murad no longer, but a gigantic figure, surrounded with lightnings, and flinging out two mighty pinions, black as thunder clouds, upon the air. He caught me, and held me quivering over the torrent. My yell was answered by a withering laugh that echoed

round the horizon. We rushed on—we reached the edge of the cataract. My eye recoiled from its unfathomable steep. I was plunged in. Prophet of Heaven, can such things be but a dream! I felt every moment of the measureless descent. I felt with the keenness of ten-fold life the contact of the burning torrent. I shot down its depths with the rapidity of a stone from the brow of a mountain. The fire seized upon every nerve and fibre of my frame. I felt it penetrating through my veins, drinking up my blood, becoming a portion of my being. I was changing my nature, but with a living susceptibility of torture beyond all the powers of flesh and blood. I became fire, intense, imperishable, essential fire.”

The Sultan, overcome by the recollection of his horrors, sank on the ground; and remained, for some time, helpless and exhausted. But his natural vigour of mind at length threw off his bodily depression, and he demanded, what was to be done. Achmet was silent. “Speak,” said his haughty master, “you have followed me ten years; yet your obstinacy has kept you in the turban of a Delhi still. Be silent now, and you may have no head for even the turban of a Delhi.” He was still silent. But Murad’s cheerful and bold voice interposed. He laughed at the idleness of dreams, and intreated the Sultan to overlook the folly of his old comrade, and to refresh his own wearied frame with the banquet. It was brought, and among its luxuries was wine. Bajazet, in all his military excesses, had preserved the personal temperance which is not more a dictate of

Mahometanism, than a precaution of health in the feverish climates of the East. But on this night of anxiety, excited by the example of Murad, whose love of wine was known to the camp, he drank freely. In the height of the banquet, a Tartar rode into the camp, bearing letters from Constantinople.

The Emperor Manuel had been driven from the throne by his nephew John, aided by the troops of the Sultan. But the same despatch which announced the accession of the new Emperor, announced that he, in the pride of sudden power, refused to perform the stipulations for the aid of Bajazet. The Sultan's eye sparkled with ferocious triumph at this excuse for the long meditated seizure of the capital of Greece. He ordered the trumpets to sound instantly through the camp, and the Spahis to mount. Murad filled a goblet of wine to the success of the expedition, and on the knee presented it to the Sultan. As he was lifting it to his lips, he glanced on Achmet; the Delhi's eye was fixed on him with ominous melancholy. Bajazet involuntarily shrank, but his haughty temper overcame the instinctive alarm, and he demanded, whether he was to be "always thwarted by the insolent rebuke of a slave."

"The slave and the Sultan have alike one master," was Achmet's calm reply.

Bajazet, with a livid lip, retorted, "The earth does not contain the master of the Sultan."

"Neither the earth nor the heaven of heavens contains him," answered the Delhi, with increasing firmness, "but that master lives, and solemnly and terribly will

he demand the innocent blood at the hands, of the bloodshedder."

The tone sank with strange power into the hearer's soul, and he looked to Murad for assistance. But he found it there speedily. Murad, with the most profound prostration, stooped before the agitated Sultan, and imploring him to rely on the prudence, zeal, and attachment of his faithful followers, again presented the cup. Then, suddenly starting on his feet, he poured forth his eloquent indignation against the ingratitude, the coldness, and the treachery of an advice, which, by depriving the Ottoman of the glories of war, when its noblest prize was in his grasp, must be intended to stain the lustre of the past, and break down the strength of the empire of the faithful for all time.

Bajazet found it impossible to withdraw his eyes from this energetic councillor. Murad seemed to have derived a new dignity of presence from his noble wrath at the tardiness of his old comrade. His stature appeared loftier, his gesture more commanding. The natural beauty of his singularly handsome countenance glowed and beamed with a more intellectual and impressive beauty, as the words rushed from his lips in a torrent of proud and generous feeling.

"Ask," said the fascinated Sultan, "ask what you will, even to the half of my throne, and this hour it shall be granted."

"Evil be to the enemies of my lord," was the submissive reply. Then, turning to the Delhi, "Let my reward be—the head of the traitor Achmet.

The Sultan paused. The long services of his brave but uncourtly follower rose in his recollection; the suspicion that Murad's jealousy of an adviser so near the throne had mingled with his zeal, perplexed him; and he remained lost in thought. But a sudden burst of martial music flourished on the air. A shout of the camp, on hearing the signal for the march, followed. Murad took advantage of the new impulse, gave the cup to his quivering lip, saw it drunk off, and, as the Sultan rushed from the tent to his charger, heard the triumph of his ambition in the words, "Let the Delhi die." On that night Murad was Vizier!

Before morning, the Turkish army were in full march for Constantinople. The Greek Emperor, himself an usurper, could throw but few obstacles in the way of a force of 200,000 men, the most warlike in Europe, accustomed to conquer, and commanded by the boldest sovereign of his age. They were driven before the Spahis, like chaff before the wind. The entrenchments of Adrianople and Byrza were reddened with the blood of the best soldiers of the Palæologi, and the banner of Bajazet waved on the heights that command Constantinople. The triple rampart of the Constantines alone lay between the Sultan and the most magnificent conquest that ever tempted the ambition of man. By his position on the Bends, or great reservoirs of water, and on the chief road, by which provisions were brought into the city, he had the alternative of either gradually reducing the population by famine, or overthrowing

them by storm. His fierce nature, already stimulated to the height of military pride, determined on the quicker execution of the sword. The Janizaries were ordered to assault the "golden gate" by day-break. But at midnight a Tarter rode up to the Sultan's tent; Bajazet was still at the table, where he had now accustomed himself to indulge. The Tartar's despatches were put into Murad's hands, and the bold spirits of the favourite and his master were alike chafed by their perusal. They bore at the head, the name of Timourlenk, the Tamerlane of after-times, already terrible through the east; and commanded Bajazet to withdraw from the walls of Constantinople.

"Dost thou not know, Turkoman," was the language of this memorable letter, "that Asia is vanquished by us?—that our invincible fortresses stretch from sea to sea?—that the kings of the earth form a line before our gate?—that we have extinguished chance, and made fortune watch over our empire? And what art thou, but a robber, and the son of robbers? What are thy horsemen, but swift to flee; and thy Janizaries, but dust to be swept away by the shaking of my banners? Thou, thyself, art but a worm. Wilt thou dare to meet the feet of my elephants? Fool, they will trample thee, and not know that they have trodden thee into nothing. Leave the city of the Greek, and bow down the head of a slave at the feet of the Mongol."

Fire flashed from the Sultan's eyes as he heard this epistle. He tore it into a thousand fragments, and ordered the Janizaries instantly to the attack. But a

new obstacle arose. The serenity of an oriental night was changed into tempest. The Janizaries, accustomed to brave the elements and man alike, still advanced. But the tempest thickened round them; the leading columns lost their way; deluges of rain fell, and disordered their ranks; the fosses at the foot of the rampart were found full; thunderbolts and flashes of lightning dazzled and broke the troops; and, almost without resistance from the walls, they were repelled with the loss of thousands.

Bajazet, in his fury, cursed the elements, and the power that had armed the elements against him. But he had now no time for indolent wrath. Every hour brought into his camp crowds of pashas and generals, full of fearful news of their own defeats and the irresistible advances of Timour. They described his army as rushing on, less like a human force, than an ocean. "The torch and the sword were the crown and sceptre of the Mongol. Cities, fortresses, fields, the forest, the mountain, all were rolled in a sea of fire. Man, and the works of man, were engulfed; and all that remained behind, to tell of the march of Timour, was ashes."

Bajazet would have made one desperate effort more to seize Constantinople; but, for the first time, he found Murad opposed to him. The favourite, no longer in fear of a rival influence, had become stern and imperative; and Bajazet felt that he had established a tyranny over himself. But he felt a strange powerlessness of mind in the presence of the Vizier. And with

many a bitter regret, and many a sensation of indignant wonder at suffering another's control, he gave the order to break up, and pass the Bosphorus to meet the invader. Every hour of his advance through the lesser Asia, gave fatal proof of the necessity of destroying or being destroyed by his enemy. The old fury of Timour in Tartary and Hindostan was tame to the unbridled devastation that he let loose within the Ottoman frontier. The assault of Sebastî, on the borders of Anatolia, where he buried alive the garrison of four thousand Armenians; the ruin of Aleppo and Damascus; and the pyramid of ninety thousand heads raised as a monument of wrath on the remnants of Bagdad, remain among the recollections that to this hour make the name of Timour terrible to the Osmanli.

The ambassador of Bajazet found him in the midst of the conflagration of Aleppo. The Mongol affected the language of humility: "You see me here," was his singular harangue, "a poor, lame, decrepit mortal, yet by my arms has the Eternal been pleased to smite the great kingdoms. He has, with my arrows, brought down the flight of Iran, Turan, and Hindostan. Heaven is powerful! by my spear he has opened the veins of the Tartar, and smote the Chinese on his throne; but by the blowing of my poor breath he will sweep away the pride of the Sultan. I am not a man of blood! heaven is my witness, always have I been attacked first. But heaven is my witness, that the sons of misfortune are they who attack the lame, lowly-hearted, and dying Timour."

This extraordinary harangue of pride, scorn, and

superstition, which is still among the traditions of the Mongol, was repeated, word for word, by the Tartar envoys, in the presence of Bajazet. It was poison to his feverish soul; he tore his beard at the insult, and ordered the death of the envoys, and the immediate march of the army. But while the pen for his signature to the order of death was in his hand, the curtains of the tent opened, and one of the wandering Derveishes that attend a Turkish camp, solemnly walked in. Even the fury of war respects the Derveish; but the striking and stately presence of this man commanded veneration. He was in the deepest vale of years, yet his step was full of majesty, and his countenance had the powerful intelligence of a being that seemed to borrow light from that world of splendour on whose verge he was treading. "Spare the innocent blood," were the first and only words of the Derveish. Murad, with a cry of loyal wrath at this defiance of his master, sprang on his feet, and rushed with his scymetar drawn to strike off the intruder's head. But the look of the old man excited a strange power over the Vizier, and the scimitar remained suspended. The Derveish fixed his gaze upon the Sultan, "Let my Lord think of mercy," said he, bending before the throne, "all are mortal; and Sultan Bajazet, who can tell, but He who sitteth above the stars, whose voice may be next raised to call for pardon?" The speech was answered only by a smile of supreme scorn from Murad. But that smile decided the Sultan, he waved his hand thrice, the usual sign for execution, and the envoys were led out to be massacred. The Derveish had left the tent

in the confusion, and was no where to be found. Battle was now inevitable; and on the third day of his march Bajazet poured his army into the memorable plain of Angora.

Since the fall of the Roman Empire under the northern barbarians, dominion was never fought for on so gigantic a scale as by the armies that now moved from the extremities of Asia, to fatten the soil with their blood. Bajazet brought into the field four hundred thousand horse and foot of the most famous and highest-disciplined troops in the world. Timour, gathering his force on the mountains, rushed down with twice the number, inferior in their equipment and order, but accustomed to Asiatic war; and confiding in the splendid genius, and still more in the perpetual prosperity, of their mighty chieftain. The battle was fought in the year 1401; the year of the Hegira 804. During the early part of this tremendous encounter, Bajazet drove all before him. The square of the Janizaries, flanked by two columns of thirty thousand cavalry, trampled down the light-armed multitude of the Mongols, and the battle seemed won. It is recorded that, exactly as the day was in the meridian, Bajazet, spurring his horse up a slight ascent in the centre of the plain, and seeing it covered to the horizon with the flying squadrons, cried aloud, with a gesture of pride and scorn to the sun, "that thenceforth he might hide his beams, for Bajazet should be the glory of the world." A well-known voice sounded in his ear, "By pride fell the angel of the stars." He turned, and to his unspeakable surprise saw at his side Achmet the Delhi.

“By pride,” said another voice, “that fallen angel is still king of the air.” The voice was Murad’s, who had just ascended the hill, and was gazing at the defeat of the enemy. A sudden roar of battle below checked the Sultan’s answer; and brandishing his lance, and giving his horse the rein, he rushed forward, with but one wild exclamation; “Nor heaven nor hell shall snatch this victory out of my hand!”

The battle had been renewed. Timour’s reserve, in itself an army, had advanced and charged the Janizaries; fatigue, and the intense heat of a burning day of Asia, had exhausted those brave troops; but the arrival of Bajazet, as he rode shouting in front of the immense square, and the brilliant courage of the Vizier, gave them new strength, and they repelled the charge with desperate slaughter. The Sultan now ordered the cavalry to advance and trample the disordered ranks of the enemy; but a sudden shout was heard, and the whole of the Anatolian horse, wheeling round, galloped off to the standard of Timour, leaving the flank of the Janizaries uncovered. The cry of treachery spread, and all was immediate ruin. The Mongol arrows came showering in incessant flights; charge upon charge, the grand manœuvre of Timour’s battles wore down the Ottomans. On that day the square had repulsed nineteen distinct attacks; but the Sultan, as the sun was just touching the horizon, saw that a more formidable attack was preparing, and saw, with a bitter reflection on his boast, that the light of his glory on that day was not to survive the decline of the great luminary. The twilight is

rapid in the climates of the south, and objects were scarcely visible beyond a few paces, when the Sultan heard a trampling, which shook the ground under him. He knew it to be the movement of Timour's whole reserve of cavalry. The dust came before them like a whirlwind; and the screams and clashing of arms, as they tore their way over the Turkish squadrons in his front, told with what irresistible force they must soon reach the spot where he sadly stood, amid the last veterans of his once magnificent army. "The hour is come for us all to die," said the dejected monarch. "Blessed are they who die in the act of mercy," said Achmet, stooping over his saddle-bow to give a cup of water to a wounded soldier. "Glorious are they who die in the act of vengeance," exclaimed Murad, as he put spurs to his horse, and darted forward into the darkness, with the force of a thunderbolt.

He returned at full speed, dragging a young Mongol chieftain by the hair. Bajazet's scimitar already flashed over the prisoner's head. The voice of Achmet again restrained his fury. "To every man," said the Delhi, "are given at his birth two angels—one to destroy, and one to save; which will the Sultan obey?" His hearer paused. But Murad spurred up to his side, and, pointing to the prisoner, exclaimed, "There stands the only offspring of Timour." The blood boiled in Bajazet's bosom at the thought; he whirled the weapon round his head to make the blow sure; but at the same instant he felt as if his brain were crushed in by a blow of a mace, and dropped under his horse's feet. While he lay

writhing on the ground in the last paroxysm of ruined ambition and thwarted love of blood, he saw the countenance of Achmet change. It gazed upon him with a sublime pity. He saw the form dilate into supernatural loftiness and grandeur. He saw beauty the most divine, surrounded with a light of unearthly glory. The Delhi was no more. The figure rose by instinctive power on the air, and with its countenance of sorrow fixed on him to the last, rose into the heavens.

A voice of derision rang in the Sultan's ear. The Vizier was beside him, still grasping the head of the Mongol. But Bajazet saw alone the robes of the Vizier; the visage was wild, keen, and writhing with furious passions. The guide of his evil voyage stood there; he saw him suddenly assume the aspect of the fallen angels. Blasphemy burst from the lips of the evil one; flame swept round him; and bidding the Sultan to despair and die, he swept away with a force like the rushing of a whirlwind. The light vanished from Bajazet's eyes, and he sank insensible. On that day his tyranny, his ambition, his freedom, and his throne, had passed away for ever.

The chief of the Tartars, the Zagatai Khan, found him in the field under a heap of corpses, and brought him in chains to the feet of Timour. But the conquered prince was spared the consciousness of his degradation. His sense was gone, he was a raving madman; and in this state he was carried at the head of Timour's march through Asia Minor, as a terrible example of the wrath of the universal conqueror.

But the Sultan had fallen under a more powerful hand. In this moving dungeon, the iron cage, so widely commemorated in Eastern history, he was often heard reproaching himself wildly for the crime of resisting his guardian spirit. He was heard through the night calling on the name of Achmet, whom he described as invested with the splendours of Paradise; or shrinking in tones and gestures of horror from the evil supremacy of Murad. "Son of Eblis," he would exclaim, "why was I not taught by the vision of my early days to dread your counsel? Why was not my demon-guide down the torrent of fire and blood revealed to me under the visage of the Vizier? Why were power, and beauty, valour, and eloquence, combined in the fiend? And why was the good angel hidden in the humble friendship of the Delhi?"

Thus he raved in the anguish of a broken mind, a spectacle of astonishment and fear to the East, until, in the tenth month of his captivity, he was one morning found dead, with his breast torn and crushed against the bars of his cage.

“IF ANY MAN SPEAK, LET HIM SPEAK AS THE ORACLES OF GOD : IF ANY MAN MINISTER, LET HIM DO IT AS OF THE ABILITY WHICH GOD GIVETH : THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST, TO WHOM BE PRAISE AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.”

1 Peter, chap. iv. ver. 11.

HERE is an antidote to the pride and vanity of the human heart ;—here is a transforming power supplied, by which the multitude of gifts and talents, however large and splendid be the measure in which they have been imparted, shall be stripped of their original power to mislead and pervert, and shall, severally, be brought into the treasury of God, from whence they issued, there to be laid, in meek acknowledgment and rejoicing thankfulness, at the Redeemer’s feet. In the fulfilment of this apostolic command, how heavenly will be the spirit with which each act of duty shall be performed, how faithful and how true the estimate made of man’s dependance, and of the Creator’s fulness ! Lord, we render back to Thee, but of thine own ; for from Thee we first received our powers ; in Thee they are continually replenished and upheld ; for Thee we exercise them, and are permitted to minister of them to others. The soul that has no higher joy than thus to know itself the privileged agent of a Father’s bounty, is made

partaker of a blessedness to which all earthly joys are indeed as nothing; that soul has already admittance into the joy of its Lord; it has an ever-animating impulse urging it forward, and filling the measure of its hopes, "that God in *all* things may be glorified, through Jesus Christ." Self is forgotten in the ardency of its desires that "the Lord alone may be exalted;" and where self is kept low, trodden down, and finally annihilated, what refreshing streams of pure pleasure flow through the levelled plain, and convert the once barren wilderness into the well "watered garden," whose "spring of water" faileth not. Oh! that within this heart, within this house, in the little circle of dear friends, beloved relations, and in the wider range of neighbourhood, of acquaintance, and of country, God may indeed be glorified in all things! Nor shall the wish stop here. Christianity, truly felt, must enlarge the principle of human affection within our breasts, and will compel us to pray that "the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth, as the waters cover the seas," and that "the kingdoms of this world" may speedily "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." Have we no power to minister to the consummation of this blessed hope? Let each examine into "the ability which God hath given" him; and, having the glory of his Redeemer, and the eternal salvation of mankind, near and dear to his own heart, let prayer, and influence, and gifts unite, to the promotion of this eternal end, "that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

SOLITARY WANDERINGS.

I AM an old man, and a solitary being in a busy, peopled world; yet has neither age nor loneliness chilled the warmth of those social affections which the benevolence of the Creator hath implanted within his creatures, that they may minister alike to the sum of human good, and of human happiness. What though they be restricted in many a channel where they were wont to flow, the fountain is not yet dried up within my heart; there

“ The waters sleep
In silence and obscurity,”

yet ever ready to gush
forth in sympathy with the joys or the sorrows of my fellow-men.

A solitary being, did I say? Oh! who shall dare to call himself such in a world peopled with creatures of the same nature as his own? Creatures subject to the same passions, and affections, and wants; objects of the same superintending Providence, children of one Father, redeemed unto one Hope. Surely, God “ hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” that they may love as brethren, that the social virtues may have full room to expand, and that, while yet we tread this lower world, we may emulate the employments, and enjoy a foretaste of the bliss,

which, in a fuller measure, are the portion of the ministering spirits above.

There have been moments when the sense of loneliness has pressed upon me heavily, sadly,—as I mused on the friends of infancy and youth, long gathered to the home where I too would be; but this feeling of desolation vanishes when I connect myself, as God has connected me, with His large family, and seek to fill, as best I may, my allotted station. There are seasons, too, when even solitude ceases to be lonely; when it does more, it becomes pleasing; for I am a lover of nature in all her varied forms of animate and inanimate beauty. I delight to seek companionship in her sequestered scenes, to feel in

“ Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence ;”

and when I can steal for a while from the busy scenes of daily life, and from those active charities which have their claim, aye and perhaps the strongest claim, on the most unconnected being, I wander forth to recruit my wearied spirits in some excursion through the scenes of past pleasure, and grow young again in the novelty of feelings called forth by the charms of some unknown spot of sequestered beauty.

The crowded city has its attractions for many; its own peculiar advantages which all may find. 'Tis well! I envy not the first their joy, if they know of none beyond its narrow bounds: nor would I be wholly blind to the latter, since Providence has fixed my habitation

there. It is in the midst of congregated men that Science and Literature flourish most; and thence they emanate to pervade many a distant and wide-spreading circle. The Arts are cherished there; Industry finds its excitement and its meed; Civilization advances, and Commerce collects the treasures and the improvements of distant climes: there, many a noble and generous spirit finds the fullest exercise for the lofty virtues of the heart, and the splendid talents of the head: there, self-denying goodness, and unobtrusive merit, often "hold the noiseless tenor of their way:" Society there receives its polish, and intellect brightens by collision. But with the knowledge of good, there too does its coeval alloy, the painful knowledge of evil, abound; and the heart will turn, with renovating delight, from scenes, where the works and the ways of man are ever foremost in the picture, to those quiet spots, where the God of Nature speaks to us in this yet beautiful creation; shadowing out to the attentive mind, by "the things that are made," the invisible things of His kingdom of Grace. Here are we continually reminded how fair and perfect all once came from the Creator's hand; and are led onward to the contemplation of that time, when, the primeval curse removed, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose:"—when "violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction within its borders:"—when "the sun shall be no more our light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give her light," but man shall walk in the unceasing splendour of his Saviour's

presence; and, beneath a new Heaven, and in the midst of a new earth—the renovated creation of the Most High—shall again enjoy full communion with his Maker, as in the first blissful days of Paradise.

It is therefore that I love the country, for that voice which the busy ear may not hear, but which speaks to me of better things:—for that hand which the restless eye may overlook, but which the contemplative vision will ever discern, silently working in the order, and regularity, and peaceful beauty of Nature. I love it, not that with visionary enthusiasm I expect to find there the vestiges of an innocence and uncorrupted simplicity, which exist not save in the imagination of the poet, but because in such scenes my mind is refreshed, and purified, and elevated; because

“I love not man the less, but God the more,”

for these my lonely communings with nature and my own heart. Drawing nearer to the Fountain of all beauty and perfection, I feel but the more disposed to seek out and to value the traces of his image wherever they are to be found. Intercourse with my own heart, and increasing perception of its frailties, render me more indulgent to the weaknesses of my fellow-man; and thus do I return, from the scenes of such meditation, to the busier haunts of active life, more disposed, and better fitted, to bear my part in its duties, to labour for its best interests, to support my share of its evils, and to welcome, with a grateful spirit, whatever of good it has to bestow.

While I write, memory is busy “re-peopleing with

the past." She brings before me many a fair picture of rural loveliness, which she has preserved in colours more glowing than the painter's hand could e'er arrest; many a quiet scene of sweet domestic affection, or hour of holier and yet more sacred feeling, which have marked these my solitary wanderings, and which the heart treasures up amid its dearest records. I could speak of many such, but I will not, for the garrulity of old age might lead me on where my readers could not follow:—the associations are wanting which might enable them to feel as I do. Let me rather leave them to go forth and taste for themselves, for,

“My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting nature, (in whose form
And lineaments divine, I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renewed)
Is free to all men,—universal prize!”

L. H. C.



By the window, the mother sits

THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

BY S. C. HALL.

“With mournful eyes, and brow of feeling;
One hand before her meekly spreading
The other back her ringlets shedding.”

Allan Cunningham.

WHY looks the mother so lonely within her cottage home—her own home—even at the very moment when the prayers of her first-born ascend to the throne of the Almighty, and her cradled infant is calmly sleeping by her side? It is a kindly and a quiet evening; the setting sun mingles his rays with the light fleecy clouds that sail along the sky; the gentle breeze wafts the fragrance of a thousand flowers through the open casement; and the voice of nature is calling upon every heart to be cheerful and to be happy;—yet is the mother more than pensive as she looks forth along the far-spread heath; and in her chamber there are tokens that she waits the home-coming of one, in whose presence alone her eye can brighten and sadness and solitude be felt no more. For hours has she listened to hear his step along the gravelled pathway that leads from the main road to her humble dwelling on the plain—and she is weary with the heaviness of hope deferred.

At length her ear catches the welcome and well-known sound of his tread; in another moment he has

passed the threshold of his door, and the anxious wife is in the husband's arms ; he has kissed her fair forehead, patted her cheek, and gazed intently on his babe ;—but he has spoken no word ; and there is a cloud upon his brow ; his eyes appear sunk, and his lips are firmly compressed, as if he broods over some plan of more than ordinary moment, as he takes his accustomed seat by the cheerful fire-side, and partakes of food slowly and in silence ; looking now and then towards the clock, that, with its melancholy note, alone breaks the dreariness of the scene, giving awful notice that another moment is gone with the past. The wife is sitting opposite the husband ; her clasped hands rest on her knees ; and she is earnestly watching the outward signs of the struggle she knows to be passing within the breast of her beloved : but she does not intrude her speech upon his thoughts, until, with a deep and heavy sigh, he takes her small hand, gently presses it, and gazes fixedly and anxiously upon her quivering lip.

“Is there any trouble that I may not share?” she enquired, in that gentle tone which comes to a wounded spirit like the summer breeze over a sick man's brow, when for the first time he has left the heavy atmosphere of his chamber—“or am I less the friend than the wife?”

“Nothing, nothing, Ellen,” he replied, at length, “but that my spirits are low—and yet in truth I know not why,” he continued, assuming a look and attitude of gaiety and carelessness—“for my labour of to-night is not a new thing with me ; but one which I have often done in safety and with success. The *Bessy* is expected in to-

night," he added in a whisper; we have certain news that she will land her cargo when the moon goes down,—but strange does it seem that what should make me joyous, weighs down my heart as if its veins were filled with molten lead!"

"Then go not to-night, Herbert,—Oh! go not with these fearful and reckless men,—pursue no longer a course that may lead to death; but listen again to the warning you have so often heard from my lips."

"Nay, Ellen, soon will thy daily prayer be answered—but to-night *must* see me on the shore; I am pledged to be there before the midnight comes; but take the word of one who never deceived you, the morrow's dawn shall see me an altered man—never again shall the smuggler hail me his companion. And now, farewell, this will be my *last* night. Herbert kissed his sleeping babe, breathed a parting prayer over the couch of his boy, pressed his wife to his bosom, and paced rapidly from his dwelling.

She watched him, until he had reached the jutting of the road that led down to the beach. Then, sighing heavily, she echoed her husband's words, "his last night!" and, leaning her head upon the cradle of her child, wept bitterly, as she prayed earnestly that his farewell sentence might not have an awful meaning.

Herbert hurried onwards, nor paused even for a moment, until he stood before a large mansion that nearly skirted the beach; its broken windows and unweeded garden showed it to be without inhabitant. It had once been his own—it had descended to him through a

long line of ancestors ; and a very few years had passed since he had been greeted as one of the wealthiest men along the whole coast of Devonshire. One of the happiest he had certainly been ;—for his hopes of the future soared but little beyond the possessions of the present ; his pleasures were those of a domestic hearth, and all his ambition sought for was even within his grasp.

But it is not the daring and the speculative alone that adversity visits :—in an evil hour, but more from a natural kindliness of disposition than from feelings of a selfish nature, was Herbert induced to permit a quantity of smuggled goods to remain in one of his cellars until their owners had contrived some means of conveying them to the neighbouring town of Barnstable. These were discovered by the officers of excise ; the unfortunate gentleman was prosecuted, exchequered in an enormous sum, and utterly, and, as it appeared, irretrievably ruined. The lofty mansion in the dale was exchanged for the humble cottage on the moor ; but as a recompense for poverty and loss of character, he had then a conscience void of offence, and the knowledge that in adversity and in prosperity his wife was still the same ;—there was hope in every tone of her sweet gentle voice, in every glance of her mild blue eye—the smile of affection was never for a moment away from her eloquent countenance ; and the dwelling he had shuddered to think upon, became happier and more cheerful than the abode from which he had been driven—an exile within sight of home.

But, partly from necessity, and partly because he con-

ceived himself a wronged and injured man, he was induced to form a connexion with one of the lawless bands that infested the sea-coast of Devonshire; and, from a suspected smuggler, became one in reality. Notwithstanding the continued exertions of his wife to wean him from a course of crime and danger, he had persevered, until much of the wealth he had lost had returned again to his coffers,—and when he spoke of the re-purchase of his ancient home and estate, it was not as a far-off prospect, but as an event almost within his reach. It was this feeling, and this hope, that came over him, as he stood before the broken door of the deserted house.

“Soon shall ye be my own,” he exclaimed, as he paused at the threshold,—“my own, once more; and in your spacious halls shall my Ellen sit as meekly and as gently as in her humble cottage on the moor—soon will ye be my own again, home of my fathers!”

He whistled; the sound was answered; and in a few moments he was in the midst of a band of resolute and daring men, who welcomed him as their leader.

“Comrades! the moon wanes; have you any one on the look-out?”

“Ay, Sir, ay,” replied a stout hardy seaman: “Jack Minns is up aloft with the night-glass; and I warrant me Jack will see her ten knots off.”

“Is there any one upon the watch on the main road, and to the left of the hill?”

“Ay, Sir, ay, all is cared for, and I warrant me the bouny Bess will land her cargo safe enough, long before the morning breaks.”

The gang were carousing merrily; but Herbert sat apart. His thoughts were with his lone wife in her cottage; well he knew that the night would be to her sleepless as to him: and it was with an aching heart, and a burning brow, that he looked upon the calm heavens, and then towards the moor that lay shrouded in darkness, and breathed a low and solemn prayer that the innocent might not suffer with the guilty. It was a vain and foolish prayer; it was a solemn mockery of justice; and he knew it. The husband and the father should have remembered that in his dishonour was his children's shame; that in his misery they must participate; and that the consequences of his crime could not be visited alone on him. It was thus he reasoned, when such reasoning could avail him nought.

In about an hour, Jack Minns descended from the roof of the house, and gave notice that the Bessy was in the offing. Instantly, the party were in motion, and on their way to the shore. Silently and steadily they passed down the rugged and broken cliffs, and stood at the water's edge. Soon a solitary spark was seen dimly burning, for an instant, upon the surface of the ocean; so faint was it, that by those only who looked for it, could it be discerned. It pointed out where the vessel lay. The signal was answered from the shore: a flash from a pistol-pan informed the smugglers where they might land—and, in a few moments, the muffled oars were rapidly bearing a boat to land. A brief greeting was exchanged between the seamen and their associates, and the work of unloading commenced. In a space of time

almost incredibly short, she was on her way towards the ship, when a sound that resembled a stifled scream passed along the waves; and the boatmen stayed their cars, first looking along the sea, where their own vessel rode tranquilly upon the waters, and then towards the land, where they could discern, in the dim twilight, an unusual and ominous bustle among the party they had left.

It was not the ordinary stir of their employment that engaged the smugglers on shore. Herbert had given his directions; and along the craggy cliffs were the tubs and bales borne to a place of safety, when he perceived a stranger among the group, and instantly pointed him out to Minns, who advanced, laid his hand upon him, and attempted to force his slouched hat from his head. The attempt was resisted, when the smuggler drew a pistol from his belt, and said in a low tone—"Friend or foe?"

The stranger replied by knocking the pistol out of the hand that threatened him, and rushed up the cliffs, followed by a number of the party, one of whom fired his pistol at the spy. The sound echoed from rock to rock, and as it died away, the voice of Jack Minns was heard in a kind of hissing whisper that passed through the group.

"Comrades, we are betrayed!—off! off!"

But ere they could resolve on what course to pursue, a party of soldiers bent their bodies over the precipice, and pointed their muskets at the gang beneath. The click of their fire-arms was distinctly heard, and the

gleam of their brightness met the gaze of the smugglers, as they looked upwards and shuddered. The next sounds were the fearful warning. "Yield, in the King's name!" and the reply of some daring and reckless man, "Come and take us!"

The smugglers had shrunk under the partial shelter of the overhanging cliffs, but as they looked to the right or left, they saw that every pass was guarded. They had brief time for thought:—the soldiers with their fixed bayonets were marching in order towards the strand, and a signal fire was instantly blazing on the heights.

"They are but few now," exclaimed Minns; "let us fight it out before the rest come on us."

Herbert made no reply. Every nerve was paralyzed; his countenance became pale as death; and a deep and hollow groan came from his bosom, at the very moment when Minns, struggling with the foremost soldier of the band, received the contents of a musket through his heart, and with a loud shriek fell along the shore.

The contest was brief, but did not terminate until more than one soldier had been wounded, and several smugglers had been stretched upon the crimsoned sand. Almost broken in heart, and wounded—for he had fought like a tiger in his lair, when he found the hunters press hardly upon him—was Herbert led, a gyved prisoner, along the road towards the dwelling that was once his own.

The morning was breaking over the earth, and still as a prisoner, with a felon's death before him, lay Herbert, beside his own once cheerful and happy hearth, when a

gentle tap was heard at the casement ;—with a faltering step he approached, looked beneath, and beheld his wife :—she made a sign to be cautious ; and having first ascertained that his guards were sleeping, Herbert carefully opened the window, and in another moment she was in his arms :—a few brief whispers served to tell the purport of her visit :—

“ Oh, Herbert, this is no time for reproach—to save the erring father of my children am I here. Oh, if my warning voice had been heard ere the fatal night that is now fearfully passing !”

Her object was soon explained ; and in a few seconds Herbert had taken her cloak, wrapt her in his long and heavy coat, placed his hat on her head, pressed her to his bosom, and he was crawling away under the shadow of the trees. In the already dawning twilight, he could perceive her at the window, pressing her hand to her brow, and her raised finger was directing his course towards the beach.

The whole transaction was scarcely the work of a minute, but it was an eventful one ; for she had scarcely closed the window, ere one of the soldiers awoke, turned and looked carefully round the room—the prisoner was seated in a corner ; leaning her head upon her arm ; and above an hour passed before the escape of Herbert was discovered.

In vain did they search every portion of the old mansion, and scour the neighbouring hills and plains—the object they sought was no where to be found ;—and although Ellen was led to the nearest town and examined,

her bondage was brief,—she was suffered to return to her children.

Nearly a year had passed, and she had received no tidings of her husband,—hope had at length gone from her,—in sorrow and in solitude did she spend her days, and even the sweet smiles and gentle accents of her children failed to call back comfort to her heart and dwelling. A long weary winter and a cheerful spring had gone by; and summer had again decked the land in beauty. Driven from her humble cottage, and pointed at as the smuggler's wife, in the neighbouring town of Barnstaple, in which she at first sought refuge, she had travelled along the coast,—poor, and friendless, and deserted,—with no comforter but that religion which had never left her, either in the lofty dwelling on the strand, the humble cottage on the moor, or during her wanderings along the public highways,—depending for existence upon the poor pittance that the cold hand of charity might fling to her. At length, in a dark and cheerless lodging in the outskirts of Ilfracombe, did Ellen Herbert find shelter, and, by the labour of her hands, did she bring up those who were more desolate than orphans.

Morning, noon, and night, did she fervently pray that, wherever her husband wandered, the light of truth might visit him,—and that deep adversity might teach him the lesson of honourable contentment he had failed to learn from the precepts and example of his wife.

One evening, when her children were at rest, she had laid aside her work, and the Book of Truth lay open on

her table; she had been comforted by its pages, that speak so strongly to the faithful of reward; to the desolate, of hope; when the latch was gently raised, and Herbert met the gaze of his wife:—pale and haggard, and in the garb of extreme poverty, did he stand before her, and listen to the throbs that came from her bosom, mingled with grateful thanks to the giver of all good that he was yet alive.

Her prayers had been heard. The hand of affliction had been heavy upon him in the far distant land to which he had escaped; but affliction had been to him mercy; the bread that had been cast upon the waters, had been returned after many days; the prayers of the righteous had availed much;—changed in heart did he once more tread the shores of his native land, and seek out those beloved ones from whom he might again hear the blessed words of husband and father.

All the night long did they sit, hand in hand, and speak their gratitude to God, who had made adversity the handmaid of religion: and in calm confidence they spake of the future, as more full of hope than of fear. “Steadfastly purposing to lead a new life,” did the outlawed smuggler detail to his trusting and virtuous companion, the trials he had encountered—trials that had worked together for his good. And the early morning beheld them, with their boy and babe, journeying from the town.

In the metropolis, to which they travelled, Herbert, under another name, soon obtained employment; regained his lost character; and by a course of unremit-

ting industry and integrity, arrived, step by step, to a respectable and lucrative station in the office of an extensive merchant, whose partner he became, after the lapse of a few years.

Many persons are there, in the county of Devon, who have received from their fathers the above story of Herbert the Smuggler. The circumstances will be familiar to some of them, although nearly a century has passed over the transaction—for it has been recorded, as nearly as possible, after the manner in which it was related to the writer, as a *true tale*.

A LAY OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

“OWHERE have you been, bonny Morley Reid?

For mony a long night and day
I have missed ye sair, at the Wanlock-head,
And the cave o’ the Louthier brae.

Our friends are waning fast away,
Baith frae the cliff and the wood;
They are tearing them frae us ilka day
For there’s naething will please but blood.

And, O bonny Morley, I maun now
Gie your heart muckle pain,
For your bridegroom is a missing too,
And ’tis feared that he is ta’en.

We have sought the caves o' the Enterkin,
And the dens o' the Ballybough,
And a' the howes o' the Ganna linn
And we wot not what to do."

"Dispel your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hope all for the best,
For the servants of God will find a place,
Their weary heads to rest.

There are better places, that we ken o'
And seemlier to be in,
Than all the dens of the Ballybough,
Or howes o' the Ganna linn.

But sit thee down, good Marjory Laing,
And listen a while to me,
For I have a tale to tell to you,
That will bring you to your knee.

I went to seek my own dear James
In the cave o' the Louthier brae,
For I had some things, that of a' the world,
He best deserved to ha'e.

I had a kebbuck in my lap,
And a fadge o' the flower sae sma',
And a sark I had made for his boardly back,
As white as the new dri'en snaw.

I sought him over hill and dale,
Shouting by cave and tree,
But only the dell, with its eiry yell,
An answer returned to me.

I sought him up, and I sought him down,
And echoes returned his name,
Till the gloffs o' dread shot to my heart,
And dirled through a' my frame.

I sat me down by the Enterkin,
And saw, in a feerful line,
The red dragoons come up the path,
Wi' prisoners eight or nine.

And one of them was my dear, dear James,
The flower of a' his kin;
He was wounded behind, and wounded before,
And the blood ran frae his chin.

He was bound upon a weary hack,
Lashed both by hough and heel,
And his hands were bound behind his back,
Wi' the thumbikins of steel.

I kneeled before that popish band,
In the fervour of inward strife,
And I raised to heaven my trembling hand,
And begged my husband's life.

But all the troop laughed me to scorn,
 Making my grief their game,
And the captain said some words to me,
 Which I cannot tell you for shame.

And then he cursed our whiggish race,
 With a proud and a scornful brow,
And bade me look at my husband's face,
 And say how I liked him now.

O, I like him weel, thou proud Captain,
 Though the blood runs to his knee,
And all the better for the grievous wrongs
 He has suffered this day frae thee.

But can you feel within your heart,
 That comely youth to slay ;
For the hope you have in heaven, Captain,
 Let him gang wi' me away.

Then the Captain swore a fearfu' oath,
 With loathsome jest and mock,
That he thought no more of a whigamore's life,
 Than the life of a noisome brock.

Then my poor James to the Captain called,
 And he begg'd baith hard and sair,
To have one kiss of his bonny bride,
 Ere we parted for evermair.

I'll do that for you, said the proud Captain,
And save you the toil to-day,
And, moreover, I'll take her little store,
To support you by the way.

He took my bountith from my lap,
And I saw with sorrow dumb,
That he parted it all among his men,
And gave not my love one crumb.

Now, fare you well, my very bonny bride,
Cried the Captain with disdain :
When I come back to the banks of Nith,
I shall kiss you sweetly then.

Your heartiest thanks must sure be given,
For what I have done to-day,—
I am taking him straight on the road to heaven
And short will be the way.

My love he gave me a parting look,
And blessed me ferventlye,
And the tears they mixed wi' his purple blood,
And ran down to his knee."

"What's this I hear, bonny Morley Reid?
How could these woes betide?
For blither you could not look this day,
Were your husband by your side.

One of two things alone is left,
And dreadful the one to me,
For either your fair wits are reft,
Or else your husband's free."

"Allay your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hear me out the rest,—
You little ken what a bride will do,
For the youth she likes the best.

I hied me home to my father's ha',
And through a' my friends I ran,
And I gathered me up a purse o' goud,
To redeem my young good man.

For I ken'd the papish lowns would well
My fair intent approve,
For they'll do far mair for the good red goud,
Than they'll do for heaven above.

And away I ran to Edinburgh town,
Of my shining treasure vain,
To buy my James from the prison strong,
Or there with him remain.

I sought through a' the city jails,
I sought baith lang and sair,
But the guardsmen turned me frae their doors,
And swore that he was not there.

I went away to the popish duke,
Who was my love's judge to be,
And I proffered him a' my yellow store,
If he'd grant his life to me.

He counted the red goud slowly o'er,
By twenties and by tens,
And said I had taken the only means
To attain my hopeful ends.

And now, said he, your husband's safe,
You may take this pledge of me,
And I'll tell you, fair one, where you'll go
To gain this certaintye.

Gang west the street and down the bow,
And through the market place,
And there you will meet with a gentleman,
Of a tall and courteous grace.

He is clad in a livery of the green,
With a plume aboon his bree,
And armed with a halbert glittering sheen,
Your love he will let you see.

O Marjory, never flew blithsome bird
So light out through the sky,
As I flew up that stately street,
Weeping for very joy.

O, never flew lamb out o'er the lea,
When the sun gangs o'er the hill,
Wi' lighter, blither steps than me,
Or skipped wi' sic good will.

And aye I blessed the precious ore,
My husband's life that wan,
And I even blessed the popish duke,
For a kind, good hearted man.

The officer I soon found out,
For he could not be mistook,
But in all my life I never beheld
Sic a grim and a gruesome look.

I asked him for my dear, dear James,
With throbs of wild delight,
And begged him in his master's name,
To take me to his sight.

He asked me for his true address,
With a voice at which I shook,
For I saw that he was a popish knave,
By the terror of his look.

I named the name with a buoyant voice,
That trembled with extasye,
But the savage brayed a hideous laugh,
Then turned and grinned at me..

He pointed up to the city wall ;
One look benumbed my soul,
For there I saw my husband's head,
Fixed high upon a pole.

His yellow hair waved in the wind,
And far behind did flee,
And his right hand hang beside his cheek,
A waesome sight to see.

His chin hang down on open space,
Yet comely was his brow,
And his een were open to the breeze,—
There was nane to close them now.

“What think you of your truelove now ?
The hideous porter said ;
“Is not that a comely sight to see,
And sweet to a whiggish maid ?”

O, haud your tongue, ye popish slave,
For I downae answer you ;
He was dear, dear to my heart befoie,
But never sae dear as now.

I see a sight you cannot see,
Which man cannot efface ;
I see a ray of heavenly love
Beaming on that dear face.

And weel I ken yon bonny brent brow,
Will smile in the walks on high,
And yon yellow hair, all blood-stained now
Maun wave aboon the sky

But can you trow me, Marjory dear,
In the might of heavenly grace,
There was never a sigh burst frae my heart,
Nor a tear ran o'er my face.

But I blessed my God, who had thus seen meet
To take him from my side,
To call him home to the courts above,
And leave me a virgin bride."

"Alak, alak, bonny Morley Reid,
That sic days we hae lived to see,
For sickan a cruel and waefu' tale
Was never yet heard by me.

And all this time, I have trembling weened,
That your dear wits were gone,
For there is a joy in your countenance,
Which I never saw beam thereon.

Then let us kneel with humble hearts,
To the God whom we revere,
Who never yet laid that burden on,
Which he gave not strength to bear."

THE VOICE OF PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

“ Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction.”

MAN, richly endowed as he is, has been denied the attribute of prescience. Such a boon would have proved inimical to his peace ; its withholdment demands, therefore, acquiescence and gratitude. In the perverseness of his spirit, however, he is often dissatisfied with this negation in his lot, and, were it possible, would impetuously rend asunder the veil which overhangs futurity ; but, failing in his efforts, he welcomes every promise to draw it aside, and to cast a revealing light on things to come.

In this infatuation originated the oracles of antiquity, amounting, it is calculated, to not fewer than three hundred ; among which that of Apollo at Delphos, and that of Dodona, consecrated to Jupiter, were the most renowned. So great was the charm attendant on their celebrity, that responses were received with implicit confidence, though delivered in the murmurs of a fountain, in the sounds of a brazen kettle, or by the lips of the Pythoness, who, having passed through the preparatory rites and inhaled the sacred vapour, arose from her tripod, and with a distracted countenance, with hair erect, with a foaming mouth, and with shrieks and howl-

ings which filled the temple, and shook it to its base, uttered some unconnected words, to be collected by the priests, and pronounced the decisions of inexorable fate.

And, strange as it may appear, a similar fascination is still extant. Dupes are found in towns and villages by a wandering tribe,—

“ the sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim ;”

while modern seers, unhappily, are in no want of readers for their volumes, or listeners to their harangues.

Well may the heart sicken at such proofs of human imbecility. Many are the minds which never rise beyond the infancy of their powers ; and not a few are there which make a sudden lapse into a second childhood. There is, however, the consolation that imposture proves the existence of reality, and that there are

“ Oracles truer far than oak
Or dove or tripod ever spoke ;”

notwithstanding the preference which prevails for fallacies, and the too common disposition to effect the accordance of what is infallibly true with wild hypotheses.

Among the predictions that substantiate their claim to a divine origin, are those associated with the history of Tyre, and on these a few illustrative remarks may not be deemed uninteresting or unseasonable. Antiquity speaks indeed of three cities, erected at different periods, which bore a similar designation. Tyre on the continent, called

also Palæ-Tyrus, or old Tyre; Tyre, on the island, which, according to Pliny, was little more than half a mile from the continent; and Tyre on the peninsula: but it appears they were actually one, for an artificial isthmus is said to have joined the old and new cities.

At the time to which allusion should first be made, Palæ-Tyrus had attained the towering pinnacle of wealth and fame. Every part of the known world wafted treasures to her ports, and people of all languages thronged her streets. Within her boundaries, was the chief seat of liberal arts—the mart of nations—the vast emporium of the globe. Her merchants were princes; and Tyre, having taught her sons to navigate the mighty deep, and to brave the fury of its storms, stretched forth her radiant sceptre—the empress of the seas.

Amid the splendour, luxury, and pride of unsurpassed prosperity, a holy seer, with ashes on his head, a countenance of noble expression, and a garment of sackcloth cast over a frame of vigorous maturity, went forth, and in tones of authority, softened by compassion, announced, among indifferent, scornful, and insulting multitudes, the solemn prophecy of Tyre's destruction. At the sounds which fell from his lips the loud laugh often rose; the wit and the mimic made the prophet their sport at many a banquet; to every false prognostication was given the name of Ezekiel; and more than one generation passed away, leaving the daring impiety of the Tyrians unvisited, and the true and holy character of Jehovah unavenged.

But at length, the sword of justice, slumbering in its

scabbard for more than a hundred years, awoke. Nebuchadnezzar, who had been expressly announced, came forth "from the north, with horses, and chariots, and companies, and much people," attacked Palæ-Tyros, and continued the siege for thirteen years. Availing themselves of their physical superiority over the invader, the Tyrians made their escape by sea; hence their colonies were scattered far and wide, and the city, which was called the daughter of Sidon, became the parent of Carthage. Success was, therefore, to the conqueror only the harbinger of disappointment; he found Tyre stripped of its treasures and almost deserted; and in the furious exasperation of his wrath, he put the remnant of a vast and luxurious population to a cruel and immediate death, and consigned the scene of their departed glory to utter destruction.

If, however, unlike the fabled phoenix, it was forbidden to rise from its ashes, it was permitted to resemble the father who lives again in his son, for insular, or New Tyre, soon rose to distinction, became a mart of universal merchandize, and "heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets." Surrounded by a wall, a hundred and fifty feet high, built upon the very extremity of the island, and laved on every side by the ocean's billows, it appeared impregnable. But the revival of power was transient—the semblance of security was delusive, for scarcely had a century elapsed when Alexander panted to reckon it among his proud possessions. Rushing to the city to slake his burning desires, eagerly as the hunted deer hurries to quaff the

cool waters of the lake, he found a spirit of resistance awakened, equal in energy to the ardour of conquest.

Never did the collision of human passions enkindle a contest more violent and sanguinary than that which immediately commenced,—the heart chills at the recollection of its details, and the hand refuses to present them to the eye. Furiously repelled by a desperate people, the invaders had to contend with exasperated elements. A junction with the main land, rendered necessary by the previous destruction of the isthmus, was almost complete, when a storm arose—the waves dashed with resistless force against the mass—the waters penetrated the strong foundation—and like the sea-girt rock riven by an earthquake, it sunk at once in the yawning abyss.

No sooner was this repaired by the aid of the patriarchs of the vegetable world,—the cedars of Lebanon,—

“ Coeval with the sky-crowned mountain’s self,”

and the military engines placed upon it, hurling arrows, stones, and burning torches on the besieged, while the Cyprian fleet approached the harbour, to the unutterable terror of the Tyrians, than, suddenly, thick and gloomy clouds enwrapt the sky ;—every moon-beam was extinguished ;—the sea insensibly arose, casting far and wide the foam of its wrath ;—the vessels fastened together were torn asunder with a horrid crash ; and the flotilla, once tremendous and threatening destruction, returned a wreck to the shore.

Dispirited by these circumstances, and by unquenchable valour, Alexander had almost determined to raise the siege ; but a supply of eight thousand men having arrived in compliance with his demand, from Samaria, (then the asylum of all the malcontents in Judea,) he gave fresh energy and horror to the conflict ; and at length, amid the shouts and yells of infuriated multitudes, the ocean-sceptre of Tyre was broken—the splendid city was given to the devouring flame—and two thousand victims remaining, when the soldiers were glutted with slaughter, they were transfixed to crosses along the sea-shore.

And now, as the traveller seeks for ancient Tyre, he will find its reliques in a miserable spot named Sîr. Instead of a magnificent spectacle, enkindling admiration, delight, and astonishment, nothing but the fragments of scattered ruins will meet his view ; instead of gay and glittering throngs, he will recognize only a few wretches, plunged in the deepest poverty, who burrow in vaults, and subsist on the produce of the waters ; and strange will be the darkness of his mind, and the apathy of his heart, if, as he muses on the contrast, and marks the implements of fishing lying on the solitary cliffs, he does no homage to the prophetic voice which said “Thou shalt be built no more—thou shalt be as the top of a rock, thou shalt be a place on which fishers shall dry their nets !”——But another fact must now be remarked.

At the crisis when Alexander, desponding of victory, contemplated the abandonment of Tyre, messengers despatched to Jerusalem with a requisition of aid

returned with the reinforcement from Samaria. Hurried instantly into the presence of the Monarch, he demanded the number of the Jews on their march. To this inquiry a Macedonian of noble mien replied, in a tone expressive of reverence and regret, that their mission, though undertaken by command of the greatest of Princes, had utterly failed.

“At whose peril?” asked the indignant conqueror.

“At their’s, O King,” replied the messenger, “to whom our embassy was charged.”

“Then be it their’s,” rejoined the Macedonian; “vengeance shall follow their contumacy—but their answer?”

“It was thus given,” said the legate, “by the chief of the priesthood: ‘Go tell your King, that the Jews are bound by an oath to Darius of Persia, and therefore during his life, they cannot obey another’s mandate.’”

“But they shall—they shall,”—vociferated the impetuous Prince; “and no sooner shall the pride of Tyre be brought low, than Alexander’s victorious legions shall pour a like destruction on Jerusalem; nor shall their Persian ally shield them from the wrath their madness has enkindled!”

Jaddua, the High Priest, could easily anticipate the ebullition of the Macedonian’s ire, but portentous as it appeared, duty left him no alternative. To disobey the mandate was indeed to expose himself and his people to the violence of an exasperated power; but what was this compared with the breach of a solemn pledge? With a conscience unstained and unburdened, they could rely

implicitly on Israel's God ; and as he thought of their deliverance from the plot of Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, he pronounced his decision with a countenance beaming with placid dignity, with a steady gaze, and with an unfaltering tongue ; nor was his serenity ruffled by the ill-repressed rage of those to whom it was delivered. At the offering of the evening sacrifice however, he did not forget to supplicate pardon, if he had unwittingly trespassed ; nor to implore the divine benediction, if his determination were accordant with his character and office.

But as the interests of his people, infinitely dearer than his own, were now in imminent peril, the fervent supplications of his bosom were not enough, and he therefore issued his command for a general and solemn convocation.

The day arrived,—the hum of secular occupation was hushed—the Sabbath seemed suddenly to have returned, and multitudes from every part proceeded to the temple. In the first court, surrounded by a range of cloisters, over which were galleries supported by columns, each consisting of a single piece of white marble, stood the Gentile proselytes ; within—but separated by a low stone partition, on which pillars were placed, inscribed with a prohibition to an alien to enter the holy place—appeared the Jewish women : on an elevation of fifteen steps arose the court appropriated to the worship of the male Israelites ; above this was that of the priests, cut off from the rest of the building by a wall one cubit high, and surrounding the altar of burnt-offerings, and between it and the holy

of holies, were the sanctuary and the portico, in which splendid votive offerings were suspended ;—while the various inclosures were thronged with worshippers, with eyes cast reverently downward, with hands meekly crossed upon their breasts, and with uncovered feet, blending their fervent prayers with acts of deepest humiliation, to deprecate the vengeance, which, like an immense thunder-cloud, hovered over Jerusalem.

Refreshed as the Israelites were by the pure streams of Elim, Jaddua retired from the magnificent and solemn scene ; and when at the usual hour he sought repose, his venerable cheek was irradiated by the brightest glow of hope. As he sunk into slumber, that glow was softened, until at last it melted into an expression of profound reverence ; for He, who commands every avenue to the mind, deigned to approach his servant in the visions of the night, smiled upon him with ineffable benignity, assured him of the ascent of his offerings with a grateful odour, pointed out the means to be employed, and engaged to throw around his people the shield of his Almighty arm

Smiling through tears of astonishment and gratitude, the High Priest awoke ; and soon was the heavenly motion obeyed. Again the whole city was in motion,—all its magnificent portals were thrown open—an abundance of flowers, asphodel, ranunculuses, anemonies, phalangias, hermolanuses,—all the varieties of beauty and fragrance, were profusely strewn through the streets—and a splendid and august procession issued forth from Jerusalem.

First appeared the venerable and lofty-minded Jaddua, the snows of whose age finely contrasted with the fire that flashed from his dark, full eye; he wore the linen ephod, splendidly wrought with gold and purple, bearing on its shoulder-straps two gems, and in its hem a row of golden bells separated from one another by artificial pomegranates—on his bosom was the breast-plate of judgment, of exquisite workmanship, studded with precious stones, inscribed with the names of the twelve sons of Jacob, and holding the mysterious Urim and Thummim—while his forehead was adorned with a crown of pure gold, on which was written, “Holiness to the Lord.” He was followed by the Priests, the Levites, the Nethinims in their official vestments, by the singers and minstrels with the harp, the trumpet, and all the treasures of a land whose native genius was music, and by an immense multitude of the people attired in white; and as they descended the hill of Zion, and entered the deep valley again, encircled with noble hills, the chorus of the song of David melted in the air:—
“The Lord of Hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our refuge.”

Having at length reached Sapha, the procession stopped. From that noble eminence the eye beholds an extensive and delightful scene. Industry has triumphed over every physical disadvantage, and covered the lime-stone rocks and stony vallies of Judea with luxuriant plantations of figs, vines, and olives. For ages the whole surface of the hills has been overspread with gardens, rich in all that is beautiful, fragrant, and delicious; and even the most sterile mountains have had

soil accumulated on their sides, and rival the most promising spots in the abundance of their produce. At the foot of heights which terminate for a space a mountainous tract, Sichem appears luxuriantly embosomed in the most delightful and fragrant bowers, and partially concealed by the stately trees which encompass the bold and beautiful valley, from which arises this metropolis of an extensive country. Beyond this, Thabor raises its head, lofty and alone, from one side of the great plain of Esdraelon, the frequent encampment of Arabs, whose tents and pavilions of all colours, surrounded by horses and camels, some in square battalions, others in circular troops, and others again in lines, present a spectacle resembling a vast army, or the siege of a city.

From a scene thus imposing, the eyes of Jaddua and those around him were now diverted by different objects. Already could they discern the troops of the all-conquering Macedonian, who, with their leader, anticipated a slaughter like that in which their hands had just been imbrued. Every heart was impelled by the same feeling—a hatred bitter as death swallowed up all other emotions, and the thirst of wolves or of tigers seemed likely to be slaked only by a lake of blood.

Alexander, observing the procession of the Jews, dismounted, and advanced to the front of his troops; but amid the astonishment, dismay, and despair of his legions, he no sooner recognized the High Priest by his magnificent dress and the sacred name on his brow, than he fell at his feet in profound homage, and then, rising from the earth, saluted him with the deepest veneration.

Indignant at this act of submission, Parmenio exclaimed: "Does the Sovereign, whom all adore, thus yield what it is his universally to claim."

"Knowest thou then," replied the Monarch, "the object of this reverence?"

"Surely," rejoined the favourite, "this Jewish Priest is he."

"He is not, Parmenio," said Alexander—"thou hast yet to know that when I was at Dia, my mind fixed on the Persian war, and revolving the means for the conquest of Asia, this venerable man, thus attired, appeared to me in a dream, charged me to banish fear and to cross the Hellespont, and declared that God would march at the head of my legions and grant me a splendid triumph—I therefore adore the Divinity in the person of his Priest."

Having given this reply, Alexander embraced Jaddua and all his brethren, and proceeded in the midst of them towards Jerusalem; while as they advanced, the High Priest could not restrain the glowing language of his ardent spirit, resembling that which fell in after days;

Behold the temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of suns, fretted with golden pinnacles.
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roof,
And down the long and branching porticos,
On every flowery sculptured capital
Glitters the homage of his parting beam.

Alexander felt the appeal; and as soon as the sacred edifice was entered, he inquired how he could present an acceptable offering; the delighted Priest directed him to the ritual of Moses, and that day the holocausts of the Macedonian were consumed on Jehovah's altar.

No sooner was the last sacrifice presented than Jaddua took the sacred rolls from the golden ark, whose tissue curtains hid them, as in a sanctuary, from every casual eye, exclaiming, "There are other visions, O King, than that of **Dia**;—visions which only ask a steady gaze to reward him who looks with heaven's own beams."

"To whom were they given?" asked Alexander, whose romantic spirit instantly lighted up his strongly-marked countenance with lively expectation.

"To one of Israel's seers, replied the Priest, Daniel by name; he beheld them in the splendid palace of Shushan; and as he trod the flowery banks of Ulai's river."

"Command him then instantly to appear," cried Alexander, "and let him tell his dreams."

"Thou canst not gaze upon him," said Jaddua, "the holy prophet of the Lord rests in peace: his ashes are in Babylon, but his spirit delights itself in the presence of God with Abraham, Moses, David, and all the redeemed of Israel.—But in this roll, immaculate and incomparable, he has traced them all with a hand as unerring as his lips."

"How knowest thou this?" inquired the Macedonian.

"The dew of heaven cannot bless one spot with fertility and curse another with barrenness," said the

Priest ; “ neither can he to whom God gives the words of truth write or utter falsehoods.—Daniel was a prophet highly favoured. When Nebuchadnezzar, Assyria's Monarch, had a dream, which departed from him in the confusion of his mind, and the astrologers, soothsayers, and magicians of his court, though threatened with death in case of failure, could not reveal it, Daniel, at that time one of the children of the captivity, described all he had beheld ; and was raised as his reward to honour and dominion. When, too, Belshazzar was feasting with a thousand of his lords, a mysterious hand came forth and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace, some words in letters of light ; but none could decypher them, till Daniel read in them the doom of the idolatrous prince ; and received for his interpretation, the satrap's scarlet robe, the chain of purest gold, and the dignity of third ruler in Chaldea's realm. Besides, an angel came to him, even Gabriel, chief of the heavenly hosts, and revealed all that should take place in the latter days ; and if’——

“ Enough ! enough !” said Alexander, hastily, “ I'll hear thy oracle.”

“ He looked,” resumed Jaddua, “ on a stormy and tempestuous sea, the sign of a world of strife, and from it four beasts arose.—The first was like a lion, having eagle's wings,—but its wings were soon plucked.”——

“ Of what was this the symbol ?” asked Alexander.

“ Of the kingdom of Babylon,” replied the Priest, “ whose conquests were rapid as the eagle's flight when hastening to its prey : the spirit and arms of Nebuchad-

nezzar raised it to the pinnacle of its glory in a few short years; but when this prophecy was uttered, its mighty opponents were tearing away its power as the feathers are torn from the wings of a bird. The second beast was like a bear—the emblem of a proud, haughty, vindictive, cruel race—.”

“Ah! I see—the Medes and Persians—the revellers in blood,”—shouted the elated Macedonian.

“The same,” rejoined the Priest; “but mark!—the third beast was like a leopard having four heads, on its back were the wings of a fowl, and to it was given dominion—thus denoting one of little stature but great courage, whose triumphs accumulate as the wind heaps up the sand of the desert, or as the cloud like a man’s hand gathers the vapours from every quarter when it has arrived near the zenith, till they overspread the sky;—and who will yet combat with a mighty king and compel him to lick the dust—one—”

“Alexander is the leopard, and Darius is his prey,” said the Monarch; “but has the seer other signs?”

“He has,” answered Jadduâ; “Daniel beheld, in vision, a ram, which pushed westward, and northward, and southward, so that no beast could stand before it; and this the angel declared was the type of the Medes and Persians, who urged their conquests to the *Ægean* Sea, and the bounds of Asia in the west, subdued the Armenians and Cappadocians in the north, and conquered Egypt in the south; but a he-goat came from the west, having a notable horn between its eyes—and——”

“A he-goat, say you, priest?” inquired the monarch with great eagerness,—“a he-goat is the very sign of the Macedonians! Was not Caranus, going with a multitude of Greeks, to seek a new abode, required by the oracle to take the goats for his guide? Did he not follow a herd, flying from a violent storm, to Edessa? Did he not fix there his seat—make the goats his standards—and call his people *Ægeadæ*, and his city *Ægeæ*, after their name?—And is not Roxana’s son called Alexander *Ægus*—But the horn—what means the horn?”

“It is the sign of the great king of Macedon,” answered Jaddua, “who is described as contending with the goat.”

“He did so,” interrupted the monarch, “at the Granicus, and tore from his grasp the richest trophies! Did he not defeat him again in the narrow passes of Cilicia—and will he not tear the crown from his head, and break the staff of his power?”

“He will,” replied the priest, as he rolled up the record and covered it with its gorgeous and golden-fringed mantle; but as he was about to replace it in the ark, Alexander asked if all the prophet wrote was told. As the question could not be evaded, Jaddua said, that the horn of the goat should soon be broken off, and that four other horns should rise in its place.

The declaration cast no shade over the monarch’s brow, for his eye gloated on the dazzling honours now within his grasp. He saw Darius as vainly contending with his power as the dove does with the eagle by whose talons it is clutched—the bright glory of the Persians

appeared rising on that of his own empire, like another sun, on the effulgent radiance of noon—ardent and rapturous exclamations broke upon his ear—the treasures of a world seemed poured out before him as from a vast cornucopia—and countless millions to do homage at his feet.

Tearing himself, at length, from the dazzling vision which absorbed his whole soul, he exclaimed, “Venerable priest of the Jews, had thy prophet lived, on him I had showered gifts worthy of him to receive, and of Alexander to bestow ; he rises aloft among seers as thou doest among thy people—as thy temple does among their dwellings ;—but I can reward thee for his sake, as well as for thine own—what wilt thou ?”

“King of Macedon,” replied Jaddua, “accustomed as the Jews are to eat the simple fruits of the earth, except at the appointed festivals, their wants are few.—”

“What then are *they*?” inquired the joyous monarch.

“Once in seven years,” the Priest answered, “the Jews, according to the law of Moses, do not till their ground, and therefore reap not the golden fruits of harvest, and yet for that year they pay tribute.”

“Henceforth then,” rejoined the king, “they shall not ! but when Alexander wishes to bestow, those who ask need not soon be silent—the earth that has the former needs the latter rain.”

“Let then, gracious monarch,” said Jaddua, “or more favour be granted, and the latter rain will have fallen :—it is, that the Jews, who live in Babylon

and Media, may observe their own laws, which make them differ from all other people."

At the assurance of perfect liberty in these respects, and of its extension to all Jews who might choose to range themselves under the banners of Macedon, the spacious chamber reverberated with shouts of joy—the multitudes without soon caught the tidings—the sackbut, psaltery, and cymbals gave forth their sounds—rapturous acclamations were echoed from hill to hill—and, as the monarch left Jerusalem, flowers were strewed in his path—all the music of the city was tasked to do him honour—thousands on thousands pressed eagerly around his chariot—the very children lisped his name, and the eye followed him until the dense mass of his army, augmented by numbers of the Jews, looked like a dark speck on the horizon, and then disappeared.

SEEKETH NOT HER OWN.

IN reading the apostle's beautiful description of the varied and lovely graces of Christian charity, the lips may sometimes dejectedly exclaim, "who is sufficient for these things?" So truly may conscience warn too many of their lamentable deficiency in the exercise of those holy tempers, which should be the outward testimony of that faith, by which the Christian professes that he lives. I will not look into the world to see how many or how few of those characteristic marks attach to

those with whom I mix. I have a nearer business to transact at home. Were I judged solely by the test of some of these, where should I deservedly be ranked? "Seeketh not her own," is one of the distinctions by which the faithful child of God is recognised, as coming out from amongst others, and being separate. Is this distinction mine? Are the rights which are clearly my own, never insisted on with a pertinacity which shows they are estimated as something more than trusts which Providence has reposed on me, out of which He has deputed me to minister as His agent? Do I, if placed in eminence of station from wealth, or rank, or learning, or talent, consider myself but as an upper servant of God's household, on whom a superior responsibility is made to rest, and who, therefore, "seeketh not her own," but God's honour? If this be so, I shall claim no peculiar deference to be paid to *my* opinion, because it is *mine*; no flattering attentions to *my* person; no infringement on the inclinations and tastes of those around me, simply that *mine* may have the pre-eminence. Whatever station I am in, I shall consider the affections of others (even if by my own undeviating tenderness I should seem to have a just claim to them) as theirs, freely to bestow, believing it to be my part *gratefully* to receive them. Leisure and ease I shall be ready to resign, whenever the claims of God's service and the necessities of my fellow creatures require my attention, though the call be repugnant to inclination, and convenience be made the sacrifice. Even to add to their momentary gratifications, my own must be taught to yield, so that they be innocent, and



no way likely to infringe on any higher claim which God, or my neighbour, possesses over me. And, when all this is done, Christianity enjoins that I seek no praise, that I demand no compensation for the benefit, or the pleasure, which has been bestowed. This, indeed, would be a wide extension of that, against which the prohibition already exists. For, in this case, should I not seek that which, clearly, could in no sense be said to be my own? To whom should the praise be given, but to Him of whom cometh the sufficiency, and "our sufficiency is of God." To ourselves then let us ascribe, as we justly may, every deficiency which attends our daily performance of this prescribed command; and to Him be the honour, the praise, the adoration, for every power of resisting self. His grace it is which worketh it in us, and to Him be all the glory

THE RESURRECTION.

THE ANGEL OF THE SEPULCHRE.

HE IS NOT HERE, BUT HE IS RISEN!

Gone beyond the world's control—
Upward, from the body's prison,
To the regions of the soul.
Time nor chance can longer bind
Jesus,—Monarch of mankind!

Dusk was upon Sion's hill,
Night was in the vale below;
All thy myriad hearts were still—
City, doomed to matchless woe!
O'er her more than clouds were spread—
Thunders, that shall wake the dead.

Madness there had done its deed!
There, in dreams, the haughty Scribe,
Murderer for his vanished creed,
Launched the zealot's bitter gibe:
There, with more than aspic tongue,
His coils around the victim flung.

There the sullen hypocrite—
Man of blood, the Pharisee—
Darkener of the Temple's light,
Ruthless binder of the free—
In dreams ran o'er the life of guile,
And wore the double traitor's smile.

There the men of Sanhedrim,
Wrapt in old, pontific pride,
With no enemy but Him
Who to save them, bled and died—
Ere his hallowed blood was cold,
Grasped, in dreams, the Roman gold

There the furious multitude,
Raising in their sleep the yell,
“Be upon our heads his blood!”—
Watched his heart-drops as they fell:
Each triumphant in his pain,
As if his direst foe was slain.

Man! are those thy vanities?
Those the triumphs of the earth?
If the spirits of the skies
Could be stirred to bitter mirth,
Thou and all thy pride were born
Things of endless scoff and scorn.

Yet, oh, woman's heart !—'twas thine
Through that night to watch and weep,
Touched with love and grief divine,
Still she gazed on Sion's steep,
Till the trembling morn-star gave
Light to lead her to the grave.

Fearless of the Roman spear,
Fearless of the Jewish chain,
Through the valley, dim and drear,
Trode her steps of toil and pain ;
Though, before her, Calvary,
Darkened with th' accursed tree !

Round her lay the guilty dead,
Piled and festering from all time :
There, by endless victims fed,
Emblem of the throne of crime,
On the pilgrim's shinking gaze
Flared Gehennah's livid blaze.

Onward still, in faith and love,
Mary sought her Master's tomb ;
Lit by wisdom from above,
What to her was pain or gloom ?
Life was death, death victory—
She had seen her Master die !

Now was reached the lowly cave,
Where the dead ne'er lay before.
King, omnipotent to save!
When our age of guilt is o'er,
What hosannas shall be sung,
Where thy tortured form was flung!

On her eyeballs burst a flame,
Brighter than the lightning's spire;
From the grave the splendour came;
On it sat a shape of fire,
With the angel-crown and plume,
Guardian of the Saviour's tomb.

One of the high cherubim
Which surround the **FATHER'S** throne,
Chaunting day and night the hymn,
"King and God, thy will be done!"
Shapes that with a touch could sweep
All earth's kingdoms to the deep!

Empire beamed upon his brow,
Power was in his lifted hand,
In his cheeks' celestial glow
Loveliness, serene and grand;
But his flashing glance severe,
Shewed the blood-avenger there.

“He is risen,” the cherub said;
“Death is slain, and life is come;
Seek the dead among the dead;
Light has burst on mankind’s gloom:
In the grave no longer bound—
From this hour your King is crowned.

“Go, proclaim it to the world!
Mercy has been found for man;
Satan from his throne is hurled!—
Where the Saviour’s heart-drops ran,
There shall God’s high altar rise;
Lit with glory from the skies.

“Go, proclaim it to the world!
Though its crimes were red as blood,
O’er it is a wing unfurled:
Though its soul were guilt-imbrued,
From the rock a fount shall spring,
Deathless balm be on that wing.

“Go, proclaim it to the world!
That one penitential tear,
More than diadems impearled,
More than earth, is precious here,
Earth must still in pain be trod,
But give the heart entire to God.

“ Go, proclaim it to the world !
That Creation, like a scroll,
Fire-struck, like a parchment curled,
Into dust and smoke shall roll :
Then, upon his angels’ wings,
Throned shall come the King of kings.

“ Then, who smote him shall be smote
Then, who loved him shall be loved ;
Swifter than the flight of thought,
Flesh and blood shall be reprov’d ;
Earth’s foundations shall be air—
Faith be sight, and sin despair !”

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

There is a comfort in the strength of love,
Making that pang endurable, which else
Would upset the brain—or break the heart

WORDSWORTH.

THE monuments which human art has raised to human pride or power may decay with that power, or survive to mock that pride ; but sooner or later they perish—their place knows them not. In the aspect of a ruin, however imposing in itself, and however magnificent or dear the associations connected with it, there is always something sad and humiliating, reminding us how poor

and how frail are the works of man, how unstable his hopes, and how limited his capacity compared to his aspirations! But when man has made to himself monuments of the works of God; when the memory of human affections, human intellect, human power, is blended with the immutable features of nature, they consecrate each other, and both endure together to the end. In a state of high civilization, man trusts to the record of brick and marble—the pyramid, the column, the temple, the tomb:

“Then the bust
And altar rise—then sink again to dust.”

In the earlier stages of society, the isolated rock—the mountain, cloud-encircled—the river, rolling to its ocean-home—the very stars themselves were endued with sympathies, and constituted the first, as they will be the last, witnesses and records of our human destinies and feelings. The glories of the Parthenon shall fade into oblivion; but while the heights of Thermopylæ stand, and while a wave murmurs in the gulph of Salamis, a voice shall cry aloud to the universe—“Freedom and glory to those who can dare to die!—woe and everlasting infamy to him who would enthral the unconquerable spirit!” The Coliseum with its sanguinary trophies is crumbling to decay; but the islet of Nisida, where Brutus parted with his Portia—the steep of Leucadia, still remain fixed as the foundations of the earth; and lasting as the round world itself shall be the memories that hover over them! As long as the waters of the Hellespont flow between Sestos and Abydos, the fame

of the love that perished there shall never pass away. A traveller, pursuing his weary way through the midst of an African desert—a barren, desolate, and almost boundless solitude—found a gigantic sculptured head, shattered and half buried in the sand; and near it the fragment of a pedestal, on which these words might be with pains decyphered: “*I am Ozymandias, King of kings: look upon my works, ye mighty ones, and despair!*” Who was Ozymandias?—where are now his works?—what bond, of thought or feeling, links his past with our present? The Arab, with his beasts of burthen, tramples unheeding over these forlorn vestiges of human art and human grandeur. In the wildest part of the New Continent, hidden amid the depths of interminable forests, there stands a huge rock, hallowed by a tradition so recent that the man is not yet grey-headed who was born its contemporary; but that rock, and the tale which consecrates it, shall carry down to future ages a deep lesson—a moral interest lasting as itself—however the aspect of things and the condition of people change around it. Henceforth no man shall gaze on it with careless eye; but each shall whisper to his own bosom—“What is stronger than love in a mother’s heart?—what more fearful than power wielded by ignorance?—or what more lamentable than the abuse of a beneficent name to purposes of selfish cruelty?”

Those vast regions which occupy the central part of South America, stretching from Guiana to the foot of the Andes, overspread with gigantic and primeval forests, and watered by mighty rivers—those solitary wilds where

man appears unessential in the scale of creation, and the traces of his power are few and far between—have lately occupied much of the attention of Europeans; partly from the extraordinary events and unexpected revolutions which have convulsed the nations round them; and partly from the researches of enterprising travellers, who have penetrated into their remotest districts. But till within the last twenty years these wild regions have been unknown, except through the means of the Spanish and Portuguese priests, settled as missionaries along the banks of the Orinoco and the Paraguay. The men thus devoted to utter banishment from all intercourse with civilized life, are generally Franciscan or Capuchin friars, born in the Spanish Colonies. Their pious duties are sometimes voluntary, and sometimes imposed by the superiors of their order; in either case their destiny appears at first view deplorable, and their self-sacrifice sublime; yet, when we recollect that these poor monks generally exchanged the monotonous solitude of the cloister for the magnificent loneliness of the boundless woods and far-spreading savannahs, the sacrifice appears less terrible; even where accompanied by suffering, privation, and occasionally by danger. When these men combine with their religious zeal some degree of understanding and enlightened benevolence, they have been enabled to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and civilization, by exploring the productions and geography of these unknown regions; and by collecting into villages and humanizing the manners of the native tribes, who seem strangely to unite the fiercest and most abhorred

traits of savage life, with some of the gentlest instincts of our common nature. But when it has happened that these priests have been men of narrow minds and tyrannical tempers, they have on some occasions fearfully abused the authority entrusted to them; and being removed many thousand miles from the European settlements and the restraint of the laws, the power they have exercised has been as far beyond control as the calamities they have caused have been beyond all remedy and all relief.

Unfortunately for those who were trusted to his charge, **Father Gomez** was a missionary of this character. He was a **Franciscan** friar of the order of **Observance**, and he dwelt in the village of **San Fernando**, near the source of the **Orinoco**, whence his authority extended as president over several missions in the neighbourhood of which **San Fernando** was the capital. The temper of this man was naturally cruel and despotic; he was wholly uneducated, and had no idea, no feeling, of the true spirit of **Christian benevolence**: in this respect, the savages, whom he had been sent to instruct and civilize, were in reality less savage and less ignorant than himself.

Among the passions and vices which **Father Gomez** had brought from his cell in the convent of **Angostara**, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of **Charles the Third**, prohibiting the conversion of the

Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians; when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were *called* Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomez called these incursions *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. It was constructed with peculiar neatness, thatched with palm

leaves, and overshadowed with cocoa trees and laurels; it stood alone in the wilderness, embowered in luxuriant vegetation, and looked like the chosen abode of simple and quiet happiness. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe,) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin. Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round), she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered, she was easily overtaken.

Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child were ever more beheld in their former haunts.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged them down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterwards, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment

the dawn appeared she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back ; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her than she snatched up her children, and again fled ;—again—and again ? At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity ; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain !—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated ; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way, for an instant, she invariably caught up her children and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her “blind obstinacy ;” and, as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she would never find her way back either to them or to her home.

In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

The few travellers who have visited these regions agree in describing a phenomenon, the cause of which is still a mystery to geologists, and which impart to the lonely depths of these unappropriated and unviolated shades an effect intensely and indescribably mournful. The granite rocks which bordered the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange, fantastic shapes ; and

are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funereal. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing-place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomez slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation ; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her ; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, then down upon the stream ; and perceiving, by the direction of the one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband and her native home, her countenance was seen to change, and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withs on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves ; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock which projected into the stream ; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunderstruck for some moments unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore ; then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight ; but soon exhausted and breathless, with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself, as well as she might, among the long interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them, and which scented her out in her hiding-place. The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance ; but, with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children from her memory, and cure her for ever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon the granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had

stood, as if exulting in her flight,—THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER, as it has ever since been denominated—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

It was near sunset when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and, occasionally, as a barrack. Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he fathom the bosom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul:—her children—her children—and still her children!

Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

"Guahiba," she said, in a whispered tone, "thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother. Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah, cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!"

The young man heard, and, as if terrified, removed a few paces from her, and kept silence. Afterwards, when his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, "Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them, and give thee ease?" And, as he spoke, he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly, and appeared satisfied.

Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head on her bosom and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian, believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star. There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands once free, she released her feet; and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made

for her in every direction, but in vain; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling underwood, separated these two missions;—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and neither moon nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step; where the thorny lianas, twining from tree to tree, opposed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattle-snake and the water-serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees? How directed—how sustained—cannot be told:

the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue;—but once more near her children!

For several hours she hovered round the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance; at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket, and approached, with faint and timid steps, the spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering; but when she called them by name, they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment, the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth but the object which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children—she took them on her knees—she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom—she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there: new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with loss of blood and

inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but, too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering round Guahiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They looked upon her in silence, and then at each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back :

“What!” thundered the monk : “will ye suffer this woman to steal two precious souls from heaven?—two members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children?—part them, and instantly!”

The Indians, accustomed to his ascendancy, and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered nor word nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed : her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages ; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage ; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity ;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children ;—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it :—*then*, and only then, did the mother's heart yield to utter despair ; and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

The boatman, on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh as he passes the **ROCK OF THE MOTHER**. He points it out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when those solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence ; when the pathless wilds, which poor Guahiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that

dark rock shall stand, frowning over the stream ; tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame ; and when the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.

THE STARS.

BY FREDERICK MULLER.

OH ! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
When the last gleam fades in the distant skies,
When the silver chime of the minster-bell,
And the warbling fount in the woodland-dell,
And the viewless sounds in the upper air,
Proclaim the hour of prayer !

Then ye shine in beauty above the sea,
Bright wanderers over the blue sky free !
Catching the tone of each sighing breeze,
And the whispering sound of the forest-trees,
Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim,
Of some hamlet's hymn !

And the midnight too, all still and lone !
Ye guard in beauty, from many a throne !

In your silver silence throughout the hour
Watching the rest of each folded flower,
Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
Through the night-hour deep !

Yes, ye look over Nature's hushed repose,
By the forest still where the streamlet flows,
By the breezeless hush of many a plain,
And the pearly flow of the silver main,
Or sweetly far o'er some chapel-shrine
Of the olden time !

Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll,
Bright realms of beauty, from Pole to Pole !
'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie
In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land,—to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam !

But, hark ! the far voice of the waking sea,
And the dim dew rising o'er lawn and lea,
And the first faint tinge of the early day,
Shining afar o'er the ocean-spray !
Oh, ye that have been as a power and a spell,
Through the dim midnight !—Farewell !

THE BATTLE OF THE IDOLATERS,

ON ONE OF THE GEORGIAN ISLANDS.

By the Rev. W. Ellis, Missionary to Sandwich Islands.

MIDWAY between South America and Australia, or New Holland, amid the clustering islands that stud the bosom of the wide-rolling Pacific, two interesting groups of islands are situated. They were probably first seen by Quiros, a Spanish navigator, in 1606; also by Captain Wallis, in 1767; but little was correctly known respecting them until two years afterwards, when they were visited and explored by Captain Cook. By him, in honour of his late Majesty George III., under whose patronage the expedition was undertaken, the eastern group, including Tahiti and Eimeo, was called the *Georgian Islands*: and the western group was denominated the *Society Islands*, in honour of the Royal Society, at whose recommendation the voyage had been made. Conspicuous among the former, in the extent of its surface and the beauty of its scenery, is Tahiti, the largest of the Georgian group. Combining all that is salubrious in climate, fertile in soil, bold and romantic in form, luxuriant and diversified in verdure, it has not been unappropriately distinguished as “the Queen of Islands.”

Its isolated inhabitants, who imagined they were the

only human beings in the world, appeared to their early visitors a mild and inoffensive race. Living in soft, luxurious ease, and appearing to form an exception to the declaration of Scripture, that in the sweat of his brow man should eat his bread, they seemed to live only to be happy, if man could be happy while ignorant of God. To impart to them a knowledge of that Being who had strewed around them the beauties and the wonders of creative power; whose hand, unseen indeed by them, bestowed his bounty with perpetual munificence; and to unfold to them the way whereby they might enjoy his favour; an institution was formed, uniting some of the most pious and benevolent men of the age. It was denominated the Missionary Society. A ship was purchased, and a number of devoted men embarked in the generous enterprise of seeking to convert the inhabitants of Tahiti, and the neighbouring islands, to the Christian faith. In the year 1797, they landed at Tahiti, and soon perceived that the morals of the people were most degraded, and their superstition most barbarous and cruel. They continued, however, their labours till the year 1808, when a civil war broke out in Tahiti, during which Pomare, the hereditary sovereign of the island, in consequence of the numbers who now joined the rebel chiefs, was more than once defeated in the field of battle. The Missionaries were obliged to quit the shores of Mataval, after having maintained their post during twelve eventful years; and subsequently the king and his friends, alarmed at the increasing power of his enemies, and in despair of retrieving his

affairs, took refuge in the adjacent island of Eimeo, where he continued in exile till 1815. In the year 1813, he became a convert to Christianity, and during the two subsequent years his example was followed by numbers of his subjects. The rebel and idolatrous chieftains had recourse to the most treacherous and cruel expedients, for the purpose of exterminating Christianity in the islands, and destroying those who had renounced the idols of their ancestors. Through the watchful care of the Almighty, their murderous projects failed; and in the year 1815, they made their last desperate effort, which terminated in the complete discomfiture of the idolatrous army, and the subversion of paganism in the Georgian and Society Islands. At the commencement of this year, the affairs of Tahiti and Eimeo, in reference to the supremacy of Christianity or idolatry, were evidently tending to a crisis; and although the converts had carefully avoided all interference in the wars which had so recently desolated the large islands, they were convinced that the time was not very remote when their faith and principles must rise pre-eminent above the power and influence of that system of delusion and of crime to which they had so long been the slaves, or must be by them renounced. To maintain the Christian faith, and enjoy a continuance of their present peace and comfort, they foresaw would be impossible. Under the influence of these impressions, the fourteenth of July, 1815, was set apart as a day of solemn fasting and prayer to Almighty God, whose guidance and protection was implored. A chas-

tened and dependent frame of mind was at this period very generally experienced by the Christians, which led them to desire to be prepared for whatever, in the course of divine providence, might transpire.

Soon after this event, the idolatrous chiefs of Tahiti sent messengers to the refugees in Eimeo, inviting them to return, and re-occupy the lands they had deserted. This invitation they accepted; and as the presence of the king was necessary, in several of the usages and ceremonies observed on these occasions, Pomare went over about the same time, formally to reinstate them in their hereditary possessions. A large number of Pomare's adherents, who were professors of Christianity, and inhabitants of Huahine, Raiatea, and Eimeo, with Pomarevahine and Mahine, the chiefs of Eimeo and Huahine, accompanied the king and the refugees to Tahiti. When they approached the shores of this island, the idolatrous party appeared in considerable force on the beach, assumed a hostile attitude, prohibited their landing, and repeatedly fired upon the king's party. Instead of returning the fire, the king sent a flag of truce and a proposal of peace.

Several messages were exchanged, and the negotiations appeared to terminate in the establishment of confidence and friendship. The king and his followers were allowed to land, and several of the people returned unmolested to their respective districts and plantations. Negotiations for the adjustment of the differences existing between the king and his friends on the one side, and the idolatrous chiefs on the other, were for a time carried on,

and at length arranged apparently to the satisfaction of the respective parties. The king and those attached to his interest were not, however, without suspicion that it was only an apparent satisfaction ; and in this they were not mistaken. The idolaters had indeed joined with them in binding the wreath of peace and amity, while they were at the same time secretly and actively concerting measures for their destruction.

The twelfth of November, 1815, was the most eventful day that had yet occurred in the history of Tahiti. It was the Sabbath. In the forenoon, Pomare, and the people who had accompanied him from Eimeo, probably about eight hundred, assembled for public worship, near the village of Bunaauia, in the district of Atehuru. At distant points of the district, they had stationed piquets, and when divine service was about to commence, and the individual who was to officiate stood up to read the first hymn, a firing of muskets was heard. Looking out of the windows of the building in which they were assembled, a large body of armed men, preceded and attended by the flag of the gods and the varied emblems of idolatry, were seen marching round a distant point of land, and advancing towards the place where they were assembled. " It is war ! it is war " was the cry which re-echoed through the place, a approaching army was seen from the different parts of the chapel. Many, agreeably to the precautions of the Missionaries, had met for worship under arms ; others, who had not, were preparing to return to their tents, and arm for the battle. Some degree of confusion conse-

quently prevailed. Pomare arose, requested them all to remain quietly in their places, stating that they were under the special protection of Jehovah, and had met together for his worship, which was not to be abandoned or disturbed, even by the approach of an enemy. *Auna*, formerly a warrior, and an Areoi, now the the minister of a native church in Sir Charles Sander's Island, who was my informant on these points, then read the hymn, the congregation sang it, a portion of Scripture was read, a prayer offered to the Almighty, and the service closed. Those who were unarmed now repaired to their tents, and procured their weapons.

In assuming the posture of defence, they formed themselves into two or three columns, one on the seabeach, and the others at short distances towards the mountains. Attached to Pomare's camp were a number of refugees, who, during the late commotions in Tahiti, had taken shelter under his protection, but had not embraced Christianity; on these the king and his friends placed no reliance, but stationed them in the centre or the rear of the columns. The *bure Atua*, or converts to Christianity, requested to form the *virī*, frontlet, or advanced guard, and the *paparia*, or cheek of their forces, while the people of Eimeo, immediately in the rear, formed what they called the *taponō*, or shoulder of their army. In the front line, *Auna*, *Upaparu*, *Hitoti*, and others equally distinguished for their steady adherence to the system they had adopted, took their station, and on this occasion shewed their readiness to lay down their lives rather than relinquish the Christian faith, and the privi-

leges it had already conferred. Mahine, the king of Huabine, and Pomarevahine, the heroic daughter of the king of Raiatea, with those of their people who had professed Christianity, formed themselves in battle-array immediately behind the people of Eimeo, constituting the body of the army. Mahine, on this occasion, wore a curious helmet, covered on the outside with plates of the beautifully-spotted cowrie, or tiger-shell, so abundant in the islands, and ornamented with a plume of the tropic, or man-of-war bird's feathers. The queen's sister, like daughter of Pallas, tall, strong, and rather masculine in her stature and features, walked and fought by Mahine's side, clothed in a kind of armour of net-work, made with small and strongly twisted cords of romaha, or native flax, and armed with a musket and a spear. She was supported on one side by Farefau, her steady and courageous friend, who acted as her squire or champion, while Mahine was supported on the other by Patini, a fine, tall manly chief, a distant relative of Mahine's family, and one who, with his wife and two children, has long enjoyed the parental and domestic happiness resulting from Christianity, but whose wife, prior to their renunciation of idolatry, had murdered twelve or fourteen children. Pomare took his station in a canoe, with a number of musqueteers, and annoyed the flank of his enemy nearest the sea. A swivel, mounted in the stern of another canoe, commanded by an Englishman, called Jem by the natives, and who came up from Raiatea, did considerable execution during the engagement.

Before the king's friends had properly formed them-

selves for regular defence, the idolatrous army arrived, and the battle commenced. The impetuous attack of the idolaters, attended with all the fury, imprecations, and boasting shouts practised by the savage when rushing to the onset, produced by its shock a temporary confusion in the advanced guard of the Christian columns. Some were slain, others wounded, and Upaparu, one of Pomare's leading men, saved his life only by rushing into the sea and leaving part of his dress in the hands of the antagonist with whom he had grappled. Notwithstanding this the assailants met with steady and determined resistance.

Overpowered however by numbers, the viri, or front ranks, were obliged to give way. A kind of running fight commenced, and the parties were intermingled in all the confusion of barbarous warfare:—

Here might the hideous face of war be seen
Stript of all pomp, adornment, and disguise."

The ground on which they now fought, excepting the sea-beach, was partially covered with trees and bushes, which often separated the contending parties, and intercepted their view of each other. Under these circumstances it was, that the Christians, when not actually engaged with their enemies, often kneeled down on the grass, either singly, or two or three together, and offered up an ejaculatory prayer to God, that he would cover their heads in the day of battle, and, if agreeable to his will, preserve them, but especially prepare them for the

results of the day, whether victory or defeat, life or death.

The battle continued to rage with fierceness; several were killed on both sides; the idolaters still pursued their way, and victory seemed to attend their desolating march, until they came to the position occupied by Mahine, Pomare-vahine, and their companions in arms. The advanced ranks of their united bands met and arrested the progress of the hitherto victorious idolaters. *Raveae*, one of Mahine's men, pierced with a musket-ball the body of *Upufura*, the chief of Papara, and the leading commander of the idolatrous forces. The wounded warrior fell, and shortly afterwards expired. As he sat bleeding on the sand, his friends gathered round, endeavouring to stop the bleeding of the wound, and afford that assistance which his circumstances appeared to require.—“Leave me,” said the dying warrior; “mark yonder man in front of Mahine's ranks; he inflicted this wound; on him revenge my death.” Two or three athletic men instantly set off for this purpose. *Raveae* was retiring towards the main body of Mahine's men, when one of the idolaters, who had outrun his companions, sprang upon him before he was aware of his approach. Unable to throw him on the sand, he cast his arms round his neck, and endeavoured to strangle, or at least to secure his prey, until some of his companions should arrive and dispatch him. *Raveae* was armed with a short musket, which he had reloaded since wounding the chief: but of this, it is supposed, the

man who held him was unconscious. Extending his arms forward, Raveae passed the muzzle of his musket under his own arm, suddenly turned his body on one side, and pulling the trigger of his piece at the same instant, he shot his antagonist through the body, who immediately lost hold of his prey, and fell dying to the ground.

The idolatrous army continued to fight with obstinate fury, but were unable to advance, or make any impression on Mahine and Pomare-vahine's forces. These not only maintained their ground, but forced their adversaries back, and the scale of victory now appeared to hang in doubtful suspense over the contending parties. *Tino*, the idolatrous priest, and his companions, had, in the name of Oro, promised their adherents a certain and an easy triumph. This inspired them for the conflict, and made them more confident and obstinate in battle than they would otherwise have been; but the tide of conquest, which had rolled with them in the onset, and during the early part of the engagement, was already turned against them, and as the tidings of their leader's death became more extensively known, they spread a panic through the ranks he had commanded. The pagan army not only gave way before their opponents, but soon fled precipitately from the field, seeking shelter in their *Pari's*, or strong-holds and hiding places in the mountains, leaving Pomare, Mahine, and the Princess from Raiatea, in undisputed possession of the field.

Flushed with success in the moment of victory, the king's troops were, according to former usage, prepar-

ing to pursue the flying enemy. Pomare approached and exclaimed, "*Atira!*" it is enough!—and strictly prohibited any one of his warriors from pursuing those who had fled from the field of battle, forbidding them also to repair to the villages of the vanquished to plunder their property, or murder their helpless wives and children

While, however, the king refused to allow his men to pursue their vanquished enemies, or to take the spoils of victory, he called a chosen band, among which was Farefau, who had offered up the public thanksgiving to God at the festival in Eimeo, and Patini, a near relative of Mahine's, and who had been his champion on that day, and sent them to Tautira, where the temple stood in which Oro, the great national idol, was deposited. He gave them orders to destroy the temple, altars, and idols, with every appendage of idolatry that they might find.

In the evening of the day, when the confusion of the battle had in some degree subsided, Pomare and the chiefs invited the Christians to assemble, probably in the place in which they had been during the morning disturbed, there to render thanks unto God for the protection He had on that eventful day so mercifully afforded. Their feelings on this occasion must have been of no common order. From the peaceful exercise of sacred worship, they had been that morning hurried into all the confusion and turmoil of murderous conflict with an enemy, whose numbers, equipment, implacable hatred, and superstitious infatuation from the prediction

of their prophets, had rendered them unusually formidable in appearance, and terrible in combat. Defeat and death had, as many of them have more than once declared, appeared, during several periods of the engagement, almost certain; and in connexion with the anticipated extinction of the Christian faith in their country the captivity of those who might be allowed to live, the momentous realities of eternity, upon which, ere the close of the day, it appeared to themselves by no means improbable they would enter, had combined to produce a degree of agitation unknown in the ordinary course of human affairs, and seldom perhaps experienced even in the field of battle. They now celebrated the subversion of idolatry, under circumstances that but a few hours before had threatened their own extermination, with the overthrow of the religion they had espoused, and on account of which their destruction had been sought. The Lord of Hosts had been with them; the God of Jacob was their helper, and to Him they rendered the glory and the praise for the protection he had bestowed, and the victory they had obtained. In this sacred act they were joined by numbers who heretofore had worshipped only the idols of their country, but who now desired to acknowledge Jehovah as God alone.

The noble forbearance and magnanimity of the king and chiefs, in the hour of conquest, when under all the intoxicating influence of recent victory and conscious power, was no less honourable to the principles professed, and the best feelings of their hearts, than it was serviceable to the cause with which they were identified. It

did not terminate with the declaration made on the field of contest, to be satisfied with victory, and the command to forbear pursuit, but it was a prominent feature in all their subsequent conduct.

When the king despatched a select band to demolish the idol temple, he said, "Go not to the little island, where the women and children have been left for security ; turn not aside to any of the villages or plantations ; neither enter into any of the houses, nor destroy any of the property you may see ; but go straight along the high road, through all your enemy's districts." His directions were attended to. No individual was injured ; no fence broken down ; no house burned ; no article of property taken. The bodies of the slain were not wantonly mangled and left exposed to the elements or to be devoured by the wild dogs from the mountains, and the swine, that formerly would have been allowed to feed upon them : they were all decently buried by the victors, and the body of the fallen chief, Upufara, was conveyed to the district of Papara, to be interred among the tombs of his forefathers. He was an intelligent and interesting man ; his death was deeply regretted by Tati, his near relative and successor in the government of the district. His mind had been for some time wavering, and he was, almost to the moment of the battle, undetermined whether he should renounce the idols, or still continue their votary. One of his intimate companions informed me, that a short time before his death he had a dream which somewhat alarmed him. He thought he saw an immense oven

(such as that used in preparing *opio*), intensely heated ; and in the midst of the fire, a large fish, writhing in apparent agony, unable to escape, and yet unconsumed, living and suffering in the midst of the fire. An impression at this time fixed itself on his mind, that perhaps this suffering was designed to shew the intensity of torments which the wicked would suffer in the place of punishment. He awoke in a state of great agitation of mind, with profuse perspiration covering his body, and was so affected with the circumstance, that he could not sleep again that night. The same individual, who resided with Upufara, stated also, that only a day or two before the battle, he said to some one with whom he was conversing, "Perhaps we are wrong. Let us send a message to the King and Tati, and ask for peace, and also for books, that we may know what this new word, or this new religion is " But the priests resisted his proposal ; assured the chiefs, that Oro would deliver the Bure Atua into their hands, and the *hau* and *mana*, government and power, would be with the gods of Tahiti. In addition to this, and any latent conviction that still might linger in his mind, relative to the power of Oro, and the result of his anger, should he draw back, he stood pledged to the cause of the gods, and probably might feel a degree of pride influencing his adherence to their interest, lest he should be charged with cowardice, in seeking to avoid the war, on which the chiefs, who were united to suppress Christianity, had determined.

The party, sent by the king to the national temple

at Tautira, in Taiarabu, proceeded directly to their place of destination. It was apprehended, that notwithstanding what had befallen the adherents of idolatry in battle, the inhabitants of Taiarabu, who were at that time more zealous for the idols than those of any other part of the island, who considered it an honour to be entrusted with the custody of Oro, and also regarded his presence among them as the palladium of their safety, might, perhaps, rise *en masse* to protect his person from insult, and his temple from despoliation. No attempt, however, of this kind was made. The soldiers of Pomare, soon after reaching the district, proceeded to the sacred grove, acquainted the inhabitants of the place, and the keepers of the temple, with the events of the war, and the purpose of their visit. No remonstrance was made, no opposition offered; they entered the depository of Tahiti's former god. The priests and people stood round in silent expectation—even the soldiers paused a moment; and a scene was exhibited, probably strikingly analagous to that which was witnessed in the temple of Serapis, in Alexandria, when the tutelar deity of that city was destroyed by the Roman soldiers. At length they brought out the idol, stripped him of his sacred coverings and highly-valued ornaments, and threw his body contemptuously on the ground. It was a rude, uncarved log of *aito* wood, *causarina equisetifolia*, about six feet long. The altars were then broken down, the temples demolished, and the sacred houses of the gods, together with their apparel, ornaments, and all the appendages of their

worship, committed to the flames. The temples, altars, and idols, in every district of Tahiti, were shortly after destroyed in the same way. The log of wood, called by the natives the body of Oro, into which they imagined the god at times entered, and through which his influence was exerted, Pomare's party bore away on their shoulders, and on returning to the camp, laid in triumph at their monarch's feet. It was subsequently fixed up as a post in the king's kitchen, and used in a most contemptuous manner, by having baskets of food, &c. suspended from it; and, finally, it was riven up for fuel. This was the end of the principal idol of the Tahitians, on whom they had long been so deluded as to suppose their destinies depended; whose favour kings, and chiefs, and warriors had so often sought; whose anger all had deprecated; and who had been, during the preceding thirty years, the occasion of more bloody and desolating wars than all other causes combined. The most zealous devotees were, in general, now convinced of their delusion; and the people united in declaring that the gods had deceived them,—were unworthy of their confidence, and should no longer be the objects of dependence or respect.

Thus was idolatry banished in Tahiti and Eimeo; thus were the idols hurled from the thrones they had for ages occupied, and the remnant of the people liberated from the abject slavery and wretched delusion in which, by the cunningly-devised fables of the priests, and the doctrines of devils, they had been for ages held, as in fetters of iron. It is impossible to contemplate the

mighty deliverance thus effected, without exclaiming "What hath God wrought!" and desiring, with regard to other parts of the world, the arrival of that promised and auspicious era, when the gods that have not made the heavens shall perish, and "the idols shall be utterly abolished."

The total overthrow of idolatry, splendid and important as it was justly considered, was but the beginning of the amazing work that has since advanced progressively in those islands. It resembled the dismantling of some dark and gloomy fortress, or the razing to its very foundations of some horrid prison of despotism and cruelty, with the very materials of which, when cut and polished and adorned, a fair and noble structure was, on its very ruins, to be erected, rising in grandeur and in symmetry, to the honour of its proprie or and architect, and the admiration of every beholder. The work was but commenced, and the abolition of idolatry was but one of the great preliminaries in those designs of mercy, and arrangements of the providence of God, which were daily unfolded with increasing interest of character and importance of bearing, on the destiny of the people.

The conduct of the victors after the memorable battle of Bunaauia, had an astonishing effect on the minds of the vanquished, who had sought safety in the mountains. Under cover of the darkness of night, they sent spies from the retreats in which they had taken shelter to their habitations, and to the places of security in which they had left their aged and helpless relatives, their children,

and their wives. These found every one remaining as they left them on the morning of the battle, and were informed by the wives and relatives of the defeated warriors, that Pomare and the chiefs had, without any exception, sent assurances of security to all who had fled. This intelligence, when conveyed to those who had taken refuge in the mountains, appeared to them incredible. After waiting, however, some days in their hiding-places, they ventured forth, and singly, or in small parties, returned to their dwellings. When they found their plantations uninjured, their property secure, their wives and children safe, they were utterly astonished. From the king they received assurances of pardon, and were not backward in unitedly tendering submission to his authority, and imploring forgiveness for having appeared in arms against him. Pomare was now by the unanimous will of the people reinstated in the throne of his father, and raised to the supreme authority in his hereditary dominions. His clemency in the late victory still continued to be matter of surprise to all parties who had been his opponents. "Where," said they, "can the king and the Bure Atua have imbibed these new principles of humanity and forbearance? We have done every thing in our power, by treachery, stratagem, and open force, to destroy him and his adherents; and yet, when the power was placed in his hand, victory on his side, we at his mercy, and his feet upon our necks, he has not only spared our lives and the lives of our families, but has respected even our houses and our property." While making these inquiries, many of them, doubtless, recol-

lected the conduct of his father in sending one night, when the warriors of Atehuru had gone over to Tautira, a body of men, who at midnight fell upon their defenceless victims, the aged relatives, wives, and children, of the Atehuruans, and in cold blood cruelly murdered upwards of one hundred helpless individuals; and this probably made the conduct of Pomare II. appear more remarkable. They might also remember what is stated to have taken place with regard to the king himself, who, it is said, was seen after one battle to drag along the beach, in order to gratify his horrible revenge, a number of murdered children strung together, by a line passing through their heads from ear to ear. At length they concluded that it must be from the new religion, as they termed Christianity, that he had imbibed these principles; and hence they unanimously declared their determination to embrace its doctrines, and to place themselves and their families entirely under the direction of its precepts.

The family and district temples and altars, as well as those that were national, were demolished, the idols destroyed by the very individuals who had but recently been so zealous in their preservation, and in a short time there was not one professed idolater remaining. Messengers were sent by those who had hitherto been pagans, to the king and chiefs, requesting that some of their men might be sent to teach them to read, instruct them concerning the true God, and the worship and obedience required by his word. Those who sent the messengers expressed, at the same time, their purpose to renounce every evil practice connected with their former idolatrous

life, and their desire to become altogether a Christian people. Schools were built, and places for public worship erected, the Sabbath observed, divine service performed, child-murder and all the gross abominations of idolatry discontinued.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

ENVOY of mercy from the King of Kings,
My guardian angel! spread thy buoyant wings;
Take thine accustom'd station o'er my bed,
From every danger shield my sleeping head.

If dreams approach me, lead my soul away
From earth's dark night to heav'n's resplendent day;
There let it wond'ring range without control,
Amidst new suns, and where new planets roll.

Shake off in sleep my spirit's kindred dust,
And bid it wake to glory with the just;
In space unbounded let it wander free,
With friends refined, and wise, and good, like thee

And when day dawns, be this thy friendly care,
To form my early thoughts to God in prayer;
Grateful and humble bid my spirit rise,
In fervent adoration to the skies.

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

The Visit of the Angel to Hagar. *Genesis* xxi.

BY THE EDITOR.

Now Evening droops, and lingers still
To catch the Sun's last farewell smile,
Sinking behind the western hill,
Veil'd by purple clouds awhile ;
Which, opening, many a golden isle
Displays ; such as, in a pious cause,
Great CLAUDE immortalized in style—
Embodies with God's holy Laws.

Sweet hymns the lark his gratitude
To all the listening sky around ;
Still from the earth-no more he's view'd,
Though still his pleasing notes resound,
Soothing the pangs of HAGAR's wound,
When, by the fount, she pray'd to heaven,
And the angel by her side was found
Telling in Ishmael her sins forgiven.

Thus blest, she breathes a fervent prayer,
And seeks her way to Sarah's place,
O'er fair fields, woods, and groves, with care,
Rich in her heart, and seeking grace ;—

And yon bright orb, with splendid face,
 Becomes her guide, though twilight gray
 Tells the departure, by its pace,
 Of ever faintly dying day.

With the ardent gaze does she behold
 Where partly hid, and partly seen,
 Light's Author, on his throne of gold
 Dispensing forth his dazzling sheen ;
 Till quick behind a gorgeous screen
 He unperceiv'd nas stolen away,
 While, less and less, expires serene
 Evening, to night a prey.

INFANTICIDE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

THE most pure and powerful feeling which the human bosom can cherish is maternal affection. For man, in the season of his greatest helplessness, it provides the tenderest guardianship and the most secure protection ; and, while it soothes the sorrows and anticipates the wants of infancy, it enkindles an attachment which often maintains its ascendancy through all the vicissitudes of life. A mother's love—

“ The warmest love that can grow cold”—

pervades alike the highest and humblest classes of Christian society ; and, though manifested in those nameless attentions to which it impels by a power as

gentle as resistless, must yet be exercised to be fully understood. It is an emblem under which the benign Creator has manifested his compassion to his people, declaring, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted." So deep and tender are the sympathies which a parent's love excites, so sweet the satisfaction it imparts, that we are ready to believe it is scarcely possible to restrain its exercise or destroy its power ; but the testimony of inspiration that there are portions of mankind "without natural affection," and that a mother's love may be so far destroyed that she may cease to have compassion on her offspring, is confirmed by our acquaintance with the dispositions and practice of those nations which are destitute of the influence that Christianity exerts in social and domestic life.

There are some parts of the world in which it might have been expected that the inhabitants would have presented an exception to a truth so general and distressing ; and to no part of the world should we have looked with greater hopes of meeting with such an exemption than among the islands that gem the bosom of the Pacific. The climate is genial, the spontaneous products of the earth abundant and grateful—the severities of winter and miseries of want equally unknown ; to strangers the inhabitants appear gay, fascinating, and good-natured ; but, notwithstanding this, crimes, which violate every parental feeling, were formerly practised by them with more recklessness and frequency, perhaps, than by any other portion of mankind.

It is not many years since a British frigate, commanded by a gallant and intelligent officer, of noble family, arrived among these islands. The commander, who is not more distinguished by his rank and station than by his integrity and honourable respect for religion, maintained the most friendly intercourse with the native governors, and, by his advice and example, rendered his visit alike agreeable and salutary. While the vessel lay at anchor, off Tahiti, the captain, accompanied by several of his officers, visited every place of importance or interest, and among others the peninsula of Taiarabu.

This part of the island, although, in extent and population, inferior to the northern divisions, is not surpassed in the variety, wildness, and beauty of its scenery. The altered character of its inhabitants renders it also, in common with other parts of the island, interesting to the Christian and the philanthropist. For many generations, it was a distinct territory under an independent ruler, but, since its conquest by the first Pomare, it has been annexed to his dominions; and though still governed by its hereditary chiefs, these acknowledge the supremacy of Pomare's successors, and render to them the fealty which established usages require.

Veve, the present chief of Taiarabu, a man of energy and courage, of great natural talent and great crimes, is now far advanced in years. Few of the companions of his early life remain, and his broad and hardy frame, venerable with age, appears, among the present generation of his people, like some stately oak, that, left by the

woodman's axe which felled its companions, towers in the solitary dignity of years over the saplings that are shooting up around it. Passing through the district, the strangers visited his abode, and were welcomed with courtesy. Among other objects of interest, they were forcibly impressed by observing the strong affection which he cherished for a son and daughter, who appeared to find their greatest happiness in reciprocating their father's love, and endeavouring with tender and unceasing solicitude to contribute to his comfort.

Gratified with what they beheld, the visitors inquired whether the son and the daughter whom they saw were his only children ; and, on being informed that they were, asked if his offspring had never exceeded this number. The reply acquainted them with the melancholy fact, that he was the father of eight children, of whom the son and daughter then present alone remained, six having been destroyed in their infancy by his own hands. This declaration could not fail deeply and painfully to affect the minds of his visitors, while it probably excited, in the bosom of the aged chief by whom it was made, feelings of agonizing remorse, which mingle bitterness with every enjoyment of his closing life. These emotions, painful as they must have been, are not peculiar to the governor of this romantic peninsula. There are few of equal age who, in early life, were not addicted to similar crimes ; while with some the repetition was carried to an extent scarcely credible.

The Christian missionaries from Britain, who arrived at Tahiti five-and-thirty years ago, were not unacquainted

with the existence of this practice; but it was only by degrees that they could bring their own minds to receive the evidence furnished by the natives themselves of its distressing frequency. Though it prevailed most amongst the highest and most voluptuous classes in society, few were exempt from the cruelty and guilt it involved. Of this the following fact, communicated in a letter recently received from the South Sea Islands, affords affecting confirmation:—"We were conversing the other day," observes Mr. Williams, "on the subject of infanticide. Three native females were sitting in the room at the time; the eldest did not appear to be more than forty years of age. In the course of the conversation, turning to them, I asked whether, while they were idolaters, they had destroyed any of their children. They hesitated, but afterwards replied that they had. I asked if they had been guilty of this cruelty more than once. They answered in the affirmative; and, though reluctant to acknowledge how often they had imbrued their hands in innocent blood, at length, to our astonishment, declared that they had occasioned the death of not fewer than one and twenty infants. One had destroyed nine, another seven, and the third five. These unhappy mothers were not selected as having been more criminal than others, but simply happened to be sitting in the room at the time when the conversation occurred."

Indolence, the pride of rank, the vanity which impelled the females thus to seek the preservation of personal attractions, and the existence of the libertine *areoi* association—an institution founded by their gods, and

conferring many privileges on its members, but which prohibited any who should, by allowing one of their offspring to live, become parents, to continue members—were the chief considerations by which the unhappy individuals who perpetrated these cruelties were induced thus to exceed, in insensibility and savageness, the most ferocious beast of the forest.

The delusions of idolatry, and effects of long familiarity with vice, must have acquired an appalling power over the prostrate and degraded mind, when considerations, inferior as the above, so completely triumphed over those feelings which ennoble and humanise man, and form the strongest law which the Creator has framed for the preservation of our race. In this practice, man, by the atrocity of his guilt, seemed to be defying the forbearance of the Almighty, at the same time that he was seeking to annihilate, by an act of suicide, his species.

Woman, whom true religion elevates, protects, and places on an equality with the other sex, but whom idolatry ever oppresses and enslaves, perpetually beheld, in this practice, her abject humiliation. Infants of her own sex were the most frequent victims; and often, when the period has approached which in Christian Society is one of the greatest solicitude and hope, the parents have agreed that the infant, if a male, should be spared, but if a female, destroyed. As the period of its birth approached, instead of those joyful preparations with which parental affection, in happier communities, awaits the pledge of mutual love, the inhuman father has dug his unborn infant's grave; and when the child

has entered the world, if a female, its sex has been its crime; and for this the sire has seized the tender babe, and scarcely has its infant eye gazed on the beaming day—its infant bosom breathed the ambient air—before that father has marred, with ruffian hand, its lovely form, and closed its eyes in death! One feeble cry or startling shriek, which might have drawn tears from demon eyes, was scarcely uttered, before its mangled body, bleeding, and palpitating still with new existence, was, from its father's arms, hurled into the grave. This was filled with unbroken clods and stones, which, while he sought with the foliage of surrounding shrubs to cleanse his blood-stained hands, that father has trodden down; then, having strewn a few green boughs or tufts of grass over the place, the guilty parties have returned, and have, with apparent unconcern, joined the pursuits or the pastimes of their companions. Other means—means which do not admit of description—were employed on these occasions; and sometimes, without effecting by the hand what the Turks accomplish by the bowstring, they buried the infant alive, simply covering its mouth with a piece of cloth made with the bark of a tree. In the Sandwich Islands, the natives have stated that the mother herself has assisted in filling up the grave and pressing down the earth. The mothers in the Society Islands were scarcely less inhuman in the part they often acted. Among the latter, the first-born, the second, the third, and often a greater number, were thus destroyed.

The practice, instead of being regarded as disgraceful or criminal, was, under some circumstances, considered

meritorious. To be an areoi was esteemed an honourable distinction, and infant-murder was one means of removing inferiority of rank. When the family, or station in society, of one parent was superior to that of the other, which was a frequent occurrence, the former invariably secured the destruction of the child. If the parties continued to live together, the number of the children that must be sacrificed was regulated by the degree of difference originally existing between the parents. And it was not until, by the destruction of the required number of children, the parent who had been inferior in rank was raised to an equality with the superior, that their offspring might live. Natural affection, which, however it may be restrained, was perhaps never entirely eradicated, often struggled against these barbarous customs; and the fond and youthful mother has wept over the doom of her child, and has striven to preserve its life, when often by brute force has the infant been torn from her embrace, and hurled before her into its untimely grave. The mind involuntarily shrinks from the contemplation of the scenes of violence and crime which were presented on these occasions; and the recollection or recital of which, even now, fills with anguish the bosoms, and with tears the eyes, of the bereaved and childless parents who survive.

The conduct of the Sandwich Islanders, at these seasons, appears to have been reckless in the extreme. Among their southern neighbours, one circumstance, which appears peculiarly striking, was the shortness of the season of danger. The infant was usually destroyed

immediately on its birth ; if it was spared but a single hour, or even a shorter period, it was safe. Whether, with all their cruelty, they could not relentlessly consign to the grave a little infant that unconsciously looked up, as if inviting protection and kindness, or whether their having suffered the child to live for so short a period deprived the parents of that consideration from the community which its immediate destruction would have secured, is uncertain ; but if it escaped death from the hands of its own parents, or their immediate relations, for the first hour of its existence, it was afterwards nursed and reared with tenderness and care.

Among the practices of cruelty which excited the compassion and called forth the exertions of the missionaries, this was one of the first. The English females, wives of the missionaries, applied themselves especially to the mothers, as the period of childbirth drew near, and, with all the tenderness and fervour which such an object excited, remonstrated against their cruel purpose, presenting every consideration that they imagined likely to affect the hearts of the natives ; and, when every other inducement failed, even soliciting them to spare the infant as an act of personal favour to themselves, requesting that the child, as soon as it was born, might be given to them, assuring the parents that it should be brought up with their own children, and receive an equal degree of kindness and regard. Their efforts were unavailing ; and in only one or two instances did they succeed during the first sixteen years of their residence among the people.

In the year 1815 the inhabitants of the Society Islands, as a nation, received the Christian religion; and infanticide, with other usages equally iniquitous and cruel, was universally abandoned. Since that period a new order of feelings appears to have influenced the Tahitian parents; they are astonished at themselves when they reflect on their former inhuman conduct; and no parents can be more affectionate than the Tahitians now are. Domestic happiness, though formerly unknown amongst them, now pervades their neat and simple habitations; and, while they behold their children growing up like olive-branches around their table, unwonted emotions of the purest satisfaction and the brightest hopes are kindled in their bosoms. Hundreds of intelligent, cheerful, and active children, who would formerly have been sacrificed to a custom as savage as it was criminal, now not only gladden their parents' hearts, but daily attend the native schools, where they manifest no inferiority in capacity to children in other parts of the world; and where, besides acquiring the elements of useful knowledge, they are taught to read in their own language, wherein they were born, the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Annual examinations of the scholars are held, when suitable rewards are given as encouragements to the most deserving. At these seasons, emotions of pleasure and of pain the most intense often appear in striking contrast. In one of the islands, a short time ago, after the examination, and while several hundred children were cheerfully partaking of the

retirement which their parents had provided for the occasion, while the parents were delighted spectators of the scene, a venerable chief arose and addressed them, evidently under the influence of strongly excited feeling.

“I was,” he exclaimed, as he proceeded in his address, “a mighty chief. The spot on which we are now met was sacred to me and my family. Large was my family, but I alone remain; the rest have died; they knew not this good word which I am spared to see; my heart is longing for them, and often says within me, Oh, that they had not died so soon! Great are my crimes: I am the father of nineteen children; *all of them I have murdered*; now my heart longs for them. Had they been spared, they would have been men and women, learning and knowing the word of the true God. But while I was destroying them, no one stayed my hand, or said, ‘Spare them.’ Now my heart is repenting—is weeping for them.” To such a parent what agony must the scene, of perhaps five or six hundred lively, happy children, gladdening their parents’ hearts, have afforded! We rejoice to believe that no future parents will experience pangs of remorse from such a cause. Were this the only result of the efforts of Christian missions in the South Sea Islands, it would impart a high degree of satisfaction.

To have rescued from a premature death, by the hands of their own parents, the multitudes who, had idolatry continued, would have been every year destroyed is, without reference to the higher and more important

spiritual advantages which they have conferred, an ample reward, to the supporters of Christian missions, for the difficulties they have encountered and the exertions they have made.

THE SABBATH-BELL.

BY JOHN BIRD.

THE Sabbath-bell!—how sweetly breathes
O'er hill and dale that hallowed sound,
When Spring her first bright chaplet wreathes
The cotter's humble porch around ;—
And glistening meads of vernal green,—
The blossomed bough,—the spiral corn,—
Smile o'er the brook that flows between,
As shadowing forth a fairer morn.

The Sabbath-bell!—'tis stillness all,
Save where the lamb's unconscious bleat,
Or the lone wood-dove's plaintive call,
Are mingling with its cadence sweet :
Save where the lark on soaring wing
At heaven's gate pours her matin-song :
Oh ! thus shall feathered warblers sing,
Nor man the grateful strain prolong.

The Sabbath-bell!—how soothing flow
Those greetings to the peasant's breast ?
Who knows not labour, ne'er can know
The blessed calm that sweetens rest !

The day-spring of his pilgrimage,
Who, freed awhile from earthly care,
Turns meekly to a heaven-taught page,
And reads his hope recorded there.

The Sabbath-bell!—yes, not in vain
That bidding on the gale is borne ;
Glad respite from the echoing wain,
The sounding axe, the clamorous horn ;
Far other thoughts those notes inspire,
Where youth forgets his frolic pace,
And maid and matron, son and sire,
Their church-way path together trace.

The Sabbath-bell!—ere yet the peal
In lessening murmurs melt away,
'Tis sweet with reverent step to steal
Where rests around each kindred clay !
Where buried love, and severed friends,
Parent and offspring, shrouded lie !
The tear-drop falls,—the prayer ascends, -
The living muse, and learn to die !

The Sabbath-bell!—'tis silent now ;
The holy fane the throng receives :
The pastor bends his aged brow,
And slowly turns the sacred leaves
Oh ! blest where blending ranks agree
To tread the paths their fathers trod,
To bend alike the willing knee,
One fold before one fostering God !

The Sabbath-bell !— Oh ! does not time
In that still voice all-eloquent breathe !
How many have listened to that chime,
Who sleep these grassy mounds beneath !
How many of those who listen now
Shall wake its fate-according knell ;
Blessed if one brief hour bestow
A warning in the Sabbath-bell !

A CHAPTER OF FLOWERS.

WHAT is the use of flowers ? Why cannot the earth bring forth the fruits that feed us, and the sweet flavours that provoke our appetite, without all this ostentation ? What is it to the ponderous cow, that lies ruminating and blinking hour after hour on the earth's green lap, that myriads of yellow buttercups are all day laughing in the sun's eye ? Wherefore does the violet, harbinger of no fruit, nestle its deep blueness in the dell, and fling its wanton nets of most delicious fragrance, leading the passenger by the nose ? And wherefore does the tulip, unedible root, shoot up its annual exhibition of most gaudy colour and uninterpretable beauty ? Let the apple-tree put forth her blossom, and the bean invite the vagrant bee by the sweet annunciation of coming fruit and food ; but what is the use of mere flowers—blossoms that lead to nothing but brown, withered, curled-up, vegetable fragments ? And why is their reign so short ? Why does the gum-cistus drop its bright leaves so regularly at such

brief intervals, putting on a clean shirt every day ? Who can interpret the exception to the rule of nature's plan of utility ? For whom are flowers made, and for what ? Are they mere accidents in a world where nought else is accidental ? Is there no manifestation of design in their construction ? Verily, they are formed with as complete and ingenious a mechanism as the most sensitive and marvellous of living beings. They are provided with wondrous means of preservation and propagation. Their texture unfolds the mystery of its beauty to the deep-searching microscope, mocking the grossness of mortal vision. Shape seems to have exhausted its variety in their conformation ; colour hath no shade, or combination, or delicacy of tint, which may not be found in flowers ; and every modulation of fragrance is theirs. But cannot man live without them ? For whom, and for what, are they formed ? Are they formed for themselves alone ? Have they a life of their own ? Do they enjoy their own perfume, and delight themselves in the gaudiness of their own colours and the gracefulness of their own shapes ? Man, from the habitual association of thought, sentiment, and emotion—with eyes, nose, and mouth, and the expression of the many-featured face, cannot conceive of sense or sentiment subsisting without these modifications, or some obvious substitute for them. Is there nothing of expression in their aspect ? Have they not eyeless looks and lipless eloquence ? See the great golden expanse of the sun-flower winding, on its tortuous stem, from east to west ; praising, in the profuseness of its gaudy gratitude, the light in which it lives and

glories. See how it drinks in, even to a visible intoxication, the life-giving-rays of the cordial sun; while, in the quiet of its own deep enjoyment, it pities the locomotive part of the creation, wandering from place to place in search of that bliss which the flower enjoys in its own bed; fixed by its roots, a happy prisoner, whose chains are its life. Is there no sense or sentiment in the living thing? Or stand beneath the annual canopy that o'ershadows a bed of favourite and favoured tulips, and read in their colours, and their cups, the love they have for their little life. See you not that they are proud of their distinction? On their tall tremulous stems they stand, as it were, on tiptoe, to look down on the less favoured flowers that grow miscellaneously rooted in the uncanopied beds of the common garden. Sheltered and shielded are they from the broad eye of day, which might gaze on them too rudely; and the vigour of their life seems to be from the sweet vanity with which they drink in admiration from human eyes, in whose milder light they live. Go forth into the fields and among the green hedges; walk abroad into the meadows, and ramble over heaths; climb the steep mountains, and dive into the deep valleys; scramble among the bristly thickets, or totter among the perpendicular precipices; and what will you find there? Flowers—flowers—flowers! What can they want there? What can they do there? How did they get there? What are they but the manifestation that the Creator of the universe is a more glorious and benevolent Being than political economists, utilitarians, philosophers, and *id genus omne*?

Flowers—of all things created most innocently simple

and most superbly complex : playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse in the coffin ! Flowers—beloved by the wandering idiot and studied by the deep-thinking man of science ! Flowers—that, in the simplicity of their frailty, seem to beg leave to be, and that occupy, with blushing modesty, the clefts, and corners, and spare nooks of earth, shrinking from the many-trodden path, and not encroaching on the walks of man ; retiring from the multitudinous city, and only then, when man has deserted the habitation he has raised, silently, and as if long waiting for implied permission, creeping over the grey wall and making ruin beautiful ? Flowers—that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks : partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow ; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes ; welcome to crowded halls and graceful upon solitary graves ! Flowers—that by the unchangeableness of their beauty, bring back the past with a delightful and living intensity, of recollection ! Flowers—over which innocence sheds the tear of joy ; and penitence heaves the sigh of regret, thinking of the innocence that has been. Flowers are for the young and for the old ; for the grave and for the gay ; for the living and for the dead ; for all but the guilty, and for them when they are penitent. Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation. They tell man of the paternal character of the Deity. Servants are fed, clothed, and commanded ; but children are instructed by a sweet gentleness ; and to them is given,

by the good parent, that which delights as well as that which supports. For the servant there is the gravity of approbation or the silence of satisfaction ; but for the children there is the sweet smile of complacency and the joyful look of love. So, by the beauty which the Creator has dispersed and spread abroad through creation, and by the capacity which he has given to man to enjoy and comprehend that beauty, he has displayed, not merely the compassionateness of his mercy, but the generosity and gracefulness of his goodness.

What a dreary and desolate place would be a world without a flower ! It would be as a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Flowers, by their sylph-like forms and viewless fragrance, are the first instructors to emancipate our thoughts from the grossness of materialism ; they make us think of invisible beings ; and, by means of so beautiful and graceful a transition, our thoughts of the invisible are thoughts of the good.

Are not flowers the stars of earth, and are not stars the flowers of heaven ? Flowers are the teachers of gentle thoughts—promoters of kindly emotion. One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures ; for they first awaken in the mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. Light is beautiful and good : but on its undivided beauty, and on the glorious intensity of its full strength, man cannot gaze ; he can comprehend it best when prismatically separated and dispersed in the

many-coloured beauty of flowers; and thus he reads the elements of beauty—the alphabet of visible gracefulness. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for, by having a delightfulness in their very form and colour, they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or for bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life.

It is a pretty species of metaphysics which teaches us that man consists of body, soul, and spirit, thus giving us two parts heavenly for one that is earthly, the intermediate leading us by a gentle ascent to the apprehension and enjoyment of the higher part of our nature; so taste and a love of the beautiful leads us to the aspiring after virtue, and to regarding virtue as something far sublimer than mere calculation of physical enjoyment. Is not the very loveliness of virtue, its disinterestedness, its uncalculating generosity, its confiding freeness, its apprehension of a beauty beyond advantage and above utility, —above that utility which ministers merely to the animal existence? In its highest and purest sense, utility is beauty, inasmuch as well-being is more than being, and soul is more than body. Flowers, then, are man's first spiritual instructors, initiating him into the knowledge, love, and apprehension of something above sensualness and selfishness. Children love flowers, childhood is the age of flowers, of innocence, and beauty and love of beauty. Flowers to them are nature's smiles, with

which they can converse, and the language of which they can comprehend, and deeply feel, and retain through life; so that when sorrow and a hard lot presses on them heavily in after years, and they are ready to think that all is darkness, there springs up a recollection of an early sentiment of loveliness and recollected beauty, and they are reminded that there is a spirit of beauty in the world, a sentiment of kindness that cannot be easily forgotten, and that will not easily forget. What, then, is the use of flowers? Think of a world without flowers—of a childhood that loves them not—of a soul that has no sense of the beautiful—of a virtue that is driven and not attracted, founded on the meanness of calculation, measuring out its obedience, grudging its generosity, thinking only of its visible and tangible rewards; think of a state of society in which there is no love of beauty, or elegance, or ornament; and then may be seen and felt the utility of ornament, the substance of decoration, the sublimity of beauty, the usefulness of flowers.

RHAPSODY FROM ZECHARIAH,

Chap. VI.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

AGAIN I turned, the Prophet cries:

I turned, and lifted up mine eyes:

And lo! there rushed *four chariots* from between
Two mountains towering to the skies!

And the mountains were of brass

Dire on my sense the vision burst—
Horses of flame whirled on the *first* ;
And fiercer in the *second* car
Sable were the steeds of war ;
And in the *third*, of dazzling white
The coursers urged their rapid flight ;
And in the *fourth*, with far o'erwhelming force,
Statelier seemed each grizzled horse.

Then cried I to the angel: Lord, what mean
These sights insufferable, to surpass
All mortal durance? And he said :
These are the four great Spirits of heaven that, sped
By the Omnipotent, go forth,
His ministers of wrath,
Through all the subject earth ;
That strike the nations with dismay
As vast dominions roll away,
And raise up empires mightier yet than they ;
That crush the purple tyrant's throne,
And bid thee lick the dust, proud Babylon !
That shall to ruin hurl, as erst they hurled
The arrogant and vain, to appal a guilty world !

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

It was in the days of my youth, that I once wandered forth to pass a summer's evening on the sea-shore. I had often looked upon its waves, and watched their rise and fall, each coming on like one of the rolling years of Time, and passing away to make room for a succeeding one. Often, too, had I heard Life compared to that restless ocean, and the human race to the multitude of vessels ever moving on the troubled surface of its waters; but on this day the idea possessed me more strongly than at any former time, and when I stretched myself on a sea-worn rock, it was with an intention of pursuing the train of thought it had suggested. But the noise of the receding tide, which now came more and more gently up to the place on which I rested, lulled my senses, even like the soothing voice of a nurse, when, in low and still lower tones, she hushes to its rest the cradled infant, and I soon sank into the deep quietness of sleep. It was not, however, a sleep of forgetfulness; my waking thoughts still pursued my slumbers, and such as I have now to describe was the dream that followed.

I methought that I stood upon a high and beetling cliff which gave me the view of an unbounded ocean. But it was not untenanted, for it seemed crowded with vessels of every size and form. They were sailing with various

degrees of speed, and were steered, as it seemed, with various degrees of skill, but one great irresistible tide carried them all forward, and, however the voyage might be diversified to each, I soon found that in one point of the distant horizon they must all meet at last. I looked earnestly in that direction, but a dense mist covered the place; I looked again, fixing my eyes intently upon it, but in vain; they could not pierce its thick and heavy gloom. There was something oppressive in this, from which I turned away, and soon became engaged by the strange and animated scene before me. For a time it was all enchantment, for the breath of the morning played lightly round my head, and the waters danced beneath my eye in the light of a newly risen sun. But as the day advanced, and I continued to gaze, I began to be troubled;—sometimes the sky lowered over the place where I stood, and the glare of the early sunbeams having passed away from the surface of the ocean, it assumed a very different appearance. I observed dangers innumerable, in the course of every voyager, which had been hid from me before. There were symptoms of reefs, and shoals, and quicksands. The vessels now seemed to me but the sport of winds and waves, often of tempests and whirlpools. It was seldom that any one reached its wished-for destination, and every thing seemed uncertain, except that each must enter the region of shadowy darkness at last. It received them all, the bravest and the gayest, as well as the meanest and most insignificant. The gallant vessel that had just entered on its course, as well as the worn and

shattered bark that seemed no longer able to brave the terrors of the ocean—all entered there, and from that place of darkness there was no return. Yet surely, thought I, these common dangers, and this universal fate, must give a community of interest to these wanderers of the ocean; it must make them tender and compassionate to one another, anxious to attend to every signal of distress, willing to cheer on a fellow-voyager in his course, and never to pass by indifferent to his misfortunes.—I looked again over the wide scene before me, in search of proofs to confirm this hope, but alas! it was not thus;—the truth was far otherwise. It now seemed to me that the severest dangers, which these ocean travellers had to fear, were from the evil designs of one another. The strong did not assist the weak, they oppressed them; those whose path lay for a time over smooth waters did not heed the cry of their storm-tossed fellows; and there were some vessels, moving as if with pride and beauty over the deep, which swept down the meaner barks that impeded their course even for a moment. As I looked on these things I became perplexed and sorrowful:—“Where,” said I, “is the Ruler of this ocean? Where is the Great One who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand?—for the work is vast, the artificer must be Almighty.” As I raised my head, in uttering these words, I found that a being of a gentle and engaging aspect stood beside me. There was no mixture of contempt in the pity with which he looked at me, and, though I felt that he was a being of a much more exalted nature than myself, I was subdued

not by the terror but by the calmness of his presence. In his appearance he was a stranger to me, but the feeling with which I met his looks was not new, something like it I had known before; and it was in a voice of half recognition that I said "Who art thou?" "Child of mortality, and doubt, and error," he replied, "I am thy good Angel, the commissioned attendant on thy steps, the unwearied companion of thy wanderings." "But art thou wise as thou art good?" said I, with an impatience that ill became a listening disciple, "Canst thou explain all that now perplexes my thoughts, or restore to me the pleasant gaiety that once possessed them?—Canst thou call back the beams of the morning, or pour some more steady light on the confused scene before me?"—"It is not my office to do this," he said, "but do as I would wish, and the knowledge thou desirest shall be thine." I now observed that he held in his hand a telescope of the finest workmanship; and, having rested it firmly on the rock beneath us, he turned to me and continued. "Bend thyself down, that by the assistance of the eye of Faith thou mayest correct the short and erring vision of nature. It is not needful," I replied, "my sight of all the danger and misery before me is but too clear, and wherefore should I stoop to so low a place as that on which thy glass rests, since this higher point must needs give me a more extended prospect?—What is that quality or charm to which thou givest the name of Faith?" "It is," said the Angel, looking upward, as if to acknowledge from whence he obtained his answer, and bowing his head in devout

acquiescence, "it is the substance of things hoped for the evidence of things not seen." His reply arrested me at once, for it was an answer not to my words only, but to my anxious wishes and troubled thoughts. I therefore prepared to obey him, and as I stooped down to use the goodly assistance he had brought me, I saw that his eye, which had before been clouded by sorrow, brightened into a look of animated pleasure. With a gaze of no common earnestness I now bent my eyes again upon the ocean, but it was not at once that I found the assistance I desired. It was some time before I could accommodate my sight to this new medium, but when at last a distant view of every object was presented to me, its aspect was so changed that I could scarcely believe it was the same scene which I had looked upon before. There were still, indeed, the same countless multitudes moving over the face of that heaving ocean, but not one of its waves seemed now to rise or fall at the mere impulse of chance:—there was plainly a power ruling over them all; and the longer I continued to look, the more wonderful and visible appeared to be the effects of that power. I saw it in the lightest ripple of the water, as well as in the fiercest tumult of the agitated deep.—It appeared to me in the slightest breeze that moved the sails of the voyagers, as well as in the awful tempest that swept them to destruction, and my soul confessed that an Almighty spirit did indeed move on the face of those waters. I turned my eyes to that distant part of the horizon which had before been hid from me in darkness; a shadow still rested upon it, but it was not

impenetrable. Beyond it lay a shore, peaceful and smiling as the waters that led to it were turbulent and dark:—long could I have looked with delight on its surpassing beauty, its “many mansions,” and its blessed inhabitants, but the Angel recalled my attention to the course of the voyagers (and I no longer resisted his commands.) Their condition was now much changed in my sight; dangers, indeed, lay in the way of every one, but each had a compass to direct his course, and might possess himself of a chart to point out his destination, and to guide him to it through every danger with security. “Both these gifts,” said my Angel, “were bestowed by the great Ruler of the Ocean:—the compass is, indeed, subject to variation from the attraction of surrounding objects, but these it is the duty of a skilful mariner to remove; he should also place it in the light instead of hiding it, as so many do, in darkness. The chart is of inestimable value to those who truly study it, and shape their course as it directs. Its plan is perfect and its execution admirable, for it describes the Ocean of Life as having once been entered upon, and travelled over by the Ruler of that Ocean in the person of His only Son.—And His was no smooth or pleasurable passage. He toiled through dangers, and suffered from enemies, and contended with storms; in an hour of more than common terror He penetrated the region of darkness, and why He did all this, for whose sake it was accomplished, and in what manner, appears so legible in every line and word traced there, that to look and yet to be ignorant is impossible.”

But, of these invaluable gifts, I observed that the former was often hid, and the latter often neglected; by some even despised, and by far too few dwelt upon and followed. I saw it, indeed, consulted in the hour of danger, when some vessel had struck upon a rock in its heedless course, or had been shattered by the fury of a storm, and it was well for those mariners when their experience of its value in such seasons made it afterwards precious in their sight:—but it was not always thus; it was often thrown aside when the danger was past, and again called for when the same necessity recurred—By persons of this description I could well observe that it was looked at in vain:—the confusion of their thoughts at these troubled moments, and their ignorance of its plan and meaning, deprived them of its use.—It was in seasons of calmness, in the still and early morning of the day, that it was to be studied best; that the dangers of the passage might be known before they became too near and frequent, and that the reference to it might be easy and habitual. But in many cases, as I have said, this was forgotten, and it seemed to be the prevailing custom with every company of mariners to yield themselves up to the guidance of one who stood at the helm, regardless of the dangers into which he led them, or how widely he steered from the true point of the compass or the right direction of the chart. “Who,” said I, “is that daring steersman standing at the helm of yonder well-trimmed vessel?—he has borne down many others

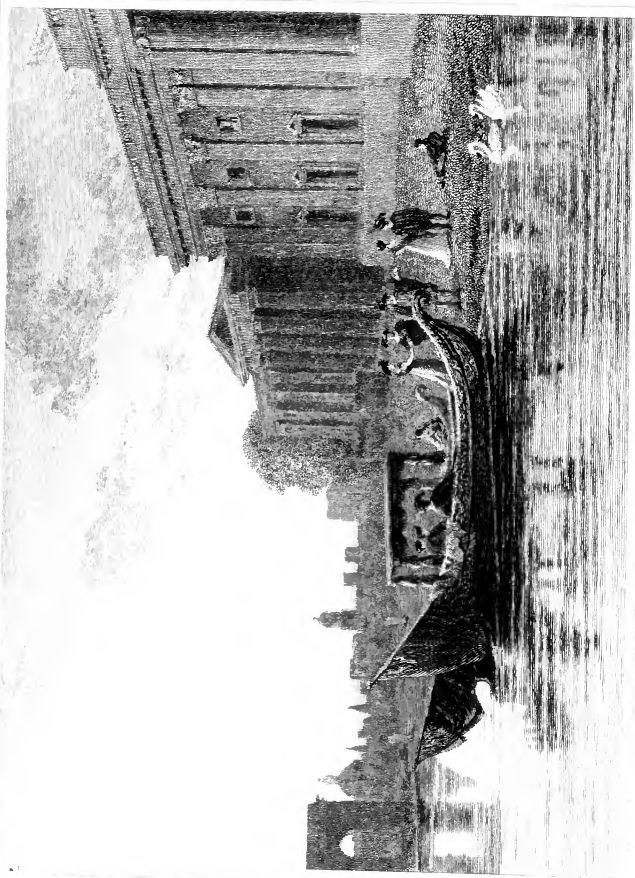
in his course, and fair winds seem to attend his sails, nor does he appear to dread any dangers of the voyage, but rather to encounter them in order that he may overcome, yet he has a look rather of restless emotion than of joy. I behold on his face a gleam of triumph when the notes of a trumpet, loudly blown by one who stands at the prow of his vessel, are sent over the ocean, and the echoes return upon his ear; but that is momentary.”—“It is true,” said the Angel. “His name is Ambition. He is supported, as you may see, by Pride, and the voice of Fame is the music of his soul:—by their assistance he maintains the most unlimited power over his followers, but Peace and Joy are not his associates. Observe his course still further.”—I continued to look, wishing much to know how this gallant and fearless company would enter the region of darkness. It was sad to witness the efforts of the steersman to turn aside from that inevitable doom. I could well observe that he saw nothing but darkness in the shadow; there was nothing in it that he could hope to overcome, and he dreaded to be inactive and to be forgotten. In vain did he turn for assistance to Pride; that untameable spirit seemed to writhe under the necessity of sharing the common lot, but with the selfishness of its nature refused to bestow comfort. Even the music of Fame seemed to have lost its charm, though as the darkness received him, I could observe that he and his followers still lent an ear to the notes as they floated back upon the waters; to my ear this music had the sadness of a knell, but the player was so skilful and

could so sweetly adapt his airs to the fancy of the voyagers, that he was eagerly received into the service of others, though a useless and often a destructive companion to them all. It were tedious for me to relate the many vessels whose courses I followed. At the helm of one stood Avarice; his course, unlike that of the former steersman, was slow and cautious, but of his true destination he did not seem to have the least idea; the many heaps of gold which lay on the deck were guarded by the meagre and wrinkled form of Anxiety; the same expression pervaded the whole crew, for happiness had no dwelling amongst them. Another company, and it was indeed a very large one, sailed under the conduct of Beauty;—had it not been for the visit of the Angel I might have dwelt on their proceedings with amusement, but now in truth the sight of them was sorrowful; the more so, as many of them were young and full of animation, and might, perchance, have been more wisely occupied than in the pursuit of outward adornings, (careless of the dangers around them and the place to which they were going,) had it not been for the incessant anxiety with which their conductress diverted their attention by pictures and gewgaws. So entirely careless were they of the duty of mariners bound on so perilous a voyage, that I dreaded lest they should be dashed on every rock, and that every wave should be their ruin.—If they were saved from any of these dangers it must have been by the lightness with which the vessel (being entirely without ballast) danced on the surface of the waters; but I soon became weary of pursuing it, and my eyes and

thoughts now addressed themselves to a much more engaging object. The vessel which attracted me was one which I had scarcely noticed before the visit of the Angel had furnished me the means of clearer observation, so little ornament was there belonging to it, so noiseless was its path along the waters :—it was a woman's form that stood at the helm, and it was she who first gained and longest fixed my attention. There was no studied peculiarity in her garb or countenance, but she was altogether unlike any one I had looked upon before :—her eyes seemed naturally directed upwards, but she fixed them with a steady regard upon the immediate progress and conduct of the vessel whose helm she never deserted for a moment. I could observe that she required from those who made the voyage in her company the most unhesitating obedience; but her wisdom was so unquestionable, her commands so reasonable, and her demeanour so peacefully affectionate, that in yielding their obedience they could not deny their love. The Angel seemed to rejoice as he saw my eyes directed to this vessel. "Follow its course," he said, "even to the end. It is well worthy your regard, for she whom you behold at the helm is Religion. Her immediate attendants are Charity and Truth:—Peace and Joy are also there, and all the gentle and generous affections are in her company." "And of what quality," said I, "is she who stands at the prow of that vessel?—a figure resembling her's I have seen in every company of voyagers, but she whom I now observe has a much nobler expression than the

rest, neither is her countenance subject to the changes that I saw in theirs, but is ever radiant, as if from the reflection of some bright though distant reality.” “Yes,” said the Angel, “she is, indeed, a being of a most cheering nature; her name is Hope. She has been instructed by Religion, and is now the chosen assistant of her to whom she owes her surpassing excellence and beauty.” I continued to watch every movement of this vessel, and chiefly to observe the demeanour of her who ruled and guided it. From the extreme care with which she avoided every danger of the ocean, even the most hidden, a careless observer might have thought her timid. At times I observed that this thought occurred even to some among her own company, but they were instantly reproved for the error, not by ungentle authority, but by an appeal to the chart of their voyage; and were recommended to place themselves under the gentle but faithful guard of one who seemed much prized by Religion, and whose name, as the Angel told me, was Humility. When danger was of necessity to be encountered, when the crews of other vessels were to be assisted in their distress, or when the heavens looked dark, and the tempest descended around her own, then did the gentle form of Religion seem endued with a “giant’s force:”—then was her voice lifted up to re-assure the timid, and to comfort the despairing; while she bid them be of good cheer, for Hope was with them, and at her command she had cast her golden anchor far beyond the dark and awful shadow, even on the shore of everlasting peace. When I saw these things, and again turned for

THE GREAT GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM



a time to the other travellers of the Ocean, I could not help feeling amazed that they did not all follow in the track of her whose way seemed as perfect as her form was lovely. "Is it not strange," said I, but a recollection of my former rash judgments checked the words that were about to rise to my lips. The Angel understood my thoughts and answered them. "It is *sad* in truth," he replied, "but you will not regard it as strange if you again view the different qualities of those who guide the other vessels on that Ocean, and think how impossible it is that they should become the followers of Religion. In general you will find them much too intent on their own pursuits to cast a look or a thought on her :—if they do, it is seldom an approving one. She is far too noiseless for Ambition ; and her followers are impressively commanded not to listen even to the whispers of Pride, or to be seduced by the sweetest music that Fame can breathe. She is too poor to draw on Avarice, and too serious to attach the regards of Vanity even for an hour, but some attempts to resemble her you may behold, and one of them is now within your sight." As the vessel to which he pointed approached, I saw that it also was steered by the hand of a woman.—At a distance she resembled in some degree the one who had before delighted me, but, as she became more distinctly visible, I looked in vain for the calm eye, and the regulated demeanour, the gentle yet powerful expression of Religion. She had a look of extreme anxiety, but it did not seem to relate to the onward progress of the vessel ; she was engaged in numberless

arrangements and observances of which the glass I used did not enable me to discover the use or the meaning, and which rather retarded than advanced her progress. I inquired her name of the Angel. "Superstition," he replied. "She is the daughter of Ignorance, who still assists her to maintain command over her followers, but those who stand on each side of her are of a more dangerous character; the masked figure on one side is Hypocrisy. He once attempted to appear amongst the followers of Religion, but his real face was soon revealed to her by Truth, and he was spurned as from the presence of an insulted monarch. She forbade even Charity, her well-beloved sister, to plead for him, and Hope was commanded to avert her face. His only refuge was where you now behold him, by the side of Superstition, where he generally remains concealed behind a mask, and is always at hand to aid the designs of his more ferocious companion, Persecution, he who holds a sword and firebrand ready to enforce obedience from the followers of Superstition to her most absurd and capricious commands. With such rulers it is not wonderful that the crew is, as you see it, joyless and timid, preyed upon by fear, without Activity, Hope, or Resolution." "It is even so," said I, but at this moment I again turned my eyes to follow the even course of Religion. I saw her as before beautiful and powerful, calm in suffering and active in relieving, but I now looked more intently than ever, for her vessel had almost reached the place of the dark shadow. To her followers, indeed, it seemed to have no appalling darkness; they

were carried nearer to it and no one shrank—in no individual of that company did I see a countenance of fear or sadness. As they entered it I looked still more intently, but at that moment there seemed such a living brightness cast from the brow of Religion, and the eyes of Hope beamed with so ineffable a lustre, that the light flashed upon me like a sunbeam, and I awoke.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

WITH A COPY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

IF this volume of Heaven has been thy delight,
And thy offerings of praise to its God have ascended,
If thy prayers have encircled the throne of His might,
And the tears of repentance and love thou hast blended ;

Thy bark, as it floats to the regions of truth,
Shall know neither shipwreck, nor danger, nor fear ;
For the God thou hast sought in thy moments of youth
Shall soothe and support thee when trouble is near.

He will guide it unhurt to Eternity's shore,
And anchor it safe in the Haven of rest ;
Thou shalt sleep in His bosom, to wander no more
From the House of thy Father, the Home of the blest.

INNOCENCE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE radiant glances of thy heavenward eye
 Are raised above the clouds of mortal care;
 Oh, holy and divinest Purity,
 To thee, all things are lovely, all are fair.
 The Proteus shapes of Sin still pass thee by,
 And leave on thee no shadow; and the snare
 Of strong Temptation, though it oft assail
 Thy stedfast spirit, can in nought prevail.

Thou hast in festal halls and lordly towers
 Preserved thy charms amidst the flattering train,
 Who scattered in thy path enchanted flowers,
 And wooed thee with a thousand spells in vain.
 Thou, with firm step through Pleasure's syren bowers,
 Like angel guest whom earth could ne'er enchain,
 Hast still serenely thy bright course maintained,
 And onward passed unfettered and unstained.

On thee, in deepest solitudes, has smiled
 That perfect peace the world could ne'er bestow;
 Oh! holy, beautiful, and undefiled,
 Relic of heaven still lingering here below,
 The lily blooms beside thee in the wild,
 Yet cannot match her coronal of snow
 With thy unsullied vesture's spotless white.
 Washed in the dews that usher in the light.

From the vain throng retired, thou sitt'st alone,
Listening the wood-dove's note, or murmur sweet
Of waving leaves by mountain breezes blown,
Where jasmines canopy thy calm retreat,
And thymy hillock forms the sylvan throne,
And the lamb finds a refuge at thy feet;
And crystal fountain, sparkling in thy sight,
Reflects thy image, and becomes more bright.

What though the tender paleness of thy face
Doth wear at times the pensive shade of sadness?
'Tis only when thou dost around thee trace
The evil traits of folly, guilt, and madness,
Whose canker spots have marred the human race;
For thou art in thyself celestial gladness,
And crystal fountain, sparkling in thy sight,
Bright as when Eden's bowers beheld thy birth.

Affliction, with her sternly chastening rod,
Indeed hath tried thee, but could ne'er destroy
That glorius emanation from thy God,
The deep serenity of holy joy;
And though thy pilgrim feet full oft have trod
A rugged way, yet bliss without alloy
Is to thy raptured glance divinely given,
Which sees through thorny paths the road to heaven.

NOTICES OF THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

THE mutations in the condition of the great family of man, have furnished, in all ages, a copious theme for poets, moralists, and philosophers. States and empires have passed over the shifting scene of human existence, and “left not a wreck behind,”—*etiam perière ruinæ*. It is by their historic names only they are known to have once existed; but while they sink and are absorbed, like the ephemeral suns of the Aborigines of America, in the dark ocean of oblivion, another sun, *alter et idem*, issues from his chambers in the east, and “rejoices as a giant to run his course.”* The species perish, but the genus is immortal. We live in an æra when such scenes may possibly be witnessed.

When the wars and calamities incident to the human race leave great voids in the population of the middle and southern regions, “the populous north” has ever been ready to pour out its myriads to fill them up; in no time, however, has its population been so steadily on a progressive increase as at present. An Omniscient Providence brings about events by secondary causes for ultimate good, and these are now obvious. “The march

* The American Indians believe that the old sun every evening is extinguished and dissolved in the Pacific Ocean, and a new one arises the next day out of the Atlantic.

of intellect" has produced improvements in the arts and sciences. Agriculture and commerce have gone hand in hand to supply subsistence for the increase of the people ; for when a bad season threatens a scarcity in one country, the superabundance of another anticipates the evil. Wars are no longer so sanguinary and destructive as formerly ; and diseases, once so formidable and fatal, are now so much altered and subdued, as to prove comparatively little destructive ; whilst habits of temperance have established among all classes a steadier state of health. At the same time, the silent spread of the Christian religion begins to shed its divine influence on every region ; and, in spite of the intolerance and bigotry of some of its professors, brings every where "Peace on earth, and good-will towards man."

By these causes, the former checks to population are, in a great measure, removed ; but a consequence follows, which threatens a more terrible calamity than all its checks put together. Every where, even in the largest cities, the annual births exceed the burials ; and it must inevitably happen, if no causes, natural or political, prevent, that more mouths will be produced, than there can be food provided to supply them. This has become a subject of the first consideration to every government. Various plans have been agitated and proposed ; but there is one only on which reliance can be placed with any prospect of success, and that is emigration. Indeed, it has grown into a general feeling, a kind of instinct, to emigrate, independent of government aids, to countries where plenty and independence may be obtained, which is

denied at home. But of all regions, the Canadas seem most congenial to British habits. The soil and climate are, in the highest degree, fertile and salubrious. There are some countries, which, from an unknown constitution of the atmosphere, seem to be exempt from certain fatal diseases that infest their neighbours; thus, the plague never visits Persia, nor the yellow fever the Canadas.

I have only to regret one consequence that results or will inevitably result, from the rapid increase of the population of British America, and that is, the utter extinction or absorption of the aboriginal natives. The red and the white people cannot co-exist in the same place. Many well-informed writers have described the country and its inhabitants, and treated at large of American population. I am willing to contribute my gleanings, collected during a residence of more than five years amongst them, and to testify, "before they go hence, and be no more seen," that an unlettred, but interesting race of *Red People* had existed.*

The opportunities I had of mixing with these people, and knowing them well, were such as do not usually happen to those who merely visit the country. Shortly

* The term *Indians* does not properly belong to the American aborigines. The first discoverers of the Western Hemisphere, supposing that the continent and islands of America were parts of India beyond the Ganges, called the whole *West Indies*, and the natives *Indians*; a name that is loosely applied to all savages, but which is least of all applicable to the red American people, who are neither Indians nor savages; but the name having obtained general currency, cannot now be dispensed with.

after my arrival, one of these occurred, which I was glad to avail myself of. Among the misfortunes which the migrations of Europeans to America has brought on the natives, is the introduction of the small-pox, from the scourge of which they had before been exempt. Diseases are always most fatal when they seize, for the first time, fresh victims; and this spreads its ravages among the red people, with the resistless fury of a conflagration. I shall mention one instance of its devastating effects. A distant tribe in alliance with the Chipawas had been in a flourishing state, when it was first attacked by this awful pest. In vain their priests, prophets, and physicians, attempted to arrest its progress; they themselves became its victims. The survivors shifted their encampments from place to place; the inexorable pestilence pursued them, till the whole nation perished, with the exception of one family—a man, his wife, and child. This “last man” fled towards the British settlements, and was seen to pitch his wigwam on the edge of the forest; but here, too, his enemy found him. The woman and child sickened and died—the last survivor dug their grave, and laid them in it; he then sat down on the edge of the grave, and, in this attitude, he was found by a passing trader. Him he requested to cover him up with his wife and child; and then, giving himself a mortal wound, he flung himself upon their bodies. The Indians seldom, if ever, commit suicide; but this was an extreme case, which put to the test the fortitude even of

“The stoic of the woods—the man without a tear.”

To arrest the progress, or ameliorate the character of

this disease among the Indians, a few individuals had been, at different times, vaccinated by European physicians; but no systematic effort had been made to introduce vaccination among them, until it was made a general practice in the army, by an order of His late Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, when I, with many others, set out for the purpose of introducing it among the Indians also. There are certain stations where all the tribes who wander over the vast continent assemble together periodically, and remain encamped in a body for a longer or shorter period. I availed myself of one of these occasions, and proceeded thither with a small detachment, who were sent from headquarters, with annual presents. They were, at this time, encamped on the banks of the Grand River, which falls into the north side of Lake Erie. Here we found a numerous assemblage of men, women, and children, of various tribes, collected from very remote quarters. As they were apprised that I came to administer an antidote or preservative against the small-pox, a ruthless foe, which justly inspired them with greater terror than all their other enemies, I had the most cordial and friendly reception. They erected for me a commodious and cool wigwam: it was constructed of long flexible poles, with each end stuck in the ground, so as to form a circular roof, high enough to stand and walk upright in. The top was covered with skins, and the sides with birch bark, and the floor within was laid down with mats. Here they repaired to me, and submitted to the simple operation of vaccination with the most implicit

faith, and watched its progress with the greatest attention. Finding every thing turn out as they were apprised it would, and that no pain or sickness supervened, I gained their entire confidence and good-will. They were soon convinced of the efficacy of the operation, and continued afterwards to bring their children for the purpose to every future station, as well as to head-quarters.

Having performed this first and important duty I applied myself to study the Indian character and manners, and no situation could be better calculated for the purpose. Most of these tribes had, as yet, little intercourse with European visitors; and they brought with them, and practised, all their primitive habits, their languages, oratory, gala dresses, dances, amusements, and religious ceremonies. They hunted for us every day, and we occasionally joined their parties. Our table was abundantly and sumptuously supplied with venison, fish, wild turkey, pheasant, and partridges; and we were daily tempted with bear, porcupine, racoon, squirrel, dog-flesh, and rattlesnake soup, these being the choicest delicacies of an Indian mess; and some extraordinary ceremony or usage was continually occurring, at which I was present.

The first to which my attention was directed, was a matter of great curiosity and interest, which I had often heard of, but never before had an opportunity of witnessing. This was the initiation of a young warrior, into the Society, or College of Magicians. The ceremony is conducted with a deal of mystery, and none but distinguished chiefs admitted to be spectators. By special

favour, I was allowed to stand in the circle. The aspirant had been severely disciplined, in a state of probation, for some time before. There was a small arched hut constructed, very close, and barely high enough for him to sit up. A dog having been previously sacrificed, the bones were scraped, and wrapped up in its skin. The aspirant was placed, sitting, at the little door; he was entirely naked; his body oiled, and painted in stripes of black, white, and red, and his head decorated with porcupine quills, and powdered with swans-down. All being now ready, the most extraordinary figure that was ever seen among the demons of the theatre, strode out of his wigwam. He was a Miami chief, gaunt and big-boned, and upwards of six feet high. His face was terrific. Projecting brows overhung a pair of keen, small, black eyes; the nose large, prominent, and angular; visage lengthy; chin square and long, with a bushy beard; and a mouth which appeared to extend from ear to ear. A white line divided his features; one side was painted black, the other red. His head-dress was made of the shaggy skin of a buffalo's forehead, with the ears and horns on. A buffalo robe hung on his broad shoulders; the inside of which was wrought in figures of sun, moon, and stars, and other hieroglyphics. The Okama-Paw-waw, or chief worker of miracles, now addressed the young aspirant, in a short speech, uttered with a deep intonation, as from the bottom of his breast. He then flung a small pebble at him, with some force. The Indian, the instant he was hit, fell back, and appeared to be in a swoon. Two assistants, with hooded skins

over their heads, thrust him head foremost, in this state of insensibility, into the hut, which had previously been heated with hot stones, upon which water was thrown, to raise a vapour. While this was performing, the grand Paw-waw threw himself on the ground, muttering words, as if he was talking to somebody; rolling himself from side to side, and working like one in strong convulsions. In this state he was dragged into his wigwam, and left there to dream. In about half an hour he sallied forth, and made a sign; upon which the assistants drew out by the heels the miserable candidate from his oven. He was bathed in a clammy sweat, and had the appearance of having actually expired, evincing no perceptible respiration or pulse. The great Paw-waw, no ways disconcerted, stooped over him, and uttered aloud his incantations. The two assistants sat on either side, each with a skin pouch, in which was some ignited substance, the smoke of which they puffed into his ears. In a few minutes, he fetched a deep sigh, and opened his eyes. The High Priest then put a calabash, in which was some liquor, to his mouth; after which he soon recovered. The specators then testified the strongest signs of approbation, crying altogether, hu! hu! hu! hogh! hogh!

It was now intimated to me, that I might be initiated into these mysteries; but I confess I had no wish to be further acquainted with this Miami masonry, although I was informed I should be enabled to dream dreams, to foretell events, to raise the dead, to eat fire, swallow trees, and digest bayonets. No doubt, these juggling prophets, by a knowledge of medicinal plants, and by

great sagacity and experience, exercise a strong, but not despotic, influence over the multitude. To these naturalists of the forest, we are indebted for some of our most valuable articles of the *Materia Medica*; as sarsaparilla, jalap, snake-root, gingseng, and ipecacuanha. They are also adroit at reducing a dislocation, or setting a fracture; but they do not understand blood-letting, although they practise cupping with a gourd. To introduce among them so important a practice, I gave the Paw-waw a case of lancets, and instructed him in their use; and, in return, he conferred on me his buffalo conjuring-cap, which, like the mantle of the prophet, was also to confer his miraculous spirit; but, not finding it efficacious, I gave it, with many other Indian articles, to a public Museum, where it now is.

I was a spectator here of the game of the ball, played with extraordinary strength and agility, by two rival tribes. It is a kind of rude and simple cricket, but is exactly similar to the Irish hurling match. The players were quite naked, and their bodies oiled and painted. Some of their figures displayed so much symmetry and beauty, and exhibited in their motions such grace, strength, and agility, that one might fancy any individual of them was the Fighting Gladiator, that had stepped down from his pedestal.

Here; too, they exhibited most of their dances. Amongst the ancients, the Romans despised dancing, but the Greeks and Jews were passionately fond of it. It formed a great part of their religious ceremonies, and we read that Socrates and King David both practised it.

The Indians are not less addicted to this exercise. They represent all their important transactions by a pantomimic dance. War—Return from Battle—Prisoners—Sacrifice—Death—Weddings—Calumet or Peace,—each has its appropriate dance. They also have the Bear and Eagle dance, in which they represent with great truth all the motions of those animals. A sketch of the Calumet dance may serve as a specimen. A circle of warriors, highly dressed and decorated, surround a central fire; behind them is a circle of women. The quire is seated before the fire, and the music consists of three or four drums, beat with a single stick, and a bunch or two of deer's hoofs, tied on the top of a short pole to be rattled together. There is also a large thick flute, with only three holes and the mouth-piece. It produces a plaintive tone, not unpleasing. The head, or leader, now steps forth with the calumet, which is a long pipe, the stem highly decorated with eagles' feathers, and the bowl curiously carved; he raises his eyes slowly to heaven, and puffs the smoke towards the four cardinal points; he then, in a measured step, accompanied by the drums, presents it to each warrior. Having finished the circle, he places himself at the head of the train, and leads the chorus. They move round and round; the women fall in, and they all join in the religious hymn of *Yah-lah-leagh*.

The opinion that the Indian tribes are descended from the ten captive tribes of the Jews, has been advocated by several writers, particularly by Adair, who was employed as an agent among the Indians for many

years. In order to witness any circumstance that might corroborate this opinion, I went on another occasion with a party from Fort Erie to the Shawonese Town, near Buffalo Creek. It was early in May, when the country had shaken off its white robe, and appeared in the bright verdant dress of spring. We found the village of a superior order, the houses well constructed and comfortable, and some even with an upper story. They surrounded a large green or common; in the centre of which the council-house or temple was erected. This was a large oval building, thirty-two paces long by twenty-four broad, and about fourteen feet high to the roof. It was lighted by a few small square apertures close to the eaves, which also let out the smoke; consequently, it was somewhat dark. The door facing the west had a rude but spacious portico. The roof, which had a high pitch, was propped up within by four strong posts, between which was the hearth, with a large kettle over it. There was a seat all round, and the walls, which were formed of split plank, were half-way up covered with mats. Here we found a great number of Indians assembled. The women were ranged outside the wall, and the men surrounded the fire inside, at the head of whom was the High Priest in his pontificals. His face was painted like the quarterings of a coat of arms, and he was furnished with a beard. He wore on his head a high tiara of beaver-fur, stuck round with dyed porcupine quills. He had over his chest a kind of stomacher, worked in figures, and ornamented with wampum, which was supposed to represent the Jewish

Urim and Thummim; in this the Indians imagine some little spirit resides, which they talk to and consult in dubious events. Whilst the usual dance or chorus was performing, a dog, which had been previously selected and fattened, was boiling in the kettle; when cooked, the flesh was cut off, and the bones scraped clean and wrapped up in its skin. The flesh was then divided into small bits, and handed round, on a wooden platter, to all those that surrounded the fire: at the same time, the High Priest dipped a branch of hemlock pine in the broth, and sprinkled it every where as well on the people as on the walls. The ceremony concluded with the circular dance and chant, in which the women joined. This chant or hymn is sung by all the Indian nations in North America, however they may differ in custom and language; Humboldt even heard it in Mexico, and it is supposed to be synonymous with the Hallelujah of the Psalms. It was pricked down for me by a gentleman, who understood musical composition; to my ears it sounds like the lullaby of the nursery.

It must be admitted that this ceremony bears some rude resemblance to the Feast of the Passover, substituting a dog for a lamb, of which they have none,—but dogs are sacrificed on all solemn occasions. The Indians also resemble the Jews in many other particulars. They are divided into tribes, which bear armorial banners—at least, they make figures of the tortoise, bear, eagle, &c. to distinguish the tribes; and thus was each of the Jewish tribes distinguished. They also place great dependance on their prophets and their dreams, and consult them on all

important occasions, as King Ahab did. When they slaughter an animal, they spill the blood on the ground, according to the Mosaical injunction. The purification of women is remarkably similar to the Jewish law.

The marriage ceremonies, in many particulars, were like those of the Hebrews. They purchase their wives, by making presents, as Abraham's servant purchased Rebecca for Isaac; and Jacob purchased Leah and Rachel. A young warrior addresses the father of his beloved, in a short speech, to this purport:—"Father, I love your daughter; will you give her to me? and let the small roots of her heart twine round mine." On permission having been obtained, he brings his presents, and lays them at the door of the lodge or wigwam; if they are accepted, he visits his mistress, and remains all night with her; and so continues to do for two or three months before the wedding is celebrated. After feasting and dancing, the high priest or prophet finishes the ceremony, when the bride presents a cake to her husband, and he divides an ear of Indian corn between them. The bride is then carried by her bride's-maids, in a buffalo skin, to her husband's cabin.

Polygamy and divorce were common to Jews and Indians; but among the latter it is not general. The Indian females are naturally gentle, modest, and silent;—they are passionately fond of their children, and are submissive slaves and at the same time affectionately attached to their husbands. This they evince by self-immolation, after the manner of eastern wives. Among the few poisonous plants of Canada, is a shrub, which

yields a wholesome fruit, but contains in its roots a deadly juice, which the widow who wishes not to survive her husband, drinks. An eye-witness describes its effects : the woman having resolved to die, chanted her death song and funeral service ; she then drank off the poisonous juice, was seized with shivering and convulsions, and expired in a few minutes on the body of her husband. In their persons they are small and well-made : many of them, if dressed in the English fashion, would be counted pretty brunettes ; their complexions are not so dark as to veil their blushes. It is curious to see them toddling after their tall husbands, loaded with gear, and perhaps an infant fastened on the top of the bundle. However, they are indemnified, when they grow old ; for, as among the ancient Germans, their authority and advice are then paramount.

The funerals of the Indians have also a reference to those of the Hebrews. How earnestly does the patriarch Jacob enjoin his sons to bury him in Canaan, in the family sepulchre ; and Joseph in like manner exacts an oath from his people to carry his bones with them when they leave Egypt. The Indians lavish all their care and affection on the remains of their friends. They bury with them their arms, dogs, and all their property, under the impression that they will be required in the next world. For three months they pay visits to their graves, and the women cry or *keen* over them exactly as they do in Ireland. A woman is often seen in this way shedding bitter tears over the grave of her nursling, and milking her breast on the earth that covers it. The graves are decorated

with boughs and garlands, as among the Welsh and Irish, which are all removed at the end of the mourning.

The last ceremony they practise, is called the feast of souls. Every three or four years, by a general agreement, they disinter all the bodies of such as have died within that time : finding the soft parts mouldered away, they carefully clean the bones, and each family wrap up the remains of their departed friends in new furs. They are then all laid together in one common cemetery, which forms a mound, or barrow, sometimes of considerable magnitude. Many such may be seen in Upper Canada, exactly similar to those of Dorset and Wiltshire. Such remains of antiquity are indeed spread over the whole surface of the globe. This last grand ceremony is concluded with a feast, with dances, songs, speeches, games, and mock combats.

The exterminating fury with which wars are carried on by the Indians, has also its parallel in Jewish history ; but there is this difference : in the one it was an act of obedience to punish sinful and idolatrous nations ; in the other it is an act of revenge. There it was duty,—here a point of honour. When the fate of two prisoners is to be decided, the one is adopted into the tribe to supply the loss of a fallen warrior ; the other is condemned to be sacrificed to his manes. The choice is made by the family which has lost a relative. There is no personal hatred or malice on either side. The red stoic goes to the stake, “indifferent in his choice to live or die.” He sings his death song, which is a mournful recitative repeated constantly. The words sometimes vary among

different tribes ; but the sentiment is the same everywhere ; it is as follows :—

INDIAN DEATH SONG AT THE STAKE.

“Great Spirit!—Lord and giver of Life! view me well!—I have opposed my body against the bad spirit. I go into the fire ; my veins are open—I go to change my sky!”

He then boasts of his exploits, and of the cruelties he inflicted on his enemies.

From some particulars above stated, it appears that there really is, in the customs of the Indian tribes, a resemblance to those of the Jews ; but one essential rite is wanting to the former—that of circumcision. It also appears that the Affgans, a semi-barbarous nation on the Persian side of the Indus, use all the same customs and ceremonies, and circumcision also. They seem more immediately to belong to the ten dispersed tribes of the Hebrews, who were placed by Shalmanezar “in Halah and Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes.” The American Indians might have derived their religion from that patriarchal worship which obtained in the world prior to the call of Abraham. In fact, the religion of the Aborigines of America was Theism ; the Theism of the ancient Persians, called Manicheism, which taught the belief of a good and evil principle. All happiness, the Indians think, proceeds from the former, who is incapable of injuring his

creatures; and "the ills that flesh is heir to," are inflicted by the latter. The Indian names of these two adverse powers remarkably strengthen this dogma.

The good spirit is, in Indian language, *Kee-tchee-man-i-tou*; in Persian, it is *Oras-man-es*. The bad spirit is *Matchee-man-i-tou*; in Persian, *Aris-man-es*. The radical word, "man," is obtained in both, as well as in Latin, *Man-es*. The Jews, during their captivity in Chaldea and Persia, seem to have imbibed the same dogma.

The Indians have several apologues, referring to the Deluge, in which the ark, the raven, and dove are alluded to. Indeed, the present aspect of the country is itself a commentary on the Deluge. The soil of British America is evidently alluvial; the waters of the great lakes are subsiding, and the basins of many small ones are quite dry. The channel of the great river, St. Laurence, has obviously very much contracted within its former limits. In fine, from the vigour and freshness of the vegetable kingdom, it may be fairly inferred that the ground was uncovered by the waters at a much later period than in the old world.

The Indians have also a tradition that the world will be destroyed by fire. To a people ignorant of astronomy, their theory is plausible. They think that the sun is approaching nearer the earth, and that the effect is perceptible every fifty years:—of course, in time, the orb of fire must come near enough to consume it. Perhaps they adopted this notion from observing the evident

amelioration of the climate. They have also various traditions of the Creation and the Fall of Man. One has some disfigured resemblance to scripture

“In the beginning, a few men rose out of the ground, but there was no woman among them. One of them found out a road to heaven, where he met a woman; they offended the Great Spirit, upon which they were both thrust out. They fell on the back of the tortoise; the woman was delivered of male twins; in process of time, one of these twins slew the other.”

The mythology of the arch jugglers, though not over refined, is yet more so than that of the Greeks, whose deities were as substantial as mortals. The Goddess of Wisdom instructs her hero Diomed, to wound the immortal gods with mortal weapons. They also believed that departed souls would come to lap a trench full of milk and blood like a pack of hounds. The Indians know that the victuals, arms, and dress, which they bury with the body, cannot be used by the spirit of the deceased, but they believe that each and every thing appertaining to the individual has, like himself, a spirit or shade, whether it be his venison, his dog, his gun, or his tomahawk; and that those *spiritual substances* become subservient to his use in the world of spirits. In the earliest state of society among the Greeks, their oldest author, Homer, describes his Infernal Regions—which are not very different from the Indian Heaven. Ulysses, having descended into Hades, relates what he sees—

“ There huge Orion, of portentous size,
 Swift through the gloom—a giant-hunter flies,
 Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
 Now grisly forms—shoot o’er the lawns of Hell.”

And further—

“ Now I the strength of Hercules behold—

* • • * •
 A shadowy form he stands—in act to throw
 The aerial arrow from the twanging bow.”

Odyssey.

Here the phantoms of the animals and of the weapons accompany the souls of the heroes. And Pope gives a similar creed to his Indian—

“ Who thinks—admitted to that equal sky—
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

Essay on Man.

Most religions have an allegory of a river to be crossed in the transit from this to the invisible world. The Indian has this also. The souls of the brave and just can stem the current, and gain the celestial country; but those of cowards, liars, and cheats cannot, but are carried away by the stream, no one knows where. They do not, however, admit a Tartarus, or Hell, in their creeds. They believe in guardian spirits, which are somewhat like the good demon of Socrates. One is assigned to every child that is born, which inspires it during all its future life by dreams, how to attain the good, and avoid the evil.

The Lord’s Prayer, in the Nadowassie, or Sioux language, with a literal translation, which is here given, is,

I believe, the only one extant; that fierce nation being more opposed to Christian sentiments than any other.

LORD'S PRAYER IN NADOWASSIE.

"Attai-wy-ambea, ukan yengash. Nye Chasseh wawndia. Mukka mawhin. Mauckpia ukan eshenee. Onshimaunda tau go re-tauh ong koub. Taugo sijah etch kung-koub, a keke tousha oh ou kish echenee onkake toushab. Inohan taugo sijah a wauchin ong ayah yalbikée taugo sijah etang ochundakoub. Maukotchie awaas natawah. Mauckpia ukan nukung nit awah tohan ye-ye-genee."

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

"Father ours that is above, thy name be honoured earth in, heaven above also; take pity on us, and what we have been used to eat, give us; what bad we have done forget, as what bad has been done us, we forget; what is wicked keep from our minds, and hinder us from doing ill. Earth all is yours, Heaven is yours also, for ever and for ever. So it is."

The language of the Indians is as extraordinary as their origin. Humboldt enumerates 140 languages spoken on the American continent, but there are German authors which make them amount to more than 2000. The early French colonists have published vocabularies of those of Canada, which are generally followed; but the French are notorious for altering foreign words, and reducing the names of persons and places to their own standard. In the Indian dialects the letters

k and *w* most frequently occur, but they are wanting in the French alphabet, and are ill supplied by other combinations. The orthography of an unwritten language must depend on the ear, and on the power of the letters in which the writer takes down the words from the mouth of the native.

Of the three languages spoken in Canada, the Irrekee is the most difficult to learn: it is highly figurative, and composed of compound epithets. On this account, they excelled in oratory; but their words are of an immeasurable length,—for instance, the name of the sun (itself an epithet) is *Lhadeshaw*; of night, *assontelay*; and of the moon, compounded of these, *assontelay-eway-Lhadeshaw*,—that is, “night-walking-sun.” God is, *Yah wah-de-hu*, “Master of all.” In Chippeway, the sun is *Geezis*; the moon, *Debikgeezis*, “night sun;” God, *Keetchee-man-i-tou*, from *keetchik*, “heaven.” In the Nadowassie, the simplest and shortest, the sun is, *Paytah*, “fire;” God, *Wakon*, “Spirit.” What soft ideas must be comprised in, *Noo-ho-mantam monce knan noon no nash*, “our loves!” The Mexican verb is not so soft—*Tlazottle ta littzle*, “I love.” On the whole, the Indian languages resemble the Hebrew in construction, having a few radicals; but they seem to have neither cases, declensions, numbers, genders, nor degrees of comparison.

The Bible has been translated into a dialect of the Six Nations as early as 1664, by Elliot, a Protestant minister, whose missionary labours obtained for him the title of Apostle of the Indians; but that and other

translations are become a dead letter, in consequence of the extinction of the tribes.

When the Indian population had been reduced three-fourths, they began to attempt making converts: the Puritans of New England on one side, and the Jesuits of New France on the other. In point of talent, learning, and address, the latter had greatly the advantage, having some eminent men among them, as Fathers Hennepen, Charlevoix, Brebeuf (who was burnt by the Indians), Lallemant, &c. The Puritans having fled from persecution, became the most cruel persecutors. Meanwhile, the Indians, seeing the white settlements around them increasing and prosperous, were converted in great numbers to both the Protestant and Roman Catholic faith. The Sachems openly avowed that their own religion was as good, but not so lucky as the Christian. Between 1660 and 1670, there were in New England more than 5000 converted Indians: these have long since been absorbed, and their descendants are not known from the whites. Their misfortunes alone induced them to embrace Christianity; and it is no wonder that they were puzzled in the choice, when they witnessed the witch mania, and the Quaker persecutions. About 1630, the witch mania spread like an epidemic over all Christendom, but it gained its acme in New England. A law passed at Boston, to make suspected witches and wizards confess their witchcrafts, and this of course introduced torture. Mrs. Greenwich, an innocent crazed creature, was the first victim; she was hanged for having confessed that the devil had

tain with her. Giles Cory, and his wife Martha, were accused and condemned on the evidence of a ghost. Martha suffered, but Giles refusing to plead guilty, was pressed to death. This infatuation was cruel and absurd in the extreme; but it was an infatuation: whereas the Quaker persecution, with cool heads, outdid any thing perpetrated by the Inquisition. The Quakers, male and female, were kept to hard labour in prison, whipped twice a week, and at last sold for slaves. William Ledray, a Quaker, was hanged at Boston, March 14, 1660, for returning from banishment. His last words at the gallows were,—“I am brought here to suffer for bearing my testimony against the deceivers and the deceived.”

The strong good sense of the Indians was not a little disturbed at the contradictory doctrines of the French and English Friends, who were labouring for their salvation. The former preached to them that the Virgin Mary was a French lady, and that the English crucified the Saviour out of hatred to the French; consequently, that they could not perform a more acceptable service to God than by tomakawking those heretics. On the other hand, the Puritans told them that they must pray by the Spirit; and the Episcopalians taught that they must depend on the Book for their salvation: in fine, they agreed in nothing but in raising a persecution against the only real friends the Indians ever had—the Quakers. At length, the latter established themselves in Pennsylvania; and Penn honestly purchased from the natives the ground on which he built Philadelphia. This

morally-grand character was regarded by all Indian people with affection and veneration. He traversed the continent often alone, with no other defensive armour than his drab coat, slouched hat, and his integrity,—every where persuading fierce contending tribes to bury the hatchet.

The Quaker and Moravian missionaries alone have succeeded in persuading the Indians to exchange their precarious hunting for an agricultural life. They first taught the most necessary arts, and then followed religious instruction. But it was not without great difficulty that the various federal governments of the union have been able to fix in the respective states the Indian tribes within limited stations. “We see,” said a delegated Indian orator at one of the provincial meetings, “we see among you a people with black skins. We see you beat them with whips and make them work like horses, whether they choose it or not, and all because they have black skins. Now, if we were to live with you as you propose, in community, I see no reason why you should not treat us in the same way, because our skins are red.” This logic had no effect with the resolutions of the states government. They reject any claims which aborigines might make to hunting grounds, within the states, possessed by themselves or their ancestors. They compel them to resign their lands for what compensation they choose to award, and to become citizens, amenable to the laws of the state; from whence it results that numbers among the late powerful tribes of Meskoques or Creeks, of the Choktaws, Chika-

saws, and Cherokees, are gradually melting into the general population, and becoming as white as the Anglo-Americans. In fine, the whole of these populous tribes are impounded, as it were, within the borders of the southern states. They have lost their national names and independence, and have ceased to be a distinct people; it is to be hoped they may gain in manners and religion, what they lose in Indian virtues. There are still some broken and scattered independent tribes along the Mississippi; but means are taken to compel them to come in," that they may be incorporated with the virtuous citizens of Tennessee and Kentucky.

There are three nations inhabiting the Canadas, decidedly distinct;—the Irrekees, or Six Nations, the Chippewas, and the Nadowassies, or Sioux. The languages of these nations are so different in their words and idioms, as to be quite unintelligible to each other. The Nadowassies are the most remote, and the least changed by intercourse with Europeans. They inhabit the vast plains and savannahs to the west of the lakes, and north of the Missouri. They have established a breed of horses, originally taken from the Spanish colonies of New Mexico, and are become excellent horsemen. The Chippewas, who were by far the most numerous nation, occupy all the countries north and south of the great lakes. They are divided into many tribes, generally at war with each other; yet, like the Greek states, they unite for common defence. The principal tribes are—Illenees, called also Chippeways, north and south of the lakes; Shawonese, Pottawattemies, Wyan-

Jotts, Munsees, Miamees, Ottawaes, and Delawares, of Lenni-lenapées, that is, freemen. These last were expelled from the shores of the Atlantic, and are considered the most civilized ; their dialect being the standard—the *Attic*—of the Chippeway language. The Irrekees originally sprung from the Hurons. They were driven east and north by the Algonkins, a powerful and warlike tribe of the Chippeways ; but, after a long war *ad necem*, the Algonkins were finally defeated and exterminated. The Irrekees were established on the Mohawk River, and round Lakes George and Champlain, as well as on the north side of the St. Laurence. They were divided into five tribes, to which, afterwards, a sixth was added—Mohawks (properly Makwass), who style themselves the Elder Brothers ; Oneydas ; Kayugas, Sons of the Mohawks ; Onondagas ; Senekas, Brothers of the Mohawks ; and Tuskaroras, Nephews to the Mohawks. These formed a powerful confederacy, with which the surrounding nations dared not quarrel. They were making rapid advances in arts, arms, and in civil polity, when, in an evil hour, two rival white nations, French and English, appeared on their borders. They could not avoid getting embroiled in the quarrels of the strangers, and taking opposite sides, to their own destruction ; so that, with presents of powder and shot and ardent spirits in one hand, and small-pox and religious bigotry in the other, the rising republics became nearly extinct. Their spirit and independence are gone ; and little is now left of them but their memory.

The spirit and bravery of the Six Nations, who were

rather inclined to the English interest, in resisting the invasion of the French, could not be surpassed. In spite of the superior arms and tactics of the enemy, they displayed "a courage never to submit or yield." At length, the cross came to the aid of the sword. The converted Irrekees were arrayed against their heathen brethren. "If you are brought to the stake by the fortune of war," said the proselyters to their converts, "you will gain the crown of martyrdom; whereas your enemies, in the same condition, will exchange the temporary faggot for eternal fire." At length, the unconquerable resistance of the Irrekees, after their towns were burned, and their old men, women, and children, butchered in cold blood, induced Louis XIV. to order that all the savage prisoners, being a robust and able-bodied race, should be sent to France, to serve on board his Majesty's galleys.

The *skeleton* of the Six Nations is disposed of, at this day, as follows:—three villages of French Roman Catholics—at Lorette, near Quebec; at Cocknawaga, opposite La Chin; and at the village of the Two Mountains, on the Ottawa. Three of English Protestants; namely, two on the Bay of Kwenty, and one on the Grand River—the Ouse. The Tuskaroraes are incorporated within the United States. Once the Irrekees could muster 20,000 warriors; now the six villages could not collect together 800 fighting men.

It is not presuming too much to suppose, that if the country had not been visited by Europeans, they would have emulated, in some degree, the Greek republics. It is true, they had not letters; but neither could Homer,

nor his heroes, read or write. The Irrekees joined the eloquence of the Athenians to the courage, frugality, fortitude, and equality of the Spartans. They had no gorgeous temples built with hands; but the sky was their temple, and the Great Spirit was their God. They fared as well as the kings of Sparta, who eat their black broth at the same board with their fellow-citizens, in a building not better than a Mohawk council-house; they lived in thatched cabins, and so did Phocion and Socrates, in the midst of the magnificence of Athens.

Many fine specimens of the personal appearance of the Indians may be seen in the Illenee, Pottowattemie, and Miami tribes, that are still independent,—strait, clean limbed, erect figures; and many Roman countenances may be noticed among them. The figure of the Indian warrior, in the fore-ground of West's Picture of the Death of General Wolfe, gives a good idea of them. Such a figure was the Shawanese warrior Tekumseh, who suddenly appeared on the theatre of events in Canada, and proved the Indian fire was not even yet extinct. He was not only a warrior, but an orator, sachem, and prophet. In the late short American war, when hostilities commenced on the Canadian frontier, in 1812, he took up the hatchet, and commanded the Indian allies on our side. He had the address to go into several of the states, to bring away Indian recruits; but the whole he could muster, with our own, was only about 650 men. The American general, Hull, crossed the Straits at Amherstburg, and erected the American standard, evidently with a design to make a permanent establish-

ment in Upper Canada. He attempted in vain to bring over our provincials and Indians; not one joined him. Meanwhile, Major General Brock collected all his forces, which did not amount to 3000 men, regulars, provincials, and Indians. Machilliemakinak was taken, and Tekumseh and his band of warriors broke up from Lake Michagan, and surprised the American posts along the lakes. The Americans had not forgotten the severe defeat they suffered, under General St. Clair, in 1793, by the confederate Indians. Tekumseh burst upon them, like another Judas Maccabeus, bringing terror and devastation. He co-operated with Major General Brock, and, at the battle of Kappohanno, forced Hull to recross the Straits. He was pursued by Brock, who attacked the American camp before Detroit, and obliged Hull to surrender that important fortress by capitulation. In the subsequent campaign, the enemy crossed again at Queenston; he was repulsed, and driven over, but in this action Brock was struck with a rifle ball, and fell dead from his horse; Tekumseh also fell, by a similar murderous shot, in a skirmish: but not till the gallant efforts of these heroes had already saved Upper Canada.

Tekumseh was no less a warrior than an orator and politician. The vigour of his physical powers was only surpassed by the energy of his mind. He conceived a practical plan of collecting the various tribes to the west of the lakes, and founding a confederate red republic. There still remains the brave Nadowassie nation, with its congenial tribes. They are expert and intrepid horsemen; and the whole hope of Indian independence

rests with the possibility of some Indian Gengis, Breber, or Tamerlane, rising up and organizing the red Cossacks. But these speculations are vain. The deadly (white) arrow sticks in their side. The influx of white emigrants from various countries has set in so strong, wave impelling wave, that the natives have been literally pushed off their paternal hunting-grounds, and driven further into the wilderness.

Their history is as mysterious as their fate is severe. Like the autumnal leaves of their illimitable forests, they are driven before the blast—they are gliding from the face of the earth like guilty ghosts, leaving no memorial on record that they ever had existed. An unlettered race, their laws and customs, their feats of arms, their speeches, their wars, and their treaties, have only been preserved in belts of wampum, a sealed book to all the world but themselves.

THE SONG OF THE ELEMENTS.

FIRST VOICE.—EARTH.

I SIT amidst the universe,
As I've sat for ages gone,
And though God hath bound me with a curse,
I am bathed in the light of the sun ;
And I bear within my bosom the pride
Of many a kingly throne,—
There the diamond and ruby are scattered wide,
And the changless rocks are my zone ;

And the mighty forest springs from my breast,
 And the mountain doth upward dart,
 And though the clouds are on its crest,
 Its root is in my heart.

I am the mother of all things
 That have filled me since life began ;
 The nursing mother of founts and springs,
 The own true mother of man :
 His limbs are formed from my finest clay,
 And let him die by earth or sea,
 He must perish and pass away,
 And come again to me.

Oh, man is strong in his power and might,
 But I, his mother, am more strong ;
 He is mine by a parent's right—
 Sisters ! take up the song !

ALL THE ELEMENTS.

We four dwell all apart, yet still
 We are bound by a viewless chain.
 The thrones, that God hath given, we fill
 Each with a separate reign.
 Contending oft, like the kings of earth,
 Triumphant for an hour ;
 Yet the fallen rising again, in the birth,
 Of its own unvanquished power.

SECOND VOICE.—AIR.

I lap the earth as with a robe,
 And I bind it like a rim,
 And the clouds that shadow o'er the globe
 Upon my bosom swim.

And in the summer eve I play
O'er earth like a sportive child ;
And in the winter night I sway
The world, with a tempest wild :
I dash on the rocks the heippiess seas,
Like wine from a reveller's cup,
And the proud earth cannot hold her trees,
If I will to root them up.
And then I come in the autumn morn,
With a fresh and stirring voice,
And I shake in the valley the golden corn,
And the dying flowers rejoice :
creep into the withering rose,
And lull it as if to sleep ;
Then up I start from that false repose,
And its leaves to the cold earth sweep.
Man must breathe me, or he dies,
The minion of my power,—
I have supplied with the breath of sighs
His heart from his earliest hour :
And, like an unseen enemy,
I battle with the strong ;
Such might as this is claimed by me,—
Sisters! take up the song !

ALL THE ELEMENTS.

We four dwell all apart, yet still
We are bound by a viewless chain :
The thrones that God hath given we fill,
Each with a separate reign.
Contending oft, like the kings of earth,
Triumphant for an hour ;

Yet the fallen rising again, in the birth
Of its own unvanquished power.

THIRD VOICE.—FIRE.

I live in the light of the blazing sun,
And in the shining stars:
And restless o'er the world I run,
And nought my glory mars.
Silently, creep I thro' the earth,
'Midst many a precious stone,
And till the volcano gives me birth,
My being is unknown;
And in the tempest's glooming cloud,
I hide my burning wing,
And wait till the wind gives summons loud
And then from my tent I spring!—
Like a conqueror from the ambush I come,
With a fatal glittering spear,
And with a quick and sudden doom,
Earth's mightiest things I sear.
I can strike man dead, if 'tis my will,
As a leaf falls from the tree,
'Tis I who makes his heart's pulse thrill,
He lives not without me.
Oh, man is a wondrous creature! our aid
Must make him stand or fall,
A thing of elements, and made
Dependant on them all!
He prides himself in the pomp and power
That do to us belong;—
We laugh at him in his proudest hour;
Sisters! take up the song!

ALL THE ELEMENTS.

We four dwell all apart, yet still
We are bound by a viewless chain ;
The thrones that God has given we fill,
Each with a separate reign ;
Contending oft like the kings of earth,
Triumphant for an hour ;
Yet the fallen rising again, in the birth
Of its own unvanquished power.

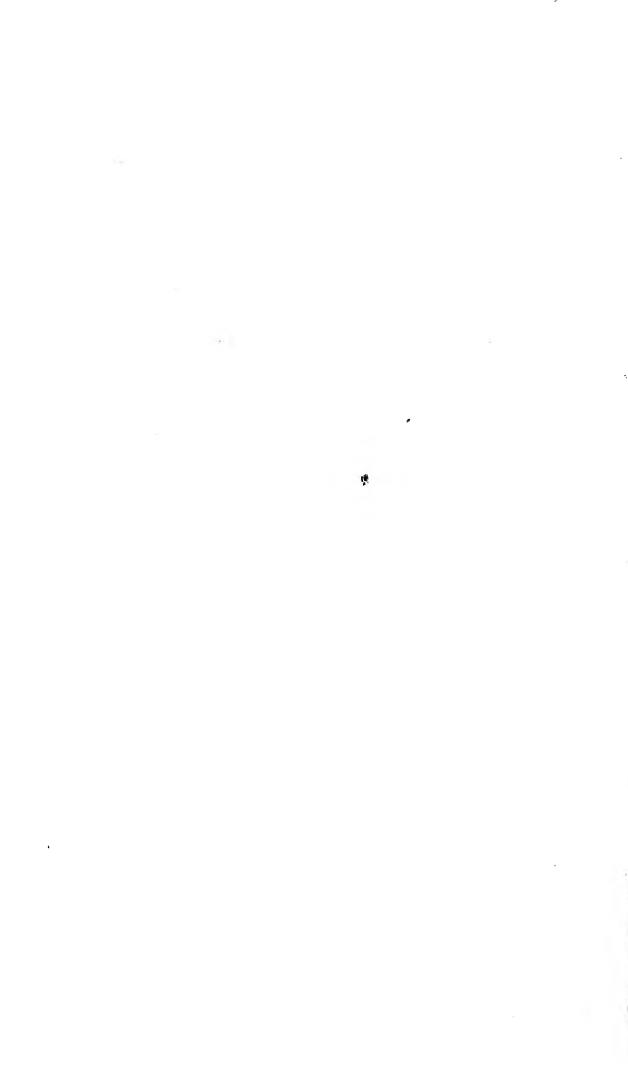
FOURTH VOICE.—WATER.

I burst from the earth, but for my birth
I claim God's will alone,
Who made me queen of a realm serene,
And placed me on my throne ;
My throne of sunken rocks and caves,
Where the crimson coral dwells,
Where I may let my weary waves
Sleep on the pearly shells ;
And in vast rocks sometimes I'm pent,
Like a soul for some dark crime :
Till the prison at last is broken and rent,
And comes my rejoicing time.
And I float sometimes in a quiet river,
Under the cloud's passing shade,
And its broad breast doth in sunlight quiver
In loveliness arrayed ;
And, down in my depths, I let the light
Of the quiet blue sky dwell,
And the images of stars at night
Are seen in my lovely cell.

Sometimes in the north I lie,
 Congealed, like a mighty isle,
Cold and unmoved 'neath the wintry sky,
 Unwon by the light's faint smile.
And then at last there shines a day
 Sunnily on my home,
And the icy bars to my path give way,
 And thundering out I come !
And rush upon the fated bark,
 With my waves in unprisoned glee,
And we whirl it down to the caverns dark,
 That are treasure rooms for me !
In the desert vast, where the caravan
 Is drooping for lack of shade,
Oh, how lordly, haughty man,
 Is my dependant made !—
As much as when in his fragile ship
 My waves did around him throng.
He dies if I do not bathe his lip.
 Sisters ! take up the song !

ALL THE ELEMENTS.

We four dwell apart, yet still
 We are bound by a viewless chain ;
The thrones that God hath given we fill,
 Each with a separate reign ;
Contending oft like the kings of earth
 Triumphant for an hour,
Yet the fallen rising again, in the birth
 Of its own unvanquished power.



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